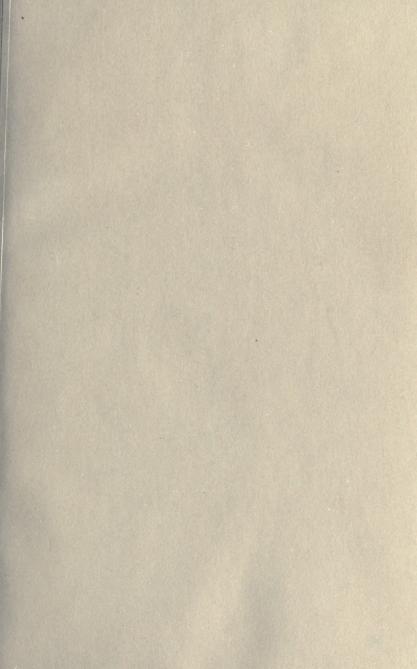




Presented to
The Library
of the
Hniversity of Toronto

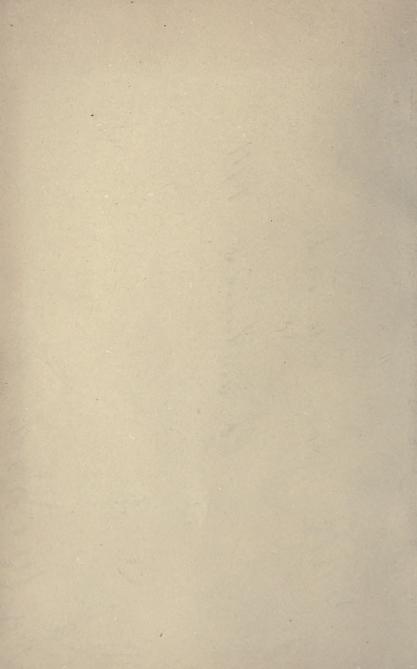
by

The Estate of The Late
Ashton Fletcher,
M.D. (C.M)



Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation

by her as don







## IRISH LIFE AND HUMOUR

IN ANECDOTE AND STORY.

BY

## WILLIAM HARVEY, F.S.A., Scot.,

Author of "Scottish Life and Character in Amediate and Slavy,"

"Scottish Chapoook Literature" "Picturering Apprince,

"Robert Burne in advisingable, "Rehielflovok:

Some Sketches of Village Life," etc., etc.

STIRLING:

ENEAS MACKAY, 43 MURRAY PLACE.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

19092

READY FOR ANYTHING.

BY

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

## IRISH LIFE

## AND HUMOUR

IN ANECDOTE AND STORY.

BY

#### WILLIAM HARVEY, F.S.A., Scot.,

Author of "Scottish Life and Character in Anecdote and Story,"
"Scottish Chapbook Literature," "Picturesque Ayrshire,"
"Robert Burns in Stirlingshire," "Kennetherook:
Some Sketches of Village Life," etc., etc.

STIRLING:

ENEAS MACKAY, 43 MURRAY PLACE.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

F 17073

# MICROFILME UNIVERSITY OF OF NTO LIBRARY MASTER NEGATIVE NO.: 930110

PN 6178 I6H3 1909

> LIBRARY 724839

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

#### PREFACE.

"Scottish Life and Character in Anecdote and Story" was received with so much favour, alike by press and public, that the author formed the idea of preparing a similar volume illustrative of the wit and humour so characteristic of the Land of the Shamrock. This has now been done, and the author hopes that the book will be as cordially welcomed as was the earlier work.

In its preparation many volumes dealing with the subject have been laid under contribution. Newspaper and magazine articles have been drawn upon freely. Of his indebtedness to all these the author here makes due acknowledgment. His endeavour has been to illustrate the main features of Irish character, and as a general rule he has given the anecdotes exactly as he found them—without comment or observation—leaving them to speak for themselves.

A notable feature of the book is the series of splendid illustrations in colour. The pictures are reproduced with remarkable fidelity from studies by the late Erskine Nicol, R.S.A., the Scottish painter, who was so eminently successful in his interpretation of Irish life and character.

The author hopes that the volume—compiled by a Scot, and illustrated by a Scot—will give pleasure to Irishmen at home and abroad, as well as to many who cannot claim to have been born in the Emerald Isle.

4 GOWRIE STREET, DUNDEE.



## CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.			PAGE.
I.—Bench and Bar,	-	-	9
II.—The Jarvey,	-	-	60
III.—The Domestic Servant,	-	-	77
IV.—Soldiers of the King,		-	99
V.—Priest and People,		-	142
VI.—THE MEDICAL MAN,		-	159
VII.—THE FLOWING BOWL,			175
VIII.—WIT AND HUMOUR,	-		184
IX.—Bulls and Other Blunders,	~	-	213
X.—Births, Marriages, and Deaths,			241
XI.—The Irishman Abroad,		-	253
XII.—Paddy,		~	276
INDEX,	-	-	481



## ILLUSTRATIONS

#### FROM PAINTINGS BY

#### ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

	İ	ACING PAGE
READY FOR ANYTHING,	1	Frontispiece
THE TOP OF THE MORNING,	-	- 32
Тне Јіс,	-	- 80
A CONTENTED MIND,	-	- 144
A RAAL REFRESHER,		- 176
THE FINISHING TOUCH,	-1	- 240
THE EMIGRANT,		
THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN,	-	- 272
DONNYBROOK FAIR,	-	- 312
DID IT POUT WID ITS BIDDY, -	-	- 360
A RAAL CONVANIENCE,		
THE ONCONVANIENCE OF SINGLE LIFE,		



### IRISH LIFE AND HUMOUR

#### IN ANECDOTE AND STORY.

#### I.—BENCH AND BAR.

OWHERE more than in the Law Courts is the Irishman seen at his best. A large crop of anecdotes is in existence to bear witness to the truth of the statement. The wit and humour which have made him famous are frequently manifested when he is put on his defence, and his peculiar knack of saying something different from what he exactly means invests him with a certain amusing interest.

It is true that Ireland has not that legal absurdity which Scotsmen tolerate in the verdict "not proven," but the sons of the Emerald Isle have much faith in the practice of "proving an alibi." An Irish barrister, who was evidently prepared for every possible contingency, is alleged to have addressed the presiding judge as follows:—"Your honour, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with

which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi!" One wonders how a jury could get away from a verdict of "not guilty" in such circumstances, and yet it is probable that if the trial had taken place in Edinburgh the verdict would have been no more than one of "not proven."

Pat has usually a very clear idea of the meaning of an alibi, although he may not be able to express himself in very lucid terms. During a recent trial the judge interposed in the course of the examination and asked the witness if he knew what was meant by an alibi. "Yes, to be sure I do, yer honour," promptly answered the witness. "Tell me, then," said the judge, "what you understand by it?" "Sure," said Pat, "it's just like this—it's to be afther proving that ye wasn't where ye was when ye committed a crime that, sure, ye never committed after all."

There was more humour and equal truth in the definition given on another occasion. The prisoner was trying to explain to a judge and jury his innocence of a certain crime. "It's not meself," he said, "as'll be afther thrying to desave yer honours. I didn't hit the poor dead gintleman at all, at all. It was him that sthruck the blow, and the exartion killed him, and, what's more, I wasn't there at the time." "I perceive," observed the judge, "you are trying to prove an alibi." "An al-loi-boi!" exclaimed the prisoner, evidently pleased at the big

word being suggested to strengthen his defence. "Yes," said the judge. "Can you tell me what is a good alibi?" "Faith, yer honour," replied the prisoner, "and it's a loi boi which the prisoner gets off."

Sometimes the Bench tries to "draw" the prisoner, and occasionally endeavours to elicit information without the medium of counsel. "What passed between yourself and the complainant?" inquired the magistrate in a County Court. "I think, sor," replied the worthy O'Brien, "a half-dozen bricks and a lump of paving stone."

The drift of the judge's question was equally misunderstood by another witness in a trial for assault. "As the Court understands it," said the judge, "the defendant here began the quarrel because the plaintiff hurled an epithet at him. Was that the way of it?" "No, yer 'anner," explained the witness, "nobody thrown an epithet. Moike (that's him over there) called Jawn something, and Jawn (that's him over here) heaved a brick. Nobody hurled nothin'

"Now, Pat," said a magistrate sympathetically to an "old offender," "what brought you here again?" "Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply. "Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate. "Yes, sor," said Pat without relaxing a muscle, "both av them."

else."

Even the legal luminary is not exempt from the national failing of perpetrating "bulls."

"Are you married or single?" asked a magistrate

of a prisoner arraigned before him. "Single, please your honour," was the reply. "Oh, then," said the magistrate, "it is a good thing for your wife."

He was a somewhat indiscreet burglar who was drawn into making a confession through an apparently innocent question on the part of the judge. "What are you going to give your lawyer if he proves you innocent of the burglary?" queried the judge. "Half the proceeds of the robbery, sor," was the unguarded answer.

As is only to be expected, Ireland is troubled with the vagrant nuisance, and the judges frequently insist on the removal of prisoners to the Workhouse when their means of subsistence proves doubtful. "Prisoner," demanded a magistrate of a man charged with begging, "have you any visible means of support?" "Yes, yer honour," responded the prisoner, and then turning to his wife (a laundress), who was in Court, said—"Bridget, stand up, so that the Court can see yez!"

Of course in Ireland, as elsewhere, the prisoner is asked if he has "anything to say" before judgment is pronounced. "Dennis O'Flaherty," said a judge, "you are charged with an attempt to commit suicide. Have you anything to say for yourself?" "Faith, an' yer honour," replied Dennis, who had been advised to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the Court, "it's me first offence, an' if yez'll only be aisy wid me this wance, Oi promise on me word as a gintleman to troi to do better next toime!"

Michael Docherty was a married man—a much married man—having solemnised nuptials with no fewer than four wives, and as all his spouses chanced to be alive at the same time, Michael found himself at the Dublin Assizes charged with bigamy. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women, whereupon Mike said, apologetically: "I was only thryin' to get a good wan, an' sure it's not aisy!"

It was a lesser crime of which Timothy M'Shane was guilty, and his excuse was a little better. He was charged with having stolen a costly gilt chair, and on being arraigned before the judge and asked what he had to say for himself, Tim replied, "Shure, yer honour, Oi will explain the whole t'ing to yez. I wint to the house on business for me boss. Oi rung the bell, and a sarvint kim to the dure, an' when I axed to see the missis, the sarvint towld me to go into the parlour an' take a chair." "Well," queried the judge. "Shure," added Timothy, "Oi tuk this wan!"

In Ireland, as elsewhere, the jury is not always all that could be desired. "How did the jury stand at first?" said a curious outsider after an important case had been decided. "B'jarge!" replied one of the worthy jurors, "the 'leven av us shtood on that conthrary brute av a wan till he gave in!"

The late Justice O'Brien, when presiding at the Cork Assizes in the troublesome times of 1885, was rather surprised that every person charged with

agrarian crime, no matter how clear the evidence might be against him, was found not guilty by the jury, to the intense satisfaction of a particular section of the audience in the Court, which was manifested by unrestrained applause. After a particularly flagrant acquittal, and an unusually loud outburst of cheering, the judge asked the clerk—"Who are those people making all that noise?" "My lord," replied the clerk, "they are the jurymen who are going to try the next case!"

Occasionally even the man who is supposed to preserve law and order is ignorant on matters of common knowledge. A policeman in a little town in Donegal was examining a witness in the prosecution of a publican who had violated the Sunday Liquor Law, and in the course of his interrogation he propounded the question—"On the vartue of yer oath, were yer, or were ye not, a boney-fidey thraveller?" "I object," said the opposing agent. "The policeman must explain to the witness the meaning of the term 'bona-fide.'" The policeman gave a supercilious smile, and turning to the witness said, in the off-hand manner of a linguist—"'Boney-fidey' is the French for 'Did ye sleep in the town last night?'"

Bench and Bar sometimes engage in a passage at arms. When an Irish barrister was pleading one day a donkey brayed loudly outside the building, when the judge, with questionable taste, remarked—"One at a time, if you please." When counsel had resumed his seat, and the judge was summing up,

the same interruption occurred, whereupon the barrister arose and politely said—"I beg your Lordship's pardon. I am anxious not to lose a word of what you say, and there is such an echo in the Court."

Shortly after Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a Police Magistrate in Dublin, an Irish-American was brought before him, charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable, among other things, swore that he was wearing a "Republican hat." "Does your honour know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the judge. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown?"

An Irish counsel having lost his cause which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed an able lawyer, while the two others were regarded as very indifferent ones, was nettled by the merriment of his brother barristers. "Well, now," said he, "who by St. Patrick could help it when there were a hundred judges on the bench?" "A hundred!" was the general exclamation; "there were only three." "By all the saints in the calendar," replied the defeated barrister, "there were one and two cyphers!"

Doyle and Yelverton, two eminent members of the Irish Bar, quarrelled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man at the fists, knocked down Yelverton twice, and then exclaimed vehemently—"You scoundrel! I'll make you behave yourself like a

gentleman!" "No, sir, never," replied Yelverton, with equal indignation, "I defy you. You could not do it." And so we leave them to settle the matter.

A justice of the peace, whose knowledge of the law was never gained from books or actual practice before the bar, was hearing an assault and battery case. Counsel for the defence was shouting his arguments when the magistrate said—"That'll do. Set down." He then adjusted his spectacles and sagely observed—"Prisoner, sthand up! Accordin' to th' law an' th' ivydince—an' there is no ivydince—Oi foind yez guilty, sor, an' foin yez forty shillings. If ye're guilty, faith, 'tis a very loight sintince; an' if ye're not guilty it'll be a moighty good lesson for yez!"

An amusing case occurred in a police court, when a woman summoned her husband for ill-usage, and drew the magistrate's attention to a "beautiful" black eye she had as evidence against him. On the husband being called it was found that he also was suffering from one of these "striking" ornaments, and it was learned that his wife had presented it to him in return. When asked by the magistrate why she had done it, she replied—"Och, plaze yer honour, just to kape meself in countenance."

Tim O'Grady stood in the dock, charged with stealing a watch. He fiercely denied so base an impeachment, and brought a countercharge against his accuser for assault committed with a heavy golf club. "But," interposed the magistrate mildly,

"why did you allow the prosecutor, who is a smaller man than yourself, to assault you without resistance? Had you nothing in your hand with which to defend yourself?" "Shure, your honour," answered Tim, in a moment of absent-mindedness. "I had his watch, but what was that against a golf club."

A judge on a certain circuit in the west was wont to doze during the speeches of counsel. On one occasion counsel was addressing him on the subject of certain town commissioners' rights to obtain water from a certain river, water being very scarce at the time. During his speech he made use of the words—"But, my lord, we must have water—we must have water." Whereupon the judge woke up, exclaiming—"Well, just a little drop—just a little drop! I like it strong."

"You are charged," said the magistrate, "with talking back at an officer, sir; have you anything to say?" "Dayvil a wurd, yer honour," replied the culprit, "Oi've sed too mooch alreddy."

There was tried at Cork on one occasion a case of assault, in which a man had been beaten while he lay asleep. His evidence was that he had been suddenly aroused by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself then?" asked the counsel. "Fasht asleep, sur," was the reply.

"Take the Book in your right hand," said the clerk of the court in the usual phrase to a man on his appearance on the witness table. The witness, however, put forth his left hand. "I said your right

hand," said the clerk testily. "Plaze, yer honner," said the witness, still proffering his left hand, "shure I'm left-handed."

A similar case of simplicity is recorded in the following:—"Where did you receive the blow?" asked counsel of the prosecutor in an assault case. "Just close to me own door, sur," was the reply.

It was a prisoner of great activity of speech who faced the magistrate in the Liverpool Police Court one morning. "What is your name?" asked the magistrate. "Michael O'Halloran," was the reply. "What is your occupation?" "Phwat's that?" "What is your occupation? What work do you do?" "Oi'm a sailor." The magistrate looked incredulous. "I don't believe you ever saw a ship," he said. "Didn't Oi, thin?" said the prisoner. "An' phwat do yez t'ink Oi come over in—a hack?"

"If it plaze the coort," an Irish attorney said, "if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is

equally conclusive."

"The evidence," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone in this case." "Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hooliban, "an' the looks av the man shows more than that, yer honour. It shows that Oi hit him."

An amusing case was investigated in a petty sessions court in the county of Donegal. Prisoner was charged with the larceny of a box, and the principal witness, a simple-looking countryman, was plainly reluctant to tell anything about the matter. Asked who left the box at his house, he could not say. Pressed, he admitted "it moight be" prisoner.

Further pressed, he admitted it was prisoner. He could not see the box, "bekase it was covered wid tickin'." "Something like that?" said the magistrate, pointing to the covering of the box. "Yis, maybe it was somethin' like that," admitted the witness. "It moight be somethin' like that, an' it moight not." "Is that the same sized box?" continued the magistrate. "I'm not sartin," said the witness. "I didn't mizhur it." "I did not ask you to measure it," said the magistrate warmly. "Was it the same size, or was it ten times as big?" don't know how big that moight be, sor," replied the witness. "Will you give me a straight answer to a straight question? Was it about the same size as that box?" demanded the judge. "It was a sizable box. It moight be that size," admitted the witness. "Was it as big?" enquired the magistrate. "Ah-maybe-it moight be bigger," was the reply. "Was it a box like that or not?" said the magistrate in a stern voice. "Ay—yis," said the witness reflectively, "I think it is like it." "Then why not say so at once and save all this time?" asked the judge. "Bekase," explained the witness, "the box was covered. Sure, I can't see through the tickin' By virtue av me oath, I can't see through the tickin'!"

"So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?" asked the judge. "Yes, yer honour," was the reply. "But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway?" continued the judge. "No," said the complainer, "bad 'cess to him; but it's wishin' he

had Oi do be." "Why do you wish that?" asked the judge with a smile. "Begorry, thin," said the complainer in true Hibernian fashion, "Oi would have seen the scoundrel hanged for murther!"

"Were you ever up before me?" asked a magistrate. "Shure, I don't know, yer anner," was the reply. "What time does yer anner get up?"

"Come along, now, quietly," said a policeman to an inebriate he was hauling to prison, "or it will be the worse for you." "Oi'll not," was the reply. "The magistrate told me last time niver to be brought before him again, an' begorra, I'm going to obey his instructions."

During the hearing of a case against a man in the Police Court in Belfast for maliciously breaking a neighbour's window, the defendant's solicitor during his cross-examination of the complainant asked—"On your oath, ma'am, didn't this man undertake to put in your window?" "He did indeed, sir," said the complainant, at the same time holding up a stone, "and there's the stone he put it in with."

In some of the poorer country districts of Ireland it is not an uncommon thing to see carts and other vehicles with the owners' names chalked on to save the expense of painting, and these are sometimes maliciously rubbed out for the purpose of getting the owner into trouble with the police. A constabulary sergeant accosted a countryman whose name had been thus wiped out unknown to him. "Is this cart yours, my good man?" "Af coorse it is!" was the reply. "Do you see anything the matter

wid it?" "I obsarve," said the pompous policeman, "that yer name is o-blitherated." "Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long word before, "for me name's O'Reilly, an' I don't care who knows it!"

"Did you notice no suspicious character about the neighbourhood?" said a magistrate to a new policeman. "Shure, yer honour," replied the keeper of the peace, "I saw but one man, an' I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night? Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewellery sthore in the vicinity later on.' At that I says, 'I wish you success, sor.' "Yes," said the magistrate in a disgusted tone, "and he did open a jewellery store in the vicinity later on, and stole seventeen watches." "Begorra, yer honour," answered the policeman after a pause, "the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar!"

"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight?" asked the judge of a policeman. "Shure," was the answer, "an' Oi didn't know which av thim wus goin' to be th' defendant, yer honour."

Mrs. Jenkins had missed Mrs. Brady from her accustomed haunts, and hearing several startling rumours concerning her, went in search of her old friend. "They tell me you're workin' 'ard night an' day, Sarah Ann?" she queried. "Yes," returned Mrs. Brady, "I'm under bonds to keep the peace for pullin' the whiskers out of that old scoundrel of a husban' of mine, and the magistrate said that if I come afore 'im agin, or laid me 'ands

on the old man, he'd fine me forty shillin's!" "And so you're workin' 'ard to keep out of mischief?" "I'm what! Not much! I'm workin' 'ard to save up the fine!"

At a recent fair in the north the day terminated with a general set-to with shillelaghs and other weapons in general use for the satisfactory settlement of small differences. One man was killed in the melee, and the slayer was brought up and charged with manslaughter. A doctor who was called as one of the witnesses testified, among other things, that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner was found guilty, and before sentence was passed the judge asked him whether he had any complaint to make. "No, yer honour," was the reply; "only I should like to ask, 'Was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?'"

Constable Hooligan was on night duty, and so preoccupied with thoughts of a wedding he was invited
to next day that he nearly trod on a man stretched
on the footway. "Arrah, he's spacheless, an' if I
lock him up it's at the Coort I'll be instead o' the
wedding." He knelt down, and then muttered—
"By the powers, 'tis dead he is; bad luck to him!"
Hooligan saw visions of an inquest instead of the
wedding, got the cadaver on his shoulder, carried it
a quarter of a mile, and dropped it on Doyle's beat.
But a few minutes before rounds were changed
Hooligan nearly fainted at kicking up against the
same old corpse in much the same place. Doyle
was going to that wedding too.

An old woman who made her appearance for the twenty-third time in answer to a charge of drunkenness endeavoured to ingratiate herself with the presiding functionary by means of "a bit of blarney." The occasion of her intoxication, she explained, was her boy's birthday. "Just eighteen, your honour, and a fine strapping boy, with a swate face as it does one good to look upon. He is a fine boy, and, if your honour wouldn't be offended by my bouldness, he's something like your honour, too, with a kind heart writ big on his face."

No less characteristically Irish was the laughable remark made by an Irishwoman before the late Stipendiary Magistrate in Glasgow. She had been charged with drunkenness, but "allowed to go" through the clemency of the magistrate, and as she was leaving the bar she replied to him—"Thank you, yer honour; may you be long spared, and when you die may they take you to where you'll be better appreciated than you've ever been in Glasgow."

A man was charged before the Stipendiary with assaulting an old gentleman in the public street. The gentleman appeared in court, and proved to be an exceedingly short and remarkably stout person. On being asked what he had to say for himself, Pat replied—"Sure, I came up agin him in the strate by accident, sur." "And what did he say?" asked the stipendiary. "Bedad, yer honour, he tould me to walk over him at once," said Pat, with a grin. "And what did you say?" "Begorra, sur,' says I, 'it

would be aisier to walk over you than round you, anyhow."

"Who bunged up your eye that way?" asked a policeman. "Moike O'Lafferty," was the reply. "Was there an eye-witness?" "Indade there was." "Who was it?" "Moike O'Lafferty." "I mean, was there anybody else present?" "Indade there was." "Who?" "Myself, bedad."

"Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?" asked the judge. "It was silver sor," explained the prisoner. "The guilt was all me own, yer anner!"

Two witnesses were at the Waterford Assizes in a case which concerned long-continued poultry-stealing. As usual, nothing could be got from them in the way of evidence until the nearly-baffled prosecuting counsel asked, in an angry tone of voice-"Will you swear on your soul, Pat Murphy, that Phady Hooligan has never to your knowledge stolen chickens?" The responsibility of this was too much, even for Pat. "Bedad, I would hardly swear by my soul," he said; "but I do know that if I was a chicken and Phady about, I'd roost high!"

A woman named O'Connor was brought up in a court for assaulting her husband. Her husband's injuries necessitated his remaining at home in bed. The woman's face was fearfully bruised; one eye was closed, her nose split, and she had a bandage around her head. "What an awful condition the poor woman is in!" exclaimed the magistrate, pityingly. "Och, yer washup!" returned the prisoner

with a ring of exultation, "but just wait till yez see O'Connor!"

"And so I understand that Patrick O'Flanerty was your uncle?" said a counsel in the course of a cross-examination. "He was," said the witness, "till a bull killed him."

A lawyer, while questioning a witness, an ignorant countrywoman, in reference to the position of the doors and windows, etc., of her house, asked the question—"And, now, my good woman, how do the stairs run in your house?" "How do the sthairs run?" said the witness. "Sure, whin I'm oop sthairs they run down, and whin I'm down they run oop."

At Derry Assizes a barrister was defending a prisoner who was the father of a large family. He wound up his speech in the following pathetic words:

—"And, gentlemen of the jury, think of all the little ones at home who are depending on this man for their daily bread; remember he is their father—their only father."

"The witness will please state," said the examining solicitor sternly, "if the prisoner was in the habit of whistling when alone. "I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with the prisoner when he was alone"

Here is a story which Baron Dowse, the celebrated judge, once told in that exaggerated "brogue" which he loved to employ. "I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said—' Gintle-

men av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock."

The fire of a legal examination is, as we have already seen, a hot one frequently, and an accused person who stands its test doesn't often emerge with a character the better established. An individual of somewhat doubtful appearance was applying for a situation as van-driver. On being asked for references, he mentioned one of the dealer's old hands, who was called in and questioned as to the applicant's honesty. The referee rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment, and said—"Honest? Well, guv'nor. his honesty's bin proved agin and agin. Faith, he's bin tried sivin toimes for stealing, and eshcaped ivery toime!" The applicant was not engaged.

The quaint rapartee and whimsical humour give a

fillip of excitement to the dullest court-room.

"He called me out of me name," said a witness, in a case of assault. The judge, trying to preserve the relevancy of the witness's testimony, said—"That's a civil action, my good woman." The witness's eyes flashed fire as she looked up at the judge, and retorted, "Musha then, if ye call that a 'civil action,' 'tis a bad bla'gard ye must be yerself!"

A witness was once asked the amount of his gross income. "Me gross income, is it?" he answered. "Sure, an' ye know I've no gross income. I'm a fisherman, and me income is all net."

"No man," said a wealthy but rather weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said a witty and eminent lawyer, "how many acres make a wiseacre?"

A noted K.C. in his early days of wig and gown got a case for his opinion. Possibly the solicitor thought it a very simple case; at all events, that was what the young lawyer thought, for after some study he took his pen and wrote, "I am clearly of opinion." It so happened that as he sat in the law library the silver-haired Nestor of the bar, a leader of unfathomable astuteness, chanced to look over his shoulder as he wrote. "My dear young friend," the old lawyer said softly, "never write that you are clearly of an opinion on a law point. The most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."

Baron Dowse, while presiding at Belfast Assizes shortly before his decease, had occasion to speak on a burglary trial about the prima-facie case. One of the jury did not seem to grasp the meaning of the expression, and asked his lordship for an explanation. "Well," said the judge, "suppose you saw a man coming out of a public-house, and at the same time rubbing his mouth with a pocket-handkerchief, what would you conclude?" "That he had been having a drink," said the juror. "Just so," added the judge; "and that would be a prima-facie case."

A prisoner, having pleaded guilty to a charge of petty larceny, was asked by the bench whether he had anything to say. "Faith, it's meself that has, yer worship," was the reply. "I've the best possible

character here in me pocket. Here it is" (diving his hand into his pocket, and producing an envelope). "Dickens a man in coort cud show betther." "Let me see it," said the magistrate. The letter read as follows:—"Dere Sir,—i have known Mat —— for the passed 13 years to be an ockasional teatotaler. He has druv my trackshun ingin for 7 years, during which time he kep up grate steam.—Yours respectfully, &c."

"Was this man Dennis an entire stranger to you?" asked the cross-examining counsel of a witness in an important case. "Sorr?" said the witness, whose stupid face was crossed with wrinkles of anxiety, for he had been warned to be cautious and exact in his answers. The lawyer repeated his question. "Well, no, sorr," said the witness, with a sudden gleam of enlightenment; "he couldn't be that, for he had but the wan arrm, sorr; but he was a parrtial stranger, sorr. Oi'd niver seen him befoor."

A lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honours." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologise, thus:—"May it please the court—in the heat of debate I called your honours gentlemen. It was a mistake, your

honours."

A judge was delivering judgment in an action brought by two charming ladies, and with that wit peculiar to Irishmen, he began thus:—"Everything in this case is plain—except Mrs. Murphy and her charming daughter."

A case arising out of a neighbours' quarrel was heard at a provincial police court. Prosecutrix had a nasty wound on her head, caused, it was alleged, by a bucket which the defendant had thrown in the course of the dispute. "What have you to say?" asked the chairman, turning to the defendant. "Sure, it was an accident, sorr," was the ready reply. "How do you make that out? According to the evidence you deliberately threw the bucket at the woman!" "Faith, sorr, Oi did nothing av the sort. When she called me an Oirish cat, sorr, Oi was riddy for her wid a bucket av wather. Oi intended her to have the wather, sorr, but Oi didn't mane her to have the bucket. It shlipped!" "Five shillings and costs," said the chairman.

Sergeant Kelly, in the early years of the nine-teenth century, used to indulge in a picturesque eloquence, racy of the soil, but, unfortunately, he would sometimes forget the line of argument, and would always fall back on the word "therefore," which generally led his mind back to what he had intended saying. Sometimes, however, the effect was almost disastrous. One time he had been complimenting the jury, assuring them that they were men of extraordinary intelligence, and then branched off into a statement of his case. With a wave of his hand and a smile on his face he proceeded—"This is so clear a case, gentlemen, that I am convinced you felt it so the very moment I stated it. I should pay men of intelligence a poor compliment to dwell

in a few days to whom you can tell everything." So important was old Pat's evidence considered that the next day the solicitor in the case drove ten miles in a blinding snowstorm to interview him. Pat repeated the same story, with the addition that he considered himself lucky in escaping as he did. "You appear to be greatly afraid of your priest," said the solicitor, a little surprised. "The praste!" exclaimed Pat. "Arrah, sure, it is not the praste!" the talking about at all; it's Phil Hogan's bull. Faix, I thought everyone knew Phil's bull, which we call 'His Rivirence.'"

A man mysteriously disappeared from his native town, and, as he was thought to be dead, his friends applied to court for a decree authorising the distribution of his effects, which was granted. Twenty years later he suddenly reappeared, having been to America, and, finding his goods missing, he applied to a magistrate and asked him to issue an order for the restoration of his property. The magistrate said—"In the eye of this court you are dead. This is not the place to get mistakes rectified. Go to a lawyer; he will tell you what to do." "Shure, ver honour, it's me phropity I want, and I'll have it, whether ve give me an orther or not. Dead, indade! It's a lively corpse I am, I'm thinkin'!" "I tell you," replied the magistrate, "that in the eye of this court you are dead!" "Then the eye of this court must be moighty blind, it strikes me." Once more, will ye give me an orther?" "I will," replied the "THE TOP O' THE MORNING

BY

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

is a fire days to which was an ill overything." So important the said Per's and the consider that the next to the owing it can use drove to the sain and the said the practed that the practed the said t

A SERVICE OF THE MOST SERVICE OF THE WORLD SERVICE OF THE MOST SER





magistrate, sternly. "Policeman, remove that apparition out of court!"

In an important trial, a labourer was called as a witness, and when he appeared, the whole court was surprised to see him in a shabby dress. One of the judges sitting, of course, in his gown and wig, told the witness that he ought to have put on his Sunday clothes, instead of appearing in court covered with lime and brick dust. "Well, your honour," said the labourer, "you are in your working dress, and I am in mine, and I think that is just as it ought to be." The judge turned to his brethren on the bench with a smile, and admitted that Pat's logic was good—quite Pat, in fact.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court!" said the judge sternly. "Hooray!" yelled the prisoner enthusiastically. "Now I've done it! Lemme go!"

A learned judge was trying a case in which one of the lawyers was unmistakably a son of the Emerald Isle. The court ruled against the lawyer on several points in a manner that the latter regarded as arbitrary. Just as another decision was about to be made the irritated man rose and said—"I hope yer ludship will not decide against me on this point until you have read the following section from 'Browney on Frauds.'" "What did you say was the name of the authority?" inquired the judge. "Browney, yer honour—B-r-o-w-n-e, Browney." "My name," said the judge with a smile, "is spelled G-r-e-e-n-e. How would you pronounce that—

'Greene' or 'Greeney?'" "I shall reserve my judgment on that, me lud," was the reply, "until the court has rendered a decision on the point now before it." The decision was given unreservedly in the lawyer's favour.

In a court a man was on trial who could speak nothing but Gaelic, and an interpreter was called and duly sworn. The prisoner at once asked him some question, and he replied. The judge interposed, demanding sharply—"What does the prisoner say?" "Nothing, my lord!" answered the interpreter. "How dare you say that when we all heard him? What was it?" "My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case." "If you don't answer I'll commit you! What did he say?" "Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said—'What's that old woman with the red bed-curtain round her sitting up there?" The court roared. "And what did you say?" asked the judge, looking a little uncomfortable. "I said— 'Whisht, ve spalpeen, that's the ould boy that's going to hang vez!'"

A gentleman well known in the county was tried at Galway for murder, and acquitted, though the evidence against him was very strong. Soon after, in Dublin, he saw a man being taken in the cart to execution, and asked a friend what he was going to be hanged for. An Irish fellow who knew him promptly said, "For want of a Galway jury."

An upstart solicitor went to an old solicitor for advice as to sending a challenge. "Healy of Lough-

linstown," said he, "has threatened to pull me by the nose whenever he meets me. What would you advise me to do?" "Has he really used that threat?" asked the solicitor. "He has." "Well," said the old man, "I'll tell you what to do. Soap your nose well, and it will slip through his fingers."

Perhaps the most contemptuous declination of a challenge was that of a lawyer of the old school. "Fight with him!" he exclaimed. "I would rather

go to my grave without a fight!"

A lawyer at a circuit town dropped a £10 note under the table while playing cards at an inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said—"I know what you want, sir; you have lost something." "Yes; I have lost a £10 note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad. Here's a sovereign for you." "No, sir; I want no reward for being honest. But wasn't it lucky none of the gentlemen found it?"

The plaintiff's attorney made an eloquent and logical argument. When the counsel for the defendant took the floor a dialogue ensued which is thus recorded—"What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the defendant's counsel began his argument. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides," replied the justice. "It has a tindincy to confuse the coort."

At an assize court a trial was interrupted by some totally irrelevant words from a man reclining on one of the benches. Lord Justice Walker at once remarked that the man would have to be put out if he did not keep quiet. "He is talking in his sleep, my lord," explained a member of the bar. "Never mind," replied the judge, "he will have to walk in his sleep if he interrupts again."

The famous Irish orator, John Philpot Curran, is best remembered by general readers as a humorist, but among Irish Nationalists his name and memory are regarded with great reverence and honour for his fearless defences of the Irish insurgents of 1798.

Judge Norbury, known as the "Irish Jeffreys," was a member of the Order of the "Monks of the Screw," whose fame Curran, as president, has celebrated in the famous song of the same name. Norbury was never known to acquit a prisoner charged with treason, and his sentences to death were numerous beyond counting. It was at a convivial meeting of the "Monks of the Screw" that Norbury, espying a tempting dish of meat in front of the president, said—"Is that beef hung, Mr. Curran?" "Oh, no, my lord," replied the patriot advocate, "you have not tried it."

An Irish attorney, Peter M'Nally by name, was seized at the time of the rebellion with a military ardour. He was very lame, and when walking had a limp, which he could not bear to be told of. Meeting Curran one day, he said, "My dear friend, these are not the times for a man to be idle, I mean to enter the lawyers' corps and follow the camp." "You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said the

wit, "renounce the idea, you can never be a disciplinarian. "And why not, Mr. Curran?" said M'Nally. "For this reason," said Curran, "the moment you were ordered to march, you would halt!"

Curran, in the early days of his struggle at the bar, appeared in a case before Lord Chancellor Clare, and laid down some points of law which did not find favour in the mind of the judge. "If that be law, I may as well burn my books," said Lord Clare. "Better read them, my lord," replied Curran.

Curran was one day engaged in a case in which he had for a colleague a remarkably tall and slender gentleman, who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple."

Sometimes Curran got as good as he gave. "Father O'Leary," said Curran in one of his gay moods, "how I wish, when I die, that you had the key of heaven." "Why?" asked O'Leary. "Oh," replied Curran, "because you could then let me in." "It would be better for you," retorted the friar with a merry twinkle in his eye, "if I had the key of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Once, in the days, when Curran was poor and unknown, struggling against adversity, he appeared before Robinson. The judge tried to snub him. When Curran declared that he had consulted all his law books and could not find a case that did not support his position, Robinson answered, "I suspect your law library is rather contracted." This brutal and unnecessary sneer stung Curran's pride and roused him at once. "It is true, my lord," he said, after a moment's contemptuous silence, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope I have perused them well. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones!"

A man, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury with £20 to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time, and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said—"I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irishman; "an awful time."

The other eleven wanted to acquit yez."

Daniel O'Connell, the great agitator, was in his lifetime scarcely less famous in law than in politics. He was a marvellous advocate, but he was justly accused of using unfair means to procure verdicts. He would blarney or bully, as the case seemed to require; he would mimic, he would declaim, he would denounce, and he would resort to dramatic surprises and clever traps—anything to succeed. His excuse was his warm heart and the terrible severity of the times, which made him desperately anxious to save

his clients from punishment, and often scarcely less so when he himself believed them guilty than when they were innocent. It was the day of little discrimination, less mercy, and much hanging and transportation; and O'Connell disapproved capital punishment. A recent article by Mr. Michael MacDonagh gives a thrilling account of Counsellor O'Connell's last case—that of the "Doneraile Conspiracy."

O'Connell, when practising at the Irish Bar, was retained in a Kerry case in which the venue or place of trial was laid in Dublin. O'Connell was instructed to try and get the place of trial changed from Dublin to Kerry. The motion was resisted by a Mr. Scriven, the counsel opposed to O'Connell, who happened to be a gentleman of very plain and even forbidding features, and of ultra-Tory politics. He stated he had no knowledge of Kerry, and, indeed, had never visited that part of Ireland. "Oh," replied O'Connell, "we will be glad to welcome my learned friend and to show him the lovely Lakes of Killarney." "Yes," growled Mr. Scriven, "perhaps the bottom of them." "No, no," retorted O'Connell, "I would not frighten the fish."

O'Connell had the knack of insinuating half a dozen speeches to the jury in the course of a case. He would put an illegal question to a witness. The command, "Don't answer that," would fall as a matter of course from the Crown Prosecutor. Then, says a writer in "Temple Bar," O'Connell would proceed to argue with the judge on the relevancy of

the question. "You see, my lord," he would say, "the reason why I put the question is because if the witness answers it in the affirmative it would then be manifestly impossible that the prisoner could have been present at the murder; whereas, on the other hand, if the answer were in the negative, then the credibility of the whole case for the Crown would be infringed by that very answer; so then in any event. my lord, the jury would be obliged to acquit my client." In this way, when the occasion required it. he could confuse a jury by rhetorical distortion of fact and inversions of logic. Another forensic trick of his was derisively to expose the real, or assumed. legal ignorance of the counsel opposed to him. "Good God, my Lord!" he would exclaim, interrupting the address to the jury, "did any one ever hear a Crown lawver propound such monstrous law." He was also a consummate actor. He could adapt himself with marvellous versatility to every situation and every audience. Often by a look or a gesture he would convey more to a jury than the Crown counsel could effect in one hour's speech. A quizzical glance or a wink at the jury, a scornful look or shake of his head at the opposing counsel, a defiant stare at the judge, an affectation of unconcern to hide his anxiety in a critical case, or pretending to be in a rage, a vigorous thump on the bench before him or a quick explosion of passion or sarcasm, which the judge was powerless to stop. often constituted an irresistible appeal to the ignorance, the emotions, or the prejudices of the twelve

men who had the decision of the issue. He had also remarkable powers of mimicry, continues the writer, and he could talk to the witnesses in their own rustic patois or vernacular. Thus in the searching crossexamination and the dexterous handling of hostile witnesses he was always entertaining and illuminating, and often convincing. Some of the tricks and subterfuges to which O'Connell resorted in order to confound witnesses would hardly commend themselves to our age. At the Clare Assizes, held in Ennis, two brothers named Hourigan were indicted for setting fire to a police barrack. The strongest point against the prisoners was that, on being arrested, their clothes were found smeared with pitch, the substance with the aid of which the building had been ignited. O'Connell had a skillet, r small pot, containing pitch, secretly placed near the witness chair and covered with his broad-brimmed hat, so as effectually to conceal it. The principal witness for the prosecution was the police inspector. He said he had arrived on the scene during the fire, and the strong smell of pitch which prevailed naturally suggested to him how the crime had been committed. "You know the smell of pitch, then?" said O'Connell, opening his cross-examination. "I do well," replied the witness. "You seem to be a man able to smell pitch anywhere," said O'Connell in bantering tones. "Undoubtedly, I'd smell it anywhere," answered the witness confidently. "Even here, in this Court, if it were here?" "Undoubtedly I would." "And do you swear you do not get a

smell of pitch here?" asked O'Connell. "If it were here I should smell it," said the witness. "Now," cried O'Connell in his loudest and most scornful voice, "you may go down, you perjured rascal!" And lifting his hat from the table he displayed to the astonished spectators the pot of pitch right under the nose of the witness. The trick succeeded. A verdict of "not guilty" was returned by the jury.

Some years ago, while attending the Clonmel Assizes, I witnessed a trial (said O'Connell) which I shall never forget. A wretched man was charged with the murder of his neighbour. . . . The evidence was running strong against the prisoner; in fact, it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I have ever met with. As a matter of form —for of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called, to the amazement of the whole court, he called—the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward! The case was clear; the prisoner was innocent. The judge told the jury it was unnecessary to charge them. Yet they requested permission to retire. They returned to court in about two hours. when the foreman, with a long face, handed in a verdict of guilty! Everyone was astonished. "Good God!" cried the judge, "of what is he guilty? Not of murder, surely?" "No, my lord," replied the foreman, "but if he didn't murder the man, shure he stole me grey mare three years ago."

Anecdotes of Lord Russell there are in plenty. Lord Russell's distinction as being the first Irish-

man, as well as the first Roman Catholic since the Reformation, to hold the highest place on the Common Law Bench, was all well enough, but he was also the only Lord Chief Justice who could boast of having arrested a pickpocket. He once caught a man trying to snatch his watch in the course at Epsom on Derby Day, and handed him over to the police. The peerage which was conferred upon Lord Russell when he became a Lord of Appeal in 1804 ceased with his death. Happy in so many particulars, Russell was particularly so in his domestic life, and of his nine children there was not one who had ever given him a moment of anxiety. An incident showing his relations with his boys occurred when he went to Southampton to say farewell to his soldier son, who was sailing in the Kildonan Castle to engage in the Boer War. When the siren had whistled "all ashore," Lord Russell, from the quay side, did his best to attract his son's attention, but in vain. Growing desperate, the Lord Chief Justice placed two fingers to his mouth and blew a shrill whistle with an ease which a boy might have envied. Lieut. Russell, recognising the signal, came to the taffrail, smiling.

Another incident, showing how father and son could give and take in repartee, occurred at a meeting of the Irish Literary Society, when his son, the Hon. Charles Russell, delivered a lecture on "Curran." In addressing the meeting on the conclusion of the lecture Lord Russell twitted the lecturer with having omitted from his many stories

of the great Irish wit and lawver one which he (the Lord Chief Justice) thought particularly interesting. "On one occasion," said Lord Russell, "Mr. Curran was engaged in a case before Lord Norbury, and cited a law case, which he contended elucidated a certain law point. 'If,' said Lord Norbury, 'I could not obtain better law from my books than that I would burn them.' And Curran retorted, 'I, my lord, should read them.' That," said Lord Russell. "was one of the wittiest retorts of Curran." But the Hon. Charles Russell was not a bit taken aback, and on the conclusion of his father's speech, said, "In preparing the lecture on 'Curran' I took the utmost care to verify all my facts, and the reason I did not tell the story related by the chairman is that it is not true of Mr. Curran, but of another great lawyer, Mr. Sargent."

Russell was a past-master in the art of cross-examination, but on one occasion he was distinctly beaten by a witness. "What is your age?" he asked. "Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness, in an exasperatingly slow manner. "Yes, sir," commanded the eminent jurist, "speak up now, and be exact." "And be exact! Well, in all my born days I never—" "Come, come," broke in the examiner, "the court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age." "Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week." "Don't trifle with the court, and remember you are on oath," warned Lord Russell. "It's quite true," unconcernedly finished

the witness, "I was born on the twenty-ninth of February, in leap year, and my birthday comes only once in four years."

An excellent story is told of Sir Arthur Sullivan's brother, who, as all know, became an actor. He was being examined in court by Russell. "I believe," said Mr. Russell, "that you are an architect?" "I have been an architect," replied Mr. Sullivan, "and am now an actor; but," he added, with an irresistible twinkle in his eye, "I am still drawing large houses!"

Russell was examining a witness in court some time before he was raised to the peerage. The question was about the size of certain hoof prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "No, no," said the witness, honestly; "it was just an ordinary hoof." Then Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

Russell was a man of exceedingly passionate temperament, and when he was at the bar the strong emotion he was able to conjure up in addressing a judge and jury led many persons to believe him a consummate actor. But as he spoke he felt. On one occasion he was defending in a famous libel action, along with the late Sir Frank Lockwood. Pointing to a person in court, he inquired if the man were the plaintiff. On being answered in the affirmative, he muttered, with feeling—"Thank God

for that! I hate him! I can always cross-examine a man I hate!"

On one occasion he was too smart for a juryman who sought to be excused from serving. "On what ground?" said his lordship. The man approached with his hand to his ear, and said, "I'm deaf, my lord, and cannot hear the evidence." "You can go—" said Lord Russell in a whisper. "Thank you, my lord," replied the juryman, taken off his guard. But the learned judge had not finished his sentence, and he sternly added, "into the box and do your duty!"

When Lord Russell wished to embarrass an opposition counsel the popular counsel used to pretend to go to sleep, as if the other man were too tedious to be heard. Mr. Gill, then a comparatively unknown man, laid the foundation of his reputation by shouting across the court—"Now, Sir Charles, don't pretend you are asleep. We know that dodge and are tired of it!"

Although he was a great lawyer and a great orator, he had his little failings, and one of these failings was that it absolutely upset him when anybody presumed to differ from him. On one occasion, in talking to Mr. Gully, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Charles Russell, as he then was, said—"I never could have imagined that Mr.— was so narrow-minded!" "Narrow-minded!" replied Mr. Gully in surprise. "Not a bit of it; he is a most liberal-minded man." "Don't be ridiculous," somewhat petulantly answered Sir

Charles Russell, "why, this morning he differed from me twice in half-an-hour!"

On one occasion Lord Russell went to help the Liberals in a certain campaign. He began his speech of set purpose with some very badly-pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder had subsided Sir Charles said—"Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded, "and I sometimes drink Scotch." With this, says tradition, his hold on the audience was secured.

When the late Mr. Justice Denman was on the northern circuit, an amusing incident happened in court, in which the future Lord Chief Justice came off the better by his ready wit and his genial arrogance. One day, just before the rising of the court on a warm summer afternoon, some very high words were flung from the bar to the bench. cannot trust myself to administer reproof in my present condition of sorrow and resentment," said the learned judge, "but I shall take the night to consider what I ought to do, and when we meet again to-morrow morning I will announce my determination." In considerable commotion the court broke up, and on the following day it was crowded in anticipation of "a scene"—an anticipation somewhat encouraged by Mr. Justice Denman's entry into court with, if possible, more than ordinary solemnity. On taking his seat, he opened the business of the day by saving-"Mr. Russell, since the court adjourned

last evening, I have had the advantage of considering with a brother judge the painful incident—" Upon which Russell quickly broke in with, "My lord, I beg you will not say a word more upon the subject, for I can honestly assure you that I have entirely and for ever dismissed it from my memory." This was a turn of the tables which evoked such a roar of laughter in the court that even the learned judge could not but join in it.

Russell, in the early part of his career at the bar, was in court during the trial of a case of bigamy, and one of the counsel in the case, turning to him, asked him in a hurried whisper—"Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," was the prompt reply of the future Lord Chief Justice.

Russell never lost his presence of mind. Even at the agitating moment when he was sworn in as Lord Chief Justice he was all alert. Twice the Queen's coroner in tendering the oath said—"Charles, Baron Russell of Killowen;" and twice the new dignitary corrected—"Charles Russell, Baron of Killowen."

When the Lord Chief Justice visited Ireland he was often entertained by a hospitable gentleman, then well-known as having the reputation for being the best judge of a horse in the United Kingdom, and who had an old butler, who took the privilege of speaking his mind freely. Now, this gentleman prided himself on his cellar—which, of course, was in the charge of the old butler—and particularly on his claret, of which the best used to appear on the

occasions of the Lord Chief Justice's visits. On one such occasion the claret did not quite meet with the host's approval, so he called the ancient, and said-"I told you you were to put the very best claret on the table; is this the best?" "No, sorr, it is not the best clar't," replied the old fellow, "but it's the best ye've got."

Once Mr. Russell was engaged in a breach of promise action. "The case," says his devil, "was a simple one, and practically the question was the amount of damages which the plaintiff would get. Directly his junior and the solicitor had seated themselves in his room for the consultation, he turned to the latter, and asked, 'What is your client going to wear at the trial?'" The solicitor replied that he had not the faintest idea. Russell then said, "Take her to her dressmaker, and order a perfectly plain dress of a soft grey colour, fitting closely to the figure, without any trimming, and a big black hat, also as simple as possible." The consultation was very short, and the case itself was practically not discussed—indeed there was little to discuss in it. Russell's client got a verdict for £10,000.

Another great judge who deserves to be remem-

bered along with Russell was Lord Morris.

When permanent head of the Irish Judiciary he had a great regard for the independence of the Irish bench, which he was never betrayed into forgetting himself or allowing others to do so. With any unwarrantable liberties or interference he was impatient, and no anecdote of him is better known than his reception of a distinguished Treasury official, who, after a long correspondence on the part of the Department, was sent over to inquire into the expenditure of fuel in the courts and judges' chambers. The Chief Justice received him politely and asked him to sit down, and after listening with patience and attention to his complaint, said he would put him in communication with the proper person. He then got up and rang the bell; when the tipstaff appeared he said, as he left the room—"Tell Mary the man has come about the coals."

Morris's humour was not of the literary kind which finds its way into judgments, but it did bubble up now and again. In the decision of the judicial committee in Cochrane v. Macnish the question was as to the lawful and unlawful use of the term "club soda," and Morris, who gave the decision of the tribunal, remarked—"In the manufacture of soda water there is no secret, and frequently no soda."

Lord Morris always spoke in the mellifluous brogue so characteristic of County Galway. He apparently gloried in it. "Thank God," he once said, "no one, drunk or sober, could take me for anything but an Irishman." It was this delightful brogue which helped to make his utterances so telling. A young junior rose in his court one day to make his first motion, and spoke in the hard brogue of the North of Ireland. "Sapel," said the judge in a low voice to the registrar of the court, "who is this newcomer?" "His name is Clements, my lord." "What parrt of the coonthry does he hail from, in

the name of all that's wundherful?" asked the judge. "County Antrim, my lord," was the reply. "Well, well," said the judge, "did you iver come across sich a froightful accint in the whole coorse of yer born loife?"

Morris had not a very high opinion of either the intelligence or the straight-forwardness of politicians. His reply to someone who asked him, somewhat inaptly, to explain "the Irish question" in a few words is well known. "It is the difficulty," he said, "of a stupid and honest people trying to govern a quickwitted and dishonest one."

In defence of his hostility to Home Rule, Lord Morris occasionally made use of the following argument—"Here we are, a very poor country, in partnership with a very wealthy kingdom, with one hand in the till, and nothing will please the Separatists but to get away to set up a little shebeen of their own."

Counsel, in a sanitary case, addressing Lord Morris, said—"I shall assume that your lordship is fully acquainted with the statutes and authorities." "Assume nothing of the sort," was the unexpected response; "I yield to no man in my utter ignorance of sanitary law!"

Morris was fond of relating the following story to his friends:—It was at the time of a general election, and one day when he was leaving the law courts a sweep accosted him, and addressed him with familiarity. "Be off, ye dhirty schroundrel," said Lord Morris, "I don't know ye!" "Sure, that ye

do, yer 'oner," replied the sweep. "I've nivir set eyes on ye before!" "Yis, ye 'ave, yer 'oner. I swept yer 'oner's chimneys." "Oh, it was you, was it? And I'll nivir employ ye agin," replied the judge; "ye did the work badly, and they've smoked ivir since. I'll nivir have ye again." "Oh, yes, ye will, yer 'oner," replied the man. "And I tell ye, I won't," angrily answered Lord Morris. The sweep persisted that he would be employed again, so Lord Morris asked why, saying that there were plenty of other sweeps in Ireland. "Sure, yer 'onor, all the other sweeps 'ave become Mimbers of Parliament!"

One day it fell to Morris's lot to hear a case at Coleraine, in which damages were claimed from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. The issue depended upon whether a certain number of grains of a particular drug could be safely administered to the animal. The dispensary doctor proved that he had often given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that twelve for a horse was not excessive. "Never mind ver eight grains, docther," said the judge. know that some poisons are cumulative in effect, and ye may go to the edge of ruin with impunity. But tell me this: The twelve grains—wouldn't they kill the divil himself if he swallowed them?" The doctor was annoyed, and pompously replied, "I don't know my lord; I never had him for a patient." From the bench came the answer-"Ah, no, dochter, ye niver had, more's the pity! The old bhoy's still aloive." Shortly prior to his retirement from the Court of Appeal, Lord Morris, in his official capacity of Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland, received a Royal visit to the Dublin Flower Show. On such occasions it was incumbent on him to wear his golden-streaked robes of office. Deeming it necessary to explain why he donned such gorgeously-hued habiliments, he said—"Your Royal Highness will observe that as Vice-Chancellor of the University, I am obliged to wear all this fine toggery. I think it only fair to offer you this explanation; otherwise you might think I was trying to transform myself into a sunflower!"

In Lord Morris's Court one of the strangest judgments on record was once given. It was an abduction case, the offence being of a purely technical character. Having listened patiently to the evidence, the judge, addressing the jury, said-"I am compelled to direct you to find a verdict of guilty in this case, but you will easily see that I think it is a trifling thing, which I regard as quite unfit to occupy my time. It is more valuable than yours. At any rate, it is much better paid for. Find, therefore, the prisoner guilty of abduction, which rests. mind ve, on four points—the father was not averse, the mother was not opposed, the girl was willing, and the boy was convaynient." The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to remain in the dock till the rising of the court! Hardly had he delivered sentence when, turning to the Sheriff, Lord Morris said—"Let us go," and, looking

at the prisoner, he called across the court, "Marry the girl at once, and God bless you both."

Morris was the wittiest judge of his time. Laughter came irresistibly at all his jests, but sometimes his wit was very ill-natured. A highlyconnected lady was giving evidence in a sensational case tried by Lord Morris. An important point turned on its being proved whether or not the witness was in Dublin on a certain day. Having deposed that she was in the Irish metropolis on the date in question, she turned round to the judge and said-"Your Lordship ought to know that what I state is a fact." "Why?" the Chief Justice asked, in astonished tones. "Because," the lady replied, "it was the last day of the assizes, and you and I travelled to Galway from Dublin in the same railway carriage." There was a subdued snigger in court at the judge's expense. He, however, adroitly turned the tables by saving in a most strident yet deferential manner, "Madam, for the sake of my character I must ask you, Was there not a third party present all the way?"

Several decades ago there was a shocking accident in Dublin. A public conveyance was backed by the horses into a canal, loss of life being the result. Some years later Lord Morris was counsel for the plaintiff in an action which arose out of a collision between two vehicles. The principal witness on the other side was the defendant's coachman. When his lordship rose to cross-examine him he for several seconds looked at the man most scrutinisingly. At

last he asked in a stentorian voice, "Are you the person who drove the 'bus which fell into the canal?" "I am," was the answer. "Gentlemen," said the counse! to the jury, in the most assured and off-hand style, "after that admission I don't think I need waste your time or mine by asking this witness any further questions." He sat down and secured a verdict.

When an affair affecting the Anglican Church came before the Appeal Court, Lord Morris exclaimed, after surveying his two colleagues—"One of us is a Jew, another is a Presbyterian, and I, as a Roman Catholic, yield to none of your lordships in—ignorance of the matter in hand."

In a case where some young farmers' sons were tried on a charge of illegal drilling and carrying arms by night, Morris said—"There you go on with your marching and counter-marching, making fools of yourselves, when you ought to be out in the fields turning dung." On another occasion, when an eloquent advocate had extenuated some criminal act on the ground that "the people" were in sympathy with the offenders, the Chief Justice remarked—"I never knew a small town in Ireland that hadn't a blackguard in it who called himself 'the people.'"

Lord Morris's wit, as we have already shown, was accentuated by a rich Irish brogue. Once, however, a good joke was made at his expense. He and a brother luminary of the English Bench attended the wedding of a very pretty society young lady; and, as the happy party drove away from the church, the

worthy judge remarked—"I wish I had brought a shoe to throw at them." "A shoe, my lord," was the witty rejoinder, "why not throw your brogue?"

A voluble and sturdy old countrywoman was being examined before his lordship in the Court of Queen's Bench. Her incessant clatter did not give him an opportunity of taking proper notes of her evidence. Having repeatedly in vain requested the witness to speak slowly, he at last cried out, "Hold your tongue, woman!" To this the unexpected reply was, "Arrah, hould yer own, man!" None joined more heartily in the outburst of laughter which was thus evoked than the occupant of the judgment seat.

Even in the highest circles he never hesitated to give full expression to his opinions, whether they were pleasing to his auditors or the reverse. He once attended a brilliant party at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin, when it was occupied by the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Lord-Lieutenant, and it is related that the Viceroy's wife, in the course of conversation, said to him, "Chief-Justice, are there many Home Rulers here to-day?" "My lady," he replied, "the only Home Rulers present are yourself, His Excellency, and the waiters."

He used to say he was the converse of an absentee, because he went over to England and earned money there, and brought it back and spent it in Ireland. And he in turn was beloved by his tenantry and neighbours, whom he would go to any trouble to serve. Though every generous legislative change had his sympathy, he was sceptical of the many

solutions and artificial remedies for the Irish problem which he in a long life had heard "discovered." and promulgated, over and over again. He said he had been listening to talk about the "prosperity of Ireland" as long as he could remember—for over 60 vears—and during all that time it had been always just going to come; and he would add, "When I see the true state of affairs in Ireland and hear of all these panaceas, I am only reminded of the veterinary surgeon's bill on which was entered the item-to curing your honour's horse till it died." He believed that until there was peace and order in the country no capital would be put in it, nor manufactures and industries successfully started, and that otherwise any amount of social and political changes would leave Ireland where she was, if not worse.

"God save Ireland," cried a rebel whom he had sentenced to a term of imprisonment. "With all my heart," said the Chief Justice; "but it is the men who are always shouting 'God save Ireland' that make it impossible for Providence to perform the operation."

Lord Morris would have increased rather than diminished the political relations of Ireland to the Empire. He used to argue that Irishmen, now that they had fair play, should take their part, as so many with great distinction have, in the government of the Empire—the common heritage of the people of these islands. With such views he was no admirer of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy, and when some one with whom he was conversing described that states-

man as a heaven-born genius he observed that he "devoutly hoped it would be a long time before heaven was in an interesting condition again." He favoured progress of a tentative character, but as regards progress in the abstract he said, "There were demagogues 2000 years ago; there were tyrants 2000 years ago; there was a millenium soon expected 2000 years ago." In Ireland he said he saw the smug self-complacency of our rulers on the one hand, and on the other the sounding platitudes and shibboleths of professional patriots. As to the economic future of the country, he held that the lack of coal was one of the main and irremediable causes of its poverty: she had to pay so heavily for her motive power instead of digging it up out of the bowels of the earth as England and Scotland do. "I once met a geological fellow," he would say, "who told me that it was in the glacial period the real injury and injustice was done to Ireland, when the great boulders scraped off her valuable minerals into the sea, just as you'd scrape the butter off a slice of bread with a knife. A few pocket mines here and there escaped the glaciers, but they are only like the little bits of butter in the crevices of the bread; it is scraped pretty clear for all that." And then he would go on and expatiate warmly on the unfortunate situation of the country generally. "Why, it's not like any other island that ever was made," he would wind up; "instead of a hill, it has, like a saucer, a great hollow in the centre of it where all the water lodges."

An elderly gentleman, who knew something of law,

lived in a country village where no solicitor had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of arranging the disputes of his neighbours and making their wills. At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his gate, and, putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there. "It's me, your honour, Paddy Flacherty; I could not get a wink of sleep for thinking of the will I've made." "What's the matter with the will?" said the amateur lawyer. "Matter, indeed," replied Paddy. "Shure I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit down upon!"

A law suit that lasted over a century recently came to an end in Ireland. In 1797 Mr. Robert Smyth, a brewer of Smock Alley, Dublin, failed. A dividend was paid, but the assets did not realise 20s in the £1. Four generations of creditors in turn supplied grist to the legal mill, and it was recently discovered that a small sum invested at the time by the court as too trifling for distribution had by the accumulation of compound interest in a hundred odd years, developed into four figures, enough to pay off all the debts and leave a good sum besides for law costs. Strange to say, there was a claimant for every penny due in 1797.

## II.—THE JARVEY.

IKE the Lakes of Killarney and the Giant's Causeway, the Irish jarvey is one of the attractions of the Emerald Isle. The tourist who returns with pleasing memories of the "Devil's Punch-Bowl" and the "Wishing Stone," also returns with happy recollections of the jaunting car and its witty driver. Of the wit and humour of his country the jarvey is typical, and in some ways this is lucky, for he, perhaps more than most others, comes in contact with those who are desirous of witnessing the characteristic traits of the Irish people. He is complimentary when he thinks it suits his purpose, is sarcastic when his "fare" would make merry at his expense, can practise a little deception when it lies in the way of his business, but is perfectly honest when he feels that the occasion demands him to be so. To take the last feature first, what is more expressive of the jarvey's honesty, while at the same time it implies all the other traits we have mentioned, than the story of the Cork gentleman who, having an English friend on a visit to him, took the latter round the town on a car to show him the sights? Coming to a public building with which he was not acquainted, he asked the jarvey what it was. "Sure, I don't know, sir," was the reply. "Don't know?" queried the gentleman in surprise, "why, I thought there wasn't a square foot in the whole town that a jarvey did not know the history of?" "Well, it's this way, sir," explained the jarvey, who knew his man, "I could have tould you all about that building if you'd been a stranger!"

Another worthy car driver, whose propensity for explaining places to the stranger had roused the ire of a native, who recognised that he was drawing the long bow, and who was remonstrated with for telling so many lies, warded off the attack with the words, "Indeed, thin, I've a great deal more regard for the truth than to be dhragging her out on every palthry occasion."

Sometimes the tourist was of opinion that the driver was "drawing the long bow," and remonstrated in consequence. "The way you're describing the different places to me," said a tourist, "you evidently consider me a stranger here." "Av coorse, sor," replied the sour-looking driver. "What makes you think I've never been here before?" "The fact that no wan iver comes back that's been here afore."

It was the truth, however, that was "dragged out" on another occasion. A member of the nobility—a large landowner in Ireland—paid a visit to his Irish estates. His visit was a private affair, and no one was cognisant of it but his own agent. On the first day after his arrival he hired a car to take him over his property. He was unaccompanied, and, the journey being a long one, he struck up a conversa-

tion with the driver as a means of passing time. "Who owns these estates?" he queried in a careless tone. "Well, yer honour," said the jarvey, "he's a lord-and he's not ov much account: he gets all his money from the poor people here, and spends it with the big people in London, and we never hardly see him." "Indeed," said the gentleman, "and why do the people put up with such a man?" "Faith, then," said Paddy frankly, "I don't know." "It's a wonder they don't shoot him," said the nobleman. "It is," was the somewhat laconic reply. "Come now. Pat." said the nobleman in an insinuating tone. "tell me really why don't they shoot him?" "Well," ventured the jarvey, "it's this way, yer honour-what's everybody's business is nobody's business, and that's the truth."

As is to be expected, the jarvey has always a certain interest in his horse. He is ever ready to excuse its weaknesses when his "fare" ventures to point them out, and is always prepared to excuse himself if he is reproached concerning the condition of his horse.

"I say, Paddy," said one tourist to his car-driver, "that is the worst looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fat him up is it?" queried the Jehu, "faix, the poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now!"

Similar to this, so far at least as the load is concerned, is the reply which another driver gave on one occasion. He was driving a car between towns in the North of Ireland, and the horse was going so

slow that numerous other vehicles overtook it. This roused the ire of one of the passengers, who shouted, "Push on, Paddy, you'll be late." "Who says I'll be late?" quickly asked the driver. "I do," said the passenger, prepared to stick to his guns. "Shure, an' how do ye know I'll be late?" continued the driver. "I know it by my watch," answered the passenger somewhat hotly. "Och, shure, then," said Paddy, his native wit coming to his rescue, "if your watch had a load on it like my poor ould baste it wouldn't go so fast."

A "fare" was being rattled through a Dublin suburb on a rickety jaunting-car drawn by a no less rickety horse. Having proceeded some distance, the horse, owing to apparent old age and sheer exhaustion, fell, never to rise again. The "fare" was very profuse in his sympathies towards the driver, who, however, appeared to take the whole thing very coolly, and explained:—"It's just like this with me, your honour. I don't regret the old brute a bit. He was bad from the start. But, somehow or other, I can't help thinking of the beautiful feed of oats I gave him this morning."

As was indicated by an earlier story, questioning the driver comes in handy as a means of whiling away the time, and many are the questions which the long-suffering jarvey has to answer. These questions sometimes refer to his own domestic affairs, concerning which usually he is nothing loath to speak. A passenger who had drawn his driver into a long discussion concerning the unhappiness of his

married life, elicited the fact that the driver's wife had eloped, and also that the driver intended giving a not inconsiderable sum of money to the man with whom she had gone. "What!" exclaimed the passenger in surprise, "you're going to give all that money to the man who has eloped with your wife?" "Av coorse," said the jarvey, "and indeed I think it's me bist move. If Oi don't me woife'll be comin' back to me agin."

Very apt was a description of the wilds of Mayo given by a jarvey. He had two passengers with him, one of whom lived in a very rich grazing district. He was astonished at the bleak, miserable aspect of the country they were passing through, and so began questioning the driver as to its quality, powers of production, and what it would feed to the acre. "Well, sor," replied the driver, "it might feed a hare to the acre in summer, but in the winter she would have to run for her life."

The Cork driver had a brother in Dublin who got a chance (and took it) of explaining the sights of the town to a "stranger." The stranger was an Englishman, and as the car was passing the Post Office, he said to the jarvey, "This is a very fine building." "Och, sor," said he, with a truly Irish bull, "but ye should see the front. This is the back—the front's behind." "Then, what are those figures on the roof?" asked the Englishman. "These, sor," replied the Jehu, "are the twelve apostles." "The twelve apostles!" repeated the tourist, "there are only three." "Ach sure," said Pat in a tone that

indicated anything was good enough for an Englishman, "The rest are inside sortin' the letters, sor."

It was this same tourist who, when driving along a country road, drew the jarvey's attention to a miserable looking tatterdemalion, and remarked—"What a shocking thing it is to see a man in such rags and misery." "Begorra, then, yer honour," replied the driver with the characteristically Irish desire to put a good face on everything, "that's not from poverty at all, at all. The truth is that the man's so ticklesome that sorra a tailor in the counthry can attempt to take his measure."

The jarvey, like other folks, sometimes "puts his foot in it," as the saying is, and apropos this the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava tells a good story. In his bachelor days he proceeded on a visit to Killyleagh Castle, from which he obtained the lady he married. His lordship, who, as is well known, wears a glass eve, engaged an Irish jaunting car at Crossgar Station, and always anxious to study human nature, picked up a conversation with the driver. "Is there anything new about this part of the country?" enquired his lordship. "Ach, now, naethin'," said Jehu, "except that they say that foine girl, Katie Hamilton, is goin' to marry blind Dufferin!" The jarvey's prophetic utterance was rewarded by an extra tip and the frequent telling of the story by the Marquis himself.

As we have remarked, the car-driver can be complimentary when it seems to suit his purpose. An old lady was getting into a car one day in Dublin, and finding it a somewhat difficult job, she turned to the driver with the request, "Help me in, my good man, for I'm very old." "Begorra, ma'm," was Pat's gallant reply, "no matter what age you are you don't look it."

The driver is willing to engage in many topics with his passengers, but sometimes he draws the line at a discussion which seems to touch upon what he considers his own and nobody else's business. Such a one was Pat Doolan. He bitterly opposed what he called "imperent interfarence," and as this trait was known to the local clergy and district visitors he was usually left severely alone. One day, however, a gentleman engaged Pat to drive him to a little village several miles distant, where he was to address a temperance meeting, of which good cause he was an earnest supporter. He was already rather late for the advertised time of his lecture, but notwithstanding, he thought he would try to improve the occasion by an endeavour to convert Pat to his teetotal views. "My good man," said he opening the discussion in tones of suavity, "do you ever think of your soul when you take drink?" "No," answered Pat frankly, "I only think of it what it wants mendin'." "My friend," continued the lecturer following up his attack, "I'm afraid you will be lost." "Lost!" exclaimed Pat in pretended surprise, "Lost!" "Yes: lost. I tell you truly this moment you are going to hell." "To where?" asked Pat. "Where did you say I was goin' to?" "To hell," said the lecturer solemnly, thinking he was beginning to make

an impression. "You are on the road to hell."
"Then, begorra," shouted Pat, "I'll turn back. If
I had known ye wanted me to drive you to a place
like that I would niver have started. But here's
back again." And so saying, Pat turned his horse
round, and, despite the entreaties of his astonished
fare, drove straight back to the starting point. There
was no temperance meeting held that afternoon, nor
has the lecturer tried to convert Pat since.

Like his brother Jehu all over the world, the Irish jarvey is always anxious for a fare. "What is the shortest way to St. Patrick's?" queried a gentleman of a Dublin car-driver. "Your honour," said the jarvey, laying his hand on the seat of the car, "that is."

During the Queen's visit to Ireland, and when Dublin was in a stir in consequence thereof, an English reporter drove from North Wall to Sackville Street, for which journey the legal fare is sixpence. Unhappily he asked the jarvey his fare. shillin', sir," said Pat. "Nonsense," said the reporter, "it is only a mile, besides I know there is an arrangement in Dublin for a fixed boundary. Aren't we inside that boundary?" "Devil a bit. sir," said Pat, who, like many of his fellow-countrymen, anticipated prosperity for Ireland on account of the Royal visit, "they've altered the boundary since the Queen's come, an' it finishes at the ould gate they've been buildin' in Lesson Street." "Here you are, then," said the journalist, adding, "but, you rascal, I'll take a cheaper man next time." "Very

good, sir," returned Pat with an air of independence, "but there's only one cheaper in Dublin this day, and that's the Lord Mayor's carriage, an' that ye can have for nothin', though 'tis as much as yer life is worth to ride in it."

Once he secures his "fare" the jarvey endeavours to get rid of him as soon as possible, and accordingly he seldom puts off much time on the way.

In one of the busy streets of Belfast the traffic was being regulated by a young Irish constable. A number of carts were being directed to one side when a cab drove up and endeavoured to get in front. The constable immediately held up his hand as a signal to stop, but the Jehu drove on. At this the constable seized the horse, and remarked angrily to the driver, "Why didn't you stop? Didn't you see my hand go up?" "Well," said the cabby, "I noticed it get suddenly dark; but I had as much as I could do to kape the horse from shyin' at yer feet!"

Occasionally the jarvey is caustic when the legal fare is tendered to him without the much-relished tip. An old lady in Dublin, weighing about sixteen stone avoirdupois, engaged a Jehu to convey her to a North Wall steamer. Arrived there, she presented the driver with his legal fare—sixpence. Gazing at the coin in his hand, and then at the fat old lady, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh as he turned away—"I'll laive ye to the Almoighty, ma'am!"

The jarvey's humour is always present. "Drive me to a good hotel, jarvey," said a visitor to Dublin during the Queen's visit. "Well, sir," asked the driver, "which do you want?" "Any will do so long as I can get a room," was the reply. "Then," said Paddy, "if that's the way of it, ye had betther go across and throw stones at a peeler." "Why?" asked the gentleman in some curiosity. "Ye'd git locked up, then, sir," explained the driver, "an' sure 'tis the only way to get a room in Dublin this night, sir; heaven be praised!"

In addition to his legal fare the driver is always open to take a dram. A tourist was driving along a dusty road in the west of Ireland one hot summer day, and stopped at a small inn for refreshment. On asking the jarvey if he was dry, that worthy replied, "Dhroy? Did yer honour say dhroy? I'm so dhroy that if yez slapped my back ye'd see the dust flyin' out ov me mouth!"

The suggestion here broadly made was conveyed by a more subtle hint on another occasion. A man, driven home on a very wet night, wished to give the car-driver something to keep the cold out. Finding nothing at hand but a liquer-stand with its tiny glasses, he filled up one and handed it to Jehu, remarking—"You'll think none the worse of this because it was made by the holy monks." "God bless the holy monks!" exclaimed the driver as he drained the glass, "it's thimselves that can make good liquor, but the man that blew that glass was very short of breath."

A jarvey was driving with an English visitor, who was on his way to spend Christmas with some relatives in Ireland, on a bitterly cold day in

December, through the wilds of Connemara. They became quite sociable on the way, and the native, in a burst of confidence, pointed out a shebeen where the "best potheen in Connacht" might be obtained. The Englishman, only too glad to get an opportunity of warming himself, offered refreshment, which offer was readily accepted. "'Tis a very cold day in these parts, Pat," observed the tourist. "'Tis, yer honour," replied Pat. He raised his glass, and the contents speedily vanished. "And there's truth in the old sayin'," he suggestively added, smacking his lips, "one swallow never made a summer."

Two gentlemen were riding on a jaunting car in Belfast, when they were delayed by a block in the traffic. A newspaper boy approached the car, and addressed one of the gentlemen, who was a doctor. "Oi say, docthor, buy a paper." "I don't want one, my lad," replied the doctor. "Give me a ha'penny, docthor," pursued the youth. "I haven't got one, my lad," answered the doctor. Without replying, the boy approached the gentleman on the other side of the car. "Buy a paper, sorr." "I don't need one, boy," was again the answer received. "Give me a ha'penny, sorr," repeated the boy. "I haven't got one, boy," once more was the reply. The boy then turned to the driver, and said—"Oi say, jarvey, droive these gints to the worrk'ouse."

Of all the passages at arms that have taken place between driver and "fare" probably none excel that in which the late Charles Mathews took part. A few years before his retirement from the stage, says Mr. Howard Paul, he went to Dublin to play an engagement at the old Theatre Royal. He had not appeared in the Irish capital for ten years. On his arrival at the railway station he called a jarvey, instructed him to place his trunks on a car, and drive without delay to Corless's Hotel, the "Burlington," in St. Andrew Street. "All right, Mr. Charles Mathews," responded cabby, cracking his whip in a flourishing manner; "I'll have you safe and sound there in a jiffy." Mrs. Mathews remarked to her husband, "Charles, did you notice that the man called you by name?" "I did, and I'm surprised that I should be remembered so long a time; and I fancy my acting did not particularly appeal to cabmen." "You must have left a deep impression, my dear," said Mrs. Mathews, desiring to compliment her gifted husband. "I've no doubt the man saw you from the pit or the gallery, and he may have a special talent for remembering faces." It was but a short drive to the "Burlington," and before alighting Mathews called the cabby to the side of the vehicle and asked his fare. "Two shillin', plaze you, sir, but I can do with a little bit over for the wife and the kids." "All right; now I want to ask you, my man, how it is you remember me? Did you ever see me before?" "Och sure, I never forget a face, especially when it's on the shoulders of a fine gintleman like yourself, sir." "No blarney, please. You called me by my name when I entered this cab." "Sure, I did, sir; and I'd do it agin, and more power to ye, sir." "Well, how is it you know my name?"

"Ah, begorrah! I don't like to tell you," said cabby, shaking his head, screwing up his eyes, and affecting an air of mystery. "Bosh!" said Mathews, who was getting tired of the little comedy, and rather suspected cabby was manœuvring for a further rise in his fare. "Out with it, man—here's four shillings instead of two—now, how did you know my name?" "Well, sir," replied the jarvey, with a twinkle in his other eye, and doffing his old weather-beaten hat, "it goes agin me to give up the secret, but it's the blessed truth—I saw it on your trunk!" The cabby had outwitted the comedian; and Mathews was considered a sharp sort of person.

A country gentleman was driving from the county assizes one very cold, wet day. On arriving home, he offered the driver a glass of whisky, which, of course, was accepted. Going into the house he returned in a few minutes with a decanter and a glass which, when filled, he gave to the man, and, thinking to put in a good word for the temperance cause, being a teetotaler himself, he said—"I would not give you this, only the day is so bad, and you have had a long drive; but, let me tell you, that every glass you drink is a nail in your coffin." The man quickly swallowed the spirit and held out the empty glass, saying—"Sure, your honour, as you have the hammer in your hand, you might as well drive in another one."

In addition to the jarvey the private coachman and the pony-hirer deserve notice.

While recently visiting the charming Lakes of

Killarney and negotiating the famous Gap of Dunloe, on pony-back, a lady remarked to her fellow-equestrian, jestingly allusive of the extreme quiet and cautiousness of the ponies—"Are you not afraid your charger will run away?" Before the person addressed had time to reply, the guide, who walked alongside, remarked, without the vestige of a smile—"You needn't be wan bit in dhread, me lady; he'd die before he'd be so mane as to run away!"

A merry young Irishman was employed as a coachman by a Liverpool family. While suffering from a very severe cold he made his appearance one morning with his hair cut close to his head. "Why. Dennis," said his mistress, in shocked accents. "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?" "Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cowld, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cowld on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair-cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowld. Do ve see the power of me rasoning, mum?" The lady was obliged to concede that Dennis's logic was irresistible.

A good story is told by a tourist, and it is characteristic of Pat's ready wit. The tourist and a French friend had a three hours' drive on a jaunting car in Dublin. Pat, the driver, was very obliging and talkative, giving them all the information he could about the places of interest they passed.

When the drive was over the tourists owed Pat six shillings, but wishing to make him a present for his acting as a guide to them, they discussed in French what amount they should add to the fare. "Ah." said Pat, "Oi know what you're saying." "Why, do you speak French?" "Oi understand it." "Indeed! Well, what was it we were saying." "Oh," quickly answered Pat, "you were saying 'Let's give poor Pat half-a-sovereign.' " And he got it.

"Get on, man; get on!" said a traveller to the driver. "Wake up your nag!" "Shure, sor," was the reply, "I haven't the heart to bate him." "What's the matter with him?" queried the traveller. "Is he sick?" "No, sir," was the explanation, "he's not sick, but it's unlucky 'e is, sor, unlucky! You see, sor, every morning, afore I put 'im in the car, I tosses 'im whether 'e'll have a feed of oats or I'll have a dhrink of whiskey, an' the poor baste has lost five mornings running!"

A little black-eyed and nimble-tongued Irish street-car conductor in Dublin came into the car and called out in his peculiarly penetrating voice—"Wan seat on the roight! Sit closer on the roight, ladies an' gentlemin, an' mek room for a laddy phwat's standing!" A big, surly-looking man, who was occupying space enough for two, said sullenly-"We can't sit any closer." "Can't yez!" retorted the little conductor. "Begorra, you niver wint coortin' thin!" It is needless to add that room was made on the "roight" for the lady.

A jarvey, who was driving through the streets of Dublin, met with an obstruction in the shape of a man riding a donkey. If brevity is the soul of wit, Pat's remark reaches a high standard. It was—"Now, then, you two!"

A car-driver having driven a gentleman a long stage during a storm of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about being wet, but plaze, yer honour, I'm very dry!"

A gentleman who had been driving in a car paid the driver sixpence, the legal fare. The driver immediately threw a cloth over his horse's head. "What did you do that for?" said the gentleman. "Yer honner, I would not have the poor beast see he had gone all that way for sixpence!"

At a certain town in the South of Ireland a party of tourists was driving one Christmas Eve on an outside car along a road which ran dangerously close to the cliffs, besides being badly kept and covered with boulders. Luckily on this occasion the journey was performed without accident, and one of the party congratulated the jarvey on his skilful driving. The honest Jehu took their congratulations quietly, and complacently remarked—"Yes, yer honour, an' there's not another driver in Ireland cud do it as I'm afther doin' it—without linchpins!"

The Irish jarvey had always an eye to the main chance, and seldom failed to make the best of his opportunities.

Patrick Kelly was the only man who owned a

jaunting-car in the whole village of L, in Kerry, and as he had the monopoly of the business he made a very good thing by letting it out on hire to the neighbours. One day Kelly, according to report. indulged too freely at the village inn, and as he became a danger to the community by violently assaulting anybody he chanced to meet in the street he was taken in charge and locked up. The next day he was brought before the magistrate and fined twenty shillings, with the option of seven days. When sentence was passed, Kelly scratched his head for a second, and then informed his honour "that if it was all the same to him he'd be taking the seven days." Accordingly he was taken into custody preparatory to being conducted to the gaol. Now, the prison was ten miles away, and the only possible means of getting a prisoner there was by driving. As Kelly himself had the only car in the place, there was nothing to do but to hire it. For some time the constable and his prisoner haggled over the terms. Kelly struck out firmly for thirty shillings, to be paid in advance, and at last the constable had to consent to the extortion. Accordingly they drove off, and without any misadventures arrived at the prison. When they had alighted, Kelly suddenly informed his companion that he had changed his mind, as the prison wasn't a decent-looking place, and would pay the fine. He thereupon drew out the thirty shillings he had received, counted out the twenty, and paid them over to the inspector. Then, jumping on his car, he drove away, leaving the constable to walk back.

## III.—THE DOMESTIC SERVANT.

as a type of Irish character. Numberless are the stories which cluster round the proverbial "Bridget," and if some are hardly to her credit, many are indicative of the fact that she can frequently hold her own with the best. Her knowledge of life is sometimes limited and leads to amusing blunders, and her desire for a sweetheart gives rise to many mirth-provoking stories. Like her fellow-servants of every nationality, she is not always above reproach in the matter of cleanliness and ability, but what she lacks in domestic economy she makes up in wit and humour.

As has been said, Bridget's desire to have a young

man has given rise to many stories.

"Of course," explained a young lady when she was engaging a raw girl as maid-of-all-work, "I find everything." "Indade!" exclaimed the domestic, while a smile of satisfaction diffused her features "includin' a swateheart, mum?"

Another mistress, engaging an Irish servant, explained somewhat sarcastically—"There's a piano in the kitchen, a bicycle for your own use, and a tennis lawn set apart exclusively for all my servants and their friends." "Well, ma'am," replied the maid,

on whom the sarcasm was not wholly lost, "if there's any stipulation as to a dowry in the event of marriage, I think your terms will suit."

"How about references?" inquired another mistress, after she had talked matters over with an applicant for a situation. "Oh, I loike yer looks, mum," said the applicant, "an' I won't ask yez for any."

"That was a very nice letter of Patrick's offering you marriage, Mary," said a mistress who helped her domestic with her correspondence. "What shall I say in reply for you?" "Tell him, mum, if you plaze," explained Mary, "that when I get my wages raised next month, mum, I'll begin to save for the wedding things."

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?" "Will, mum, thot's f'r him t' say. Oi done me best wid th' m'terials at hand,

mum."

"Charley writes me that he will coach his class this season. Isn't he a son to be proud of?" "He is indade, mum," said Bridget, "an' we kin both fale thrue proudness, fer it's mesilf that has a bye who is a coachman too."

A Scottish lady tells an amusing story of her cook, a buxom young woman from the Emerald Isle, with more than her share of the Celt's humour and readiness of retort. The cook, like most of her kind, had designs on the policeman on the beat, and frequently enticed him into her kitchen with tempting dainties. This state of affairs went on unheeded

by the mistress for some time, but one night a circumstance arose which prompted her to remonstrate with Bridget. In passing along the lobby the mistress happened to look into the kitchen, when she saw not one, but two, gentlemen in buttons. This she felt was too much. Next morning she interviewed Bridget. "Cook," she said, "I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen last night." "Well, mum," replied Bridget, with an unabashed smile overspreading her features, "yez wouldn't have an unmarried lady to be sittin' with only wan policeman, would yez, now? Sure, mum, the other wan was the chaperon!"

Bridget confided to her mistress when taking service that she had lately become engaged to be married. She stated, however, that she and Tim would have to wait two years, and in the meantime she wished to be earning money. When Tim made his first call the family remarked that they had never known so quiet a man. The sound of Bridget's voice rose now and then from the kitchen, but Tim's words were apparently few and far between. "Tim is not much of a talker, is he, Bridget?" said the mistress of the house next morning. "I should scarcely have known there was anyone with you last evening." "He'll talk more when we've been engaged a while longer, I'm thinking, ma'am," said Bridget. "He's too bashful yet to do anything but eat, ma'am, when he's wid me!"

"What is the matter, Bridget?" asked a lady of her servant who had given notice that she was to leave. "Why are you going to leave?" "Sure, ma'am," explained Bridget, "my policeman has been

appointed to another beat."

"Bridget, I don't think it is hardly the thing for you to entertain company in the kitchen." "Don't ye worry, mum. Shure, an' Oi wouldn't be afther deproivin' ye o' th' parler."

A lady one day, being in need of some small change, called downstairs to the cook and inquired—"Mary, have you any coppers down there?" "Yes, mum, I've two; but, if you please, mum, they're both me cousins!" was the unexpected reply.

The same lady hearing sounds of mirth ascending from the lower regions of her house one night, rang the bell and inquired of the servant, "Is that hilarity I hear in the kitchen, Bridget?" "No, ma'am," was the reply, "it's Mr. Murphy, and the jokes of him would make the Pope himself laugh."

"Do you think that young policeman who calls here so often means business, Norah?" said an enquiring lady. "I think he do, mum," answered the blushing cook. "He's begun to complain about

my cooking already."

A young matron, whose girlish appearance sometimes subjects her to the persecutions of impudent strangers, neatly rebuked one of those public nuisances in a large railway station. He was dressed in a style that he regarded as very "fetching," and he ogled the young woman persistently. Finally he edged through the crowd until he was directly in front of her, when he bent down, and, lifting his

THE JIG.

BY

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

Long. William Control of the Control

t in the

E COMPT TO THE STATE OF

Logic ost

in officially and a second of the second of





hat, said—"Beg pardon, but I'm sure I've met you somewhere." "Oh, yes," began the young woman, in a pleasant voice. "Delighted"—broke in the youth ecstatically. "You are the young man who calls on our cook," continued the young woman, in a clear voice. "I'll tell Bridget that I saw you."

"What have you done to the plum-pudding, Bridget?" "The brandy ye gave me to pour on it got spilt. mem," explained Bridget, "so I used paraffin instead. Can't you get it to burn?"

"I think, Sarah," said a mistress one day when she was giving instructions, "you had better roast the mutton for dinner, and postpone the pork." "Sure, mum," said Sarah blankly, "I can roast and bile and stew wi' the best, but it's the first time I ever heard o' pos'ponin' a jint!"

A lady advertised for a cook, and many applied for the situation. Owing to the lady's fastidiousness, however, none of them seemed to suit her requirements, until at the eleventh hour a Bridget also made application, and was put to the test. "Are you able to do plain cooking?" enquired the lady. "The plainer the better for me, ma'am," was the frank reply. "Now, look here, Bridget," said the lady; "my husband likes his meat boiled, and I like mine roasted. You understand?" "Yes, ma'am," assented Bridget. "Now, then," said the lady, "if I gave you a fowl to cook for dinner, how would you do it?" Bridget thought for a moment, and then replied, "I wud roast it first, ma'am, and you could

ate your share, thin I would boil what you left for the masther."

Bridget is frequently of an independent mind. "I'm leavin', mum," said the maid of all work to her mistress, who was an invalid. "I'm goin' dressmakin', and I couldn't stay here nohows, anyhow." "Oh, it's too bad, but I would have given you due notice and a week's wages." "I'll give you warnin' till I pack me trunk, mum. I'm no slave, and I'm not used to bein' complained of, either. I kin cook with the best of 'em, and I wouldn't go down on me knees to lord or lady, not me. Didn't you tell your husband to look after the house while you was sick. mum?" "I did." "It was the mistake of your life, mum. He makes a god of his stomach. That he do, mum, and a serf of his servants." "He's one of the best-hearted men alive." "I'm speakin' of his stomach, mum. I made him hash, as he likes for breakfast. He says there was too much meat in it. I makes him another plate for the next mornin', and he says it was all potatoes. 'I guess I can't suit vou,' says I. 'Don't guess again,' says he, and I told him that he didn't know no more about stylish hash than a cow does about runnin' a dancin' school. He said he would make me a gift of a cook book so I could learn how to make hash. Me! I could make hash before he had teeth to eat with. Me and him can't live under the same roof, mum, an' you kin make your choice."

A vicar's wife, upon whom visitors had unexpectedly called, hastened to the kitchen to inquire what in the emergency could be provided for luncheon. "Well, ma'am," said the girl, turning to the cooking-book, "you might have a fricassee, ma'am—a fricasseed rabbit." "But," exclaimed the mistress, "where's the rabbit to come from?" "La, ma'am, I don't know. But it says here, 'What you haven't got you can leave out.'"

A cookery school girl said to the servant one day, "Bridget, what did you do with that Christmas cake I baked yesterday? Mr. Finefello is here, and I want to give him some." "Well, Miss," said Bridget, "Oi'll get it for yez if yez say so, but, sure, it isn't me wud be discooragin' a noice young man loike that."

"Bridget, what is the clock doing on the range?" asked a mistress one morning when she entered the kitchen and saw the clock occupying a place on the range. "Didn't you tell me ter boil the eggs five minutes by the clock?" enquired the cook.

"Woman, alive," said a lady to her servant, "you have cooked the fowl I got for Sunday instead of the beef." "Shure Oi didn't know it was the mate ve wanted fur to-day," was the reply. "You might have known I wanted the fowl on Sunday without my telling you," said the mistress angrily. "Moight I, indade?" asked the servant in a tone of contempt. "Did yez expict ter get a moind reader fur five bob a wake?"

"Bridget, I've come down to help you," said a young lady. "Begging your pardon, mum, I'd

rather not, as I am werry busy to-day," replied Bridget.

"Bridget," said the mistress in a reproving tone of voice, "breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when you went to bed." "It was, ma'am," admitted Bridget. "I knew you was awake, for I heard ye movin' about; an' I said to meself ye'll need sleep this mornin', an' I wouldn't disturb ye wid early breakfast, ma'am."

In cleaning, as in cooking, the servant is not

always too particular.

"Why didn't you clean the windows this week, Mary?" asked Mrs. Browne. "Oi couldn't mum. There was so much other worruk to do," said Mary. "Well, if you can't do it, I will have to get someone that can," continued Mrs. Browne. "Oi wish yez would, mum," replied Mary; "for there's too much worruk here fer me to do alone."

"Mary Anne," said Mrs. Watts one day when she was making an inspection, "these banisters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair-rails are clean and as smooth as glass." "Yis, mum," said Mary Ann with a smile. "She has three small boys."

"Norah, you must always sweep behind the doors," said a young lady who noticed an accumulation of dust in odd corners. "Yes'm," said Norah; "I always does. It's the asiest way of gettin' the durrit out of sight."

"Goodness, Jane, what a kitchen!" exclaimed Mrs.

Brown. "Every pot, pan, and dish is dirty, the table is a perfect litter, and—why, it will take you all night to clean things up! What have you been doing?" "Sure, ma'am," explained Jane, "the young leddies has just been showin' me how they bile a pertater at their cookery school."

"Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed?" asked a lady of her servant. "Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so ye can look out," replied Bridget; "but I intentionally lift thim a little dirty on the outside so thim aignorant Jones children nixt door couldn't look in."

"Bridget, I am tired of your carelessness. Only look at all that dust lying about on the furniture; it is six months old at the very least." "Then it is no fault of mine," said Bridget in a dignified tone. "You know very well, mum, that I have been with you only three months."

A servant-maid, who was left-handed, placed the knives and forks upon the dinner-table in the same awkward fashion. Her master remarked to her that she had placed them all left-handed. "Ah! true, indeed, sir," she said, "and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?"

"I can't stand the missus, sur," said a servant in a complaining voice to her master. "It's a pity, Bridget," said the master sarcastically, "that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you." "Sure, sur," replied Bridget, "we all make mistakes."

"Shall I dust the bric-a-brac, mum?" asked a

young maid. "Not to-day, Norah," was the meaning reply. "I don't think we can afford it."

"Oi can't stay, ma'am, onless ye gives me more wages," said Bridget to her mistress. "What?" exclaimed the mistress. "Why, you don't know how to cook or to do housework at all." "That's just it, ma'am," explained the domestic, "an' not knowin' how, sure the wurk is all the harder for me."

"I told you half-an-hour ago to turn on the gas in the parlour, Bridget?" said a mistress enquiringly. "Sure, an' I did, mum," answered Bridget. "Don't yez shmell it?"

The "answering of the door" is a duty in which

the servant occasionally shines.

"Have you answered the door, Bridget?" enquired a mistress who thought she heard the bell ring. "Not exactly, mum," said Bridget savagely, as at the same time she felt her head; "but Oi spoke to it jist now, whin Oi cracked my head against it."

"Is Mrs. Wicks at home?" asked a caller. "No, mum," said Bridget. "Oh, I'm very sorry," said the caller. "So am I, mum; but she's really out

this time," added Bridget.

"Is your mistress in?" asked another visitor. "Faith, Oi don't know," replied the servant. "She towld me this mornin' Oi wuz enough to put a saint out. However, judgin' from thot, ma'am, I guess she's in."

"Is the Rev. Mr. Brown at home?" asked a stranger, confronted by a smiling maid at the parsonage door. "No, sorr, he is attinding a wid-

ding," answered the maid. "I particularly want to see him. Can you tell me when I shall be likely to find him?" asked the caller. "Well, sorr," was the smiling reply, "I don't know just whin he'll be back, for he has another funeral to attind afther, and the

both will delay him some time, sorr!"

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, instructing her new maid, "when a lady comes to call upon me, you must hand her this tray, and bring her card straight upstairs to me." "Yis'm," replied Bridget promptly. The next afternoon Mrs. Morse was surprised by the appearance of Bridget, bearing a card in her hand. "Why, Bridget," she remonstrated, "didn't I tell you yesterday to hand the little silver tray to the callers?" "Yis'm," replied the smiling maid, "an' I did hand it to her, an' it's herself was unwillin' to take it: but whin I tould her it was my mistress's ixpriss orthers, she give in, quite mild an' pleased like. You'll find it safe wid her down in the drawing-room, ma'am." And sure enough, Mrs. Morse, when she had made a hasty descent, found her visitor holding the salver, while her mouth was twitching with suppressed amusement. "I didn't dare refuse it," she said meekly, "as long as Bridget was so urgent."

The scarcity of servant girls led Mrs. Vaughan to engage a farmer's daughter from a rural district. Her want of familiarity with town ways and language led to many amusing scenes. One afternoon a lady called at the Vaughan residence, and rang the bell. Kathleen answered the call. "Can

Mrs. Vaughan be seen?" the visitor asked. "Can she be seen?" sniggered Kathleen. "Shure, an' Oi think she can; she's six feet hoigh, and four feet woide! Can she be seen? Sorrah a bit of anything ilse can ye seen whin she's about."

"Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?" enquired a mistress of her maid. "Yis, mum," was the reply. "What did they say?" asked the lady. "How fortinit!" said the servant.

Mr. H—, a Manchester merchant, had been over to Connaught, and while there engaged a servant. She duly arrived, but, to say the least, she was unsophisticated. She was called Biddy, and visiting cards were things unknown to her, so her mistress carefully explained their use. One day some ladies called to see Mrs. H—, and Biddy answered the door. "Phwat do yez want?" she asked. "We wish to see Mrs. H—," was the reply. "Have yez a ticket?" was Biddy's next question. "A ticket! What do you mean?" asked the astonished inquirer. "If yez have a ticket ye can see the mistress, an' if yez have not, sure it's meeself will close the door on yez," replied Biddy, firmly.

"Did anyone call while I was out?" enquired a lady at her new housemaid. "Yis, mum," was the answer, "foive leddies an' two gintlemen." "Where are their cards?" asked the mistress. "There was no need o' thim lavin' any," said Bridget. "Why not, I should like to know?" persisted the mistress. "Oi was at home," explained Bridget. "You?"

interrogated the lady mysteriously. "Yes, mum," said Bridget; "they called on me, mum."

"Mary," said a mistress to her maid who appeared without cap or apron, "why is it that you persist in going about without your uniform?" "Sure, mum," said the pretty maid, who hated it, "everybody knows by this time that I am not the lady."

"Jane," said a young lady to her servant, "I've laid the key of my escritoire somewhere, and I cannot find it. I wish you would bring me that box of old keys. I daresay I can find one to fit it." "It's no use, ma'am," said Jane in a moment of forgetfulness; "there isn't a key in the 'ouse as'll fit that desk."

One of the most thorough snubs I ever received, writes a lady of wide experience, was from a new "Abigail." Her much-becurled head worried me dreadfully, and after having been out in one of our westerly gales at her brasses she looked quite like the proverbial "bewildered haystack," only more so. I rather trembled to speak, for she had some warmth in her temper, but, screwing up my courage to sticking point, I observed quietly—"Bridget, would you look in the mirror, please, and see how untidy your hair is?" "Sure, an' that's the sthorm." Well, I thought to myself, after all, she is but a poor ignorant girl. I shall give her a valuable hint. "Bridget," I said mildly, surveying the tangled crop, "why don't you wear a fringe net?" brightening up as I cheerfully went on. "That would keep you nice and tidy. I could never look neat without one."

"Fringe nits, is it!" quoth she in a tone of withering sarcasm, and with a scornful toss of the offending member. "Faith, an' them's out of fashion these two years an' more." I sat huddled up in a forlorn heap as she swept out of the room like a tragedy queen. Since then, adds the writer, I never don my hair nets without feeling distinctly small and behind the times.

A young matron tells the following story about her bridal attempts at housekeeping. She employed a "green" girl as a servant, and spent many weary hours teaching her the way things should be done so as to be in the correct style. Her latest lesson related to the correct manner of receiving a visitor, and the maid was instructed in the mysteries of cards, card-trays, and the accepted formula to be gone through when opening the door for a caller. One afternoon the door-bell rang, and Mrs. Gregory heard the "maid" tearing up the stairs two steps at a time. "Shure, m'n, there's one of them machines outside, with two men a-sittin' in the front of it, and a lady and another man at the back, an' "-looking at the card in her hand, and with a dash down the stairs again-"I've forgotten me pan!"

"Bridget," said a young housekeeper who was fresh from college, "it would be useless for me to disguise the fact that your ignorance of grammar is very marked. Let me try to correct you. For instance, does it sound right for me to say, 'Bridget, you've been a-settin' in the drawin'-room?' "No, ma'am," said Bridget frankly, but with evident

surprise, "no, ma'am, it don't sound right; but I were only a-settin' there the mather of a half-hour or so wid my cousin Terence. I s'pose that second girl has been a-tattlin'."

An Irish servant girl was preparing the ice cream, tea and cakes for a Brooklyn evening party, when her employed remarked to her daughter jocularly, apropos of the heat—"I'm afraid those mosquitoes will come in to-night over the back fence." Going downstairs to the kitchen later she was surprised to find several gallons of tea more than she needed already made. "You've made too much tea, Norah," she said. "I told you the big kettle full would be quite enough." "Sure, that's so, ma'am," replied the girl, "but that was before you said anything about the other gists." "What other guests?" inquired the hostess in astonishment. "Why, the Massquitoes, ma'am, you said were comin' over the back fince."

"There is one thing I wish to say to you," said a housewife to a new domestic. "The last girl had a habit of coming into the parlour and playing the piano occasionally. You never play the piano, do you?" "Yis, mum, I plays," said the domestic; "but I'll hev to charge yez half-a-crown a week aixtry if I'm to furnish music for the family."

At a party given by a lady an "extra" maid was engaged to assist the regular servant in passing tea and cake. The "extra hand," to whom this duty was entirely new, became rather excited, and bustled to and fro with more energy than grace. When about

to retire, after going the round of the room, she suddenly stopped, and pointing to a portion of the company in an adjoining apartment, innocently inquired of the regular housemaid, loud enough for the whole company to hear—"Hev yez fed them crathurs over there yet?"

"Bridget, I can't get into the parlour," said a lady to her servant. "Sure it's meself knows that," said Bridget, "an' ye won't, for I've got the kay in me pockit." "Open the door immediately!" demanded the mistress. "Will ye go in if I do?" enquired Bridget. "Certainly I will," said the mistress. "Then ye don't get the kay. Shure, it's by your orders," explained Bridget. "Ye said yesterday, 'Don't let me come downstairs in the morning and see any dust on the parlour furniture.' So I just puts the kay in me pocket, an', says I, then she sha'n't!"

"And remember, Bridget, there are two things I must insist upon—truthfulness and obedience!"
"Yes, mum," said Bridget pointedly. "And when you tell me to tell the ladies you're out when you're in, which shall it be, mum?"

"What would you do, Bridget, if you could play the piano as well as I can?" "Sure," replied Bridget, "I'd go on learnin' until I could play it decently, ma'am."

"Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing. Now, how do you like, say, the name of Bridget?" "Shure, mum," said the cook, "it's not me that's particular.

I'm willing to call the young lady anything you like."

"There's a man in the parlour wants to see you, sir," announced Bridget. "I'll be there in a minute," said the master. "Ask him to take a chair." "Sure, sir," explained Bridget, "he says he's going to take all the furniture. He is from the instalment company."

"Has Mr. Johnson got home for dinner yet. Bridget?" "No, mum," answered the servant. "I thought I heard him downstairs." "Sure that was the dog you heard growlin', mum," explained

Bridget.

A lady, after making arrangements for an evening party, went down to the kitchen to see Bridget. "Now, Bridget," she said, "I am going to give a party. I sincerely hope you will make yourself generally useful." "Sure, I'll do my best," replied

Bridget, "but I'm so sorry I can't dance."

A lady, having had a few angry words with her husband one day, had occasion, a few moments after, to send her servant for some fish for dinner. "Bridget," said the mistress, "go down the town at once and get me a plaice." "Indade, an' I will, ma'am," said Bridget; "and I may as well get wan for myself, too, for I can't stand the masther no more than yerself."

"Have you any near relatives, Norah?" asked a mistress in the South of her servant. "Only an aunt, ma'am," was the reply, "and she isn't what you would call near, for it's in Ulshter she lives,

ma'am."

A family who took into their employ an Irish servant say that her blunders cause them amusement enough to compensate for any trouble they may entail. One day her mistress stated in Bridget's hearing that she intended to have an outhouse built on a piece of ground which at that time enclosed a well. "And sure, mum," said the inquiring Bridget, "will you be moving the well to a more convanient spot whin the outhouse is builted?" A smile crossed her mistress's face, and instantly Bridget saw that she had made a mistake. "It's mesilf that's a fool, I'm thinkin'," she said hastily. "Av coorse, whin the well was moved, ivery drop of wather would rin out av it."

"Sure, mum," said Bridget, "I've broken the thermometer. We'll just have to take the weather as it comes!"

"Why weren't you here on Wednesday afternoon, Bridget?" asked the mistress. "Becos Wednesday was my Sunday out, mum," explained the cook.

"Why didn't you ring the dinner-bell, Mary? I only called your attention to it on the hall table this morning!" "Which it's not for me to say it, mum; but yez told me thot same was the breakfus' bell."

"Delia!" "Yis, ma'am." "I am very tired, and am going to lie down for an hour. If I should happen to drop off call me at five o'clock." "Yis, ma'am." So my lady lay down, folded her hands, closed her eyes, and was soon in the land of dreams. She was awakened by the clock striking six, and cried indignantly—"Delia!" "Yis, ma'am." "Why

didn't you call me at five as I told you to do?" "Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye had dropped off. I looked in on ye at five, and ye hadn't dropped off at all! Ye was lyin' on the bed in the same place, sound asleep!"

A lady once told her servant she wanted a pound of steak, salt, pepper, a loaf of bread, and some butter. "Do you think you can remember them all?" asked the mistress. "Shure, Oi can, ma'am, remimber thim, wan by the other; when Oi've bread Oi want butter, and win Oi've steak Oi want pepper and salt." "Very good, be sharp back, they are for a lunch for the labourers." Bridget was back very quick with an empty basket. "Why, where are the things I sent you for?" demanded the mistress. "Faith, ma'am, Oi couldn't remimber wan o' thim," replied the servant. "But I thought you could remember one by the other," she said. "But, shure, ma'am, Oi had nothing to remimber the first wan by."

"How did you lose your last place, Bridget?"
"Divorce." "Yours?" "No. The boss got one from his wife, so her recommend was no good, and he wouldn't give me one because she hired me in the first place. I'm looking now for a widdy-man's house, where there won't be any woman for him to

part with."

"So you're the new cook at Pickingham's," said the grocer. "I suppose they treat you like one of the family?" "Sure, an' they don't," said Bridget. "They're always perlite to me." A lady, who wanted a servant so much that she took one without a recommendation or even an introduction, happened one day to look into a book which belonged to the girl, and immediately thereafter went to her with some uneasiness expressed in her face. "Is this your book, Susie?" she asked. "Yes'm." "How is this, then? When you came you told me your name was Susie Stokes, but here in this book is the name of 'Bridget Lafferty.'" "It's all right, ma'am," said the girl, who probably had literary leanings, "that's me nondy-plume."

"She is such a gadabout," said Mrs. O'Flaherty of her new servant. "If ye'll believe me, Mrs. O'Grady, that gyurl will go out of the house twinty

times for the once that she'll come in."

"Here's a letter for Mr. Jeremiah O'Flaherty," said the postman to a boarding-house maidservant. "Well, 'tis the clever man ye are to know his name," said the servant. "Sure, he only kem here last night!"

An amusing incident occurred at one of the large London hotels. One of the chambermaids, Bridget Maloney, in writing to her friends used the hotel letter paper. Imagine the surprise of the manager on finding a letter by return addressed:—

"Bridget Maloney,

"— Hotel—all modern improvements—lift.
"Tariff on application,

"Terms moderate,

"London,

"England."

It was evident Bridget's friend was determined the letter should not miscarry for want of full directions.

"What is Willie crying about?" asked a fond mamma. "Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's," said Bridget. "Well, why didn't you let him go?" enquired the mother. "They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."

A lady was much annoyed with the servant, who made frequent visits to the sitting-room when her mistress was entertaining visitors. Molly on the most trivial excuses would pop her head into the room, varied occasionally by boldly advancing right in. "There is one thing, Molly," said the mistress, "that I would like to speak to you about. You must learn to keep out of the sitting-room when I have visitors, unless I ring the bell for you." "Ye towld me Oi was to thry and larn manners," explained Molly. "How kin Oi be afther doin' thet if Oi don't watch the quality as calls!"

"I thought you said you could do plain sewing?" said a mistress angrily. "So I did ma'am." "Just look at the stitches in this apron you made, I can see them across the room." "Yes, ma'am. Isn't that plain enough to satisfy you, ma'am?"

A mistress said one day to a pretty Irish maid whose much-braided and abundant hair looked as if it had not seen a brush for months—"Kathleen, your hair isn't brushed often enough. How often do you do it?" Kathleen, shyly—"Sometimes I do it now, but other days I do it then—generally then!"

"You will find the work easy," said Mrs. Blimber.
"We live very simply, and there are no children to—" "Oh. Oi'll not take the place if there's no children," interrupted the applicant. "The idea! You're certainly an exception to the rule." "Well, if there's no childer, all the dishes Oi break 'll be blamed on me."

## IV.—SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

of anecdote and story. Made of good material, Paddy does not hesitate to enlist in the service of his king and country, and, whatever may be his private opinion of the injustices of his native isle, he is loyalty itself when the honour of the Empire is in danger. Of a jovial temperament naturally, he enters into—indeed makes—the free and unrestrained sociality that is associated with barrack-room life, and in times of peace and war alike he has always that reckless joviality which is so characteristic of his country. In an article on "The Irish Soldier" which appeared in the "Graphic," and which was written by "One who has commanded him," we get an interesting glimpse of his character.

As regards pluck, to begin with, says the writer, there is no difference between Paddy-Tommy and John-Tommy, or Andrew-Tommy; if properly led, all three will "go anywhere and do anything." But, whereas the English private requires the heat of action to boil up his combativeness, while the Scotch addresses himself to tough work with a cool mind, their Hibernian comrade becomes wild with fighting emotion before a single shot is fired. Fighting is, to his mind, the sweetest pleasure in life; it is this

craving which, during peace times, make Irish battalions somewhat troublesome in quarters. The staid monotony of barrack routine palls upon them, as one lad once pleaded when charged with riotous conduct, "Sure, yer hanner, we bhoys 'd fairly go mad without a bit of a ruction now and again to make things lively." Acting on the excitable Irish temperament, this longing for liveliness undoubtedly gives trouble to commanding officers in peace times. But when war breaks out the little weakness disappears; even to the ingenuous mind of Paddy-Tommy, the fierce excitement of battle supplies the one ingredient required to round off a military career with complete happiness. Like that gallant Irishman, Lord Gough, he particularly relishes "cowld steel;" a man-to-man fight, with equal weapons, brings home to him pleasant memories of his native land and its customs. But if the enemy prefers a game of long bowls, Paddy-Tommy readily accommodates himself to the whim, odd as it appears to his eyes, and consents to regard a "feu d'enfer" of shot and shell as a fairly lively "divarsion."

In the matter of physique, there is no question whatever that Ireland supplies the finest recruits in proportion to population. The old 87th Fusiliers, the Connaught Rangers, and the Royal Irish covered more ground on parade than any other regiment in the Army, excepting the Guards, and also overtopped them largely in average height. Nor was this appearance of superior strength deceptive; although big men are not, as a rule, so good for long

marches as the medium-sized, the Irish soldier is an exception. Towards the end of the Indian Mutiny, continues the writer. I had to make a forced march, with a three-company detachment, from Meerut to Delhi, where a dangerous plot had been discovered. We were ordered to push on with all possible speed, and as the men were soft-footed owing to lack of marching practice, it may be imagined that the detachment was in sore plight when it reached the Imperial city after its 35 miles' march. But my company, composed almost wholly of Irish lads, suffered far less than either of the others; so much so, that our chief warmly congratulated the men on their good condition, and—perhaps some of us would willingly dispensed with the compliment-at once told us off for picket duty. On many other occasions I have had evidence to the same effect; no matter how arduous a day's march may be, Paddy-Tommy keeps up his spirits to the end, and will never admit that he feels tired, while one always knows when an Irish corps is coming along by the blithe singing of the men as they march at ease.

Mike O'Rafferty was a "boul militiaman," and shortly after being called up he annexed a pet dog that had been taken with his martial bearing and address. One day, as the dog was straying, the pseudo owner called out—"Paddy, Paddy, come here, ye spalpeen!" The dog, considering that, after all, there is "something in a name," made no response; and an observant non-com. remarked—"Just so, my man! You have stolen that dog. He doesn't know

you." "Arrah, be aisy, Sarjint," said the rogue; "sure that's his sarvice name I'm given him. Do you think that dog has his right name in here, any more than the rest of us?"

"How kem the Irish Fueshileers to let thimselves be catched like that, Murphy?" demanded Laverty. "Five hundred min-Dublin Jackeens the most av thim-goin' over to owl Krooger widout strikin' a blaw. What do it mane, I axe ye?" "Luk ye here, me man," said Murphy, "ye may know hapes about pallytics and things like that, but yez knaw nothin' about war an' tactics, I'm thinkin'. It's a way thim Jackeens have of fightin'. The plucky fellers didn't want anythin' better'n be taken prisoners. They'll ate the Boers out av house and home. It'll be like cutting aff the inimy's commissariat at the rear, and by the time the British arrive in force at Pretoria they'll have the beds nicely aired for thim, an' the kittle boiled, an' the tay ready, an' all the rest av it. Faix, me bhov, thim's tactics. It's like gettin' over the backyard fince whin the owl woman is waitin' for ye wid a flatiron on the front doorstep. The kilties tried hill-scalin', an' things like that, as if they didn't knaw better, and see what com' av them."

In the army as elsewhere the Irishman is amusing in the blunders he makes. "Tintion!" exclaimed a sergeant to his platoon, "front face, and 'tind to rowl call! As many of ye as is present will say 'Here,' and as many of ye as is not present will say 'Absent.'"

The peaceful little Irish town of Enniskillen, or Inniskilling, on the shores of Lough Erne, has gained a strangely martial renown. Like its more famous sister, Londonderry, it held out for King William, the Protestant, against King James, the Papist, when the great fight between the two took place after the Revolution of 1688. So dashing and irresistible was the gallantry of the Inniskillingers that William formed out of them a regiment of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, which are now among the most distinguished in the British Army—the 6th Dragoons and the old 27th and 108th Foot.

From that day to this, says the writer of a series of articles on "V.C. Regiments," the Inniskillings have never failed to cover themselves with glory on every battle-field on which they fought. Under the eyes of their King, George II., they dashed through the French horse at Dettingen, and not even the steel cuirasses of the Royal Mousquetaires were proof against their sabres. At Waterloo the superb Union Brigade, consisting of the Inniskillings, the Scots Greys, and the Royals (1st Dragoons), made one of the most tremendous and effective charges in the annals of war. It was at a crisis of the great battle. Napoleon had hurled 20,000 infantry at the weakest point of Wellington's position. They had broken through the Belgians, but the steady fire of the British battalions for a moment checked their advance. Before they could re-form for the attack, the Union Brigade, which had been concealed behind a high hedge, suddenly burst like an avalanche on their flank. The shock of these charging Dragoons was awful and irresistible; in a few seconds the whole mass of French infantry was pierced through, ridden over, and scattered in confusion. On went Inniskillings, Grevs, and Royals, they dashed through the French batteries, which had for hours been dealing death and destruction, sabred the gunners, cut the traces, hamstrung the horses; then on again, till they were enveloped by clouds of French cavalry, and had to cut their way back with terrible loss. In that famous charge the Inniskillings and their comrades destroyed two columns of infantry, each 5000 strong, and took 3000 prisoners and two eagles, captured and disabled forty guns! They mustered 350 sabres when they went into action. They could only muster 157 when they came out.

Next to that grand exploit at Waterloo, continues the writer, the feat of which the Inniskillings are proudest is the famous charge of the Heavy Brigade—Scarlet is immortal Three Hundred—at Balaclava. Here, again, the Inniskillings fought shoulder to shoulder with their old brethren-in-arms, the Scots Greys and Royals—once more Englishman, Scot, and Irishman made the triple British bond. Three thousand Russian cavalry were riding down a steep slope when Scarlett spied them, and at the head of his Three Hundred rode straight at them. For some inexplicable reason the Russians halted, and were stationary when the British cavalry galloped up the slope and dashed into them like a thunderbolt. The Inniskillings and Greys plunged first into the "great

grey slope of men," and were lost to the sight of the thousands who watched them anxiously—showing only now and then, "like drops of blood in a dark grey sea." But, outnumbered though they were by ten to one, the fury of their onset, the strength of their arms, and the weight of their horses carried the "terrible beef-fed islanders" clean through the Russian horde; and by twos and threes the redcoats were seen emerging on the other side of the vast mass of horsemen which they had pierced and riven. Then the Russians broke up and galloped from the field. If at any time they get another chance they will doubtless prove themselves worthy successors of the heroes of Waterloo and Balaclava.

A young lad on a market day in a provincial town was attending a donkey attached to a cart, and had his arm round the neck of the animal, when two recruiting sergeants passed. One of them, in an endeavour to be funny, said—"What are you hugging your brother so tightly for?" "'Cause," was the ready rejoinder, "I was afraid he'd 'list!"

An Irishman hailing from Dublin crossed the Channel and enlisted in a line regiment. One morning, when assembling on parade for drill, Pat happened to fall in next to a London recruit. On the order "Double!" being given by the drill-sergeant, the Cockney was heard to exclaim:—"Oh, hang doubling!" (Dublin). To which Pat immediately replied—"And hang London, ye spalpeen!"

A drill-sergeant was inspecting some recruits on parade, and was loud in his threats of what he would do if they ever dared turn out so dirty again. He stood in front of one recruit and swore that he had not cleaned his boots for over a month. Then, walking round to the back of him, he convulsed every one with laughter by shouting—"Private Murphy, sure you're the filthiest baste that ever walked. Bedad, turn round and look at the back of your neck; you haven't washed it since ye 'listed."

The drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he rated a raw recruit for his awkwardness. "Now, Rafferty, you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly, man, and get them in line!" "Please, sarjin," said Rafferty, "they're not mine; they're Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!"

A recruit in one of His Majesty's riding schools had the misfortune to part company with his horse when the animal kicked. According to custom, the sergeant strode up to him and demanded—"Did you receive orders to dismount?" "I did, sor." "Where from?" "From hindquarters, yer honner," said Pat with a grin.

"On the field of battle," said the Major in a tone of voice intended to inspire valour, "a brave soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest. You understand? Private Flannigan, where would you be found then on the battlefield?" "In the ammunition waggon, sor," replied Flannigan.

A man, more patriotic than clever, enlisted in a dragoon regiment with the intention of becoming a gallant soldier. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use your sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."

A recruiting-sergeant said to a young man—"Now, what's the good of a fine-looking fellow like you going about idle, when by serving the King you can have a shilling a day of pocket money and all found." "Yes, bedad," replied Pat, "the chance of being found dead on the battlefield."

A story is told of a recruit who had been taken to be sworn in by a Magistrate. Everything was satisfactory, and Pat answered all the questions, until the Magistrate said to him suddenly—"Have you ever been in prison?" The man looked quite startled, but presently said—"No, sir, I niver was; but, shure, I don't mind a few days if ye think it should be done." "Pass him," said the magistrate; "he will do."

Like the dyspeptic who said that the only food he ever liked was the food he could not get, a certain Patrick—once a soldier, now a family servant—seems to have been especially susceptible to what may be called negative impressions. This son of Erin brought an honourable scar or two from Egypt. Once he described his part in a battle—the advance, the gallop, the charge, and how as one rider fell dead from his saddle the death-grip of his fingers on his pistol discharged it and killed his own horse. "What struck you most forcibly when all was over

and you looked back to it?" asked a friend. "Ah," said the old servant reflectively, "I think, sir"—with simplicity—"that what struck me most forcible, sir, was the bullets that missed me!"

An army officer, writing in the "Leisure Hour," says:-"I had in my company an Irishman whose name was Conolly, a clean, smart, good-humoured and brave soldier; but he had an inveterate passion for selling his shoes. One evening my pay sergeant came to me and said, 'Conolly has sold another pair of shoes.' My answer was, 'Parade the company to-morrow morning at six o'clock, without arms and in fatigue jackets; but let Conolly parade in heavy marching order, but no shoes.' I marched the company out on the road four miles and back, poor Conolly all the way under the laughter of the men, while his only remark was, 'Faith and truth, the captain has the right way of it.' He never sold another shoe, and he escaped with sore feet, but a sound back."

Pat was a general favourite in the —d Regiment. Like the rest of the men, however, he had his weak spot, and Patrick's lay in his too fondness for "the craythur." To get this latter he would risk almost anything, and seldom if ever was his kit without some article or other being missing. One day there was an inspection of the regiment by a noted disciplinarian named Colonel Barber. As is the custom, each man's kit is displayed on the ground at his feet, and on the kit is placed one pair of shoes, the other pair, of course, being on his feet. One by one

the men were inspected until Pat's turn came. Contrary to the general expectation, however, Pat was passed, and the Colonel was busy with the next man, when, breathing a sigh of relief, Patrick, winking, whispers to his neighbour—"Ach, shure, an' haven't I shaved the Barber this time, innyhow?" But the quick ears of the Colonel had heard him, and instantly stepping up to Pat asked in what respect he had shaved the Barber! Pat, astounded, could not speak. The Colonel asked again. Still no answer. "Tell me," once more demanded the Colonel, "and upon my word of honour, I'll do nothing to you." At this Pat kicked the kit from before him, and displayed to view a pair of bare feet, amidst the laughter of the whole regiment, in which the Colonel also was forced to join!

Private Doolon was a true son of Erin, always happy and always ready for a joke. One day, the major, crossing the drill square, shouted, good humouredly—"Bad luck for you, Doolon." Doolon sprang to attention, saluted, and replied, "Good luck to you, sir, and may nather of us be right."

An Irishman was once serving in a regiment in India. Not liking the climate, Pat tried to evolve a trick by which he could get home. Accordingly he went to the doctor and told him his eyesight was bad. The doctor looked at him for a while, and then said—"How can you prove to me that your eyesight is bad?" Pat looked about the room, and at last said—"Well, doctor, do ye see that nail upon

the wall?" "Yes," replied the doctor. "Well then," said Pat, "I can't."

Here is an amusing story of a sapper. He was repairing a telegraph wire, when he slipped, but saved himself by hanging on the wire. There he swayed backward and forward for nearly a minute, shouting like mad. At last he let go, and down he came, luckily without hurting himself. "Why didn't you hold on, Pat?" asked one of his comrades, who had come running up with a ladder. "We'd have got you down all right." "Begorra, Tom," answered Pat, "I was afraid the wire wud break and give me a fall!"

A housekeeper was showing some visitors the family portraits in the picture gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she said, "was the great-great-grandfather of the present owner of the property. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought in a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg carried away." Then she added proudly—"He took part in 24 engagements."

Pat M'Guire had been misbehaving, and appeared before his commanding officer, charged, for the third time, with the crime of drunkenness. After Pat had stated his case, the Colonel, in severe tones, said—"Eight days confined to barracks!" But in endeavouring to write the "8" on Pat's defaultersheet, the pen spluttered. Pat, noticing this, leaned forward, and, in a loud whisper, said—"Thry if it will make a sivin, sorr." This remark caused a

general burst of laughter, and Pat saved his bacon.

A private soldier named Murphy was brought before the commanding officer charged with selling part of his kit. Said the colonel—"Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?" "I'd worn thim for two years, sorr, an' I thought be that time they was me own prapperty." "Nothing of the sort, man! Those boots belong to the Queen." "To the Quane, is it, yer anner? Sure, thin, Oi didn't know the lady took twilves!"

A recruiting sergeant who enlisted a young man in Dublin, put the question to him, as is usual, gave him the shilling, and walked him to the barracks. In a few days he was claimed as an apprentice, and was had up before the Lord Mayor, who committed him for trial. At the following Assizes the sergeant was called upon as a witness, and the lawyer who defended the man told witness that he did not enlist him. "I did," replied the sergeant. "Did you put the question to him rightly?" inquired the lawyer. "I did." "By the virtue of your oath, now just ask me the questions, for I don't believe you asked him." "How do you know?" said the sergeant, "for you weren't by?" "None of your business," said he. And he held out his hand, and accordingly the sergeant pulled out a shilling, and clapped it in his fist, and asked him the questions, and he said "Yes" to them all. "Were those the same questions you put to prisoner?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, they were," said witness. "Well, here's your shilling back for you." "I can't take it, sir," said the sergeant. "Why not?" "Why, shure, I can't take it back till you go before the magistrate and pay the 'smart money.' "(Which every recruit must pay if he wants to be released from the service.) "You be hanged," said the man of law, and he put the money in his pocket, whereupon the sergeant called to his lordship on the bench as a witness that he had 'listed him; and there was loud laughter in court. The decision of the court being in the sergeant's favour, he asked the judge if he might take away his recruit, and they all laughed again. Finally the lawyer was released from his obligations by the Lord Mayor.

There was an Irish regiment in Buller's square at Tamai, and the time was that of the Land War in Ireland. As the Dervish rush came nearer, the captain of one of the Irish companies said to his men, "Now, boys, wait for my word to fire, and when I give it, aim low and imagine every man Jack of them is a landlord!" A laugh ran along the line, and the men were in the best of humour at the joke, and waited with smiling faces for the order, as if the whole deadly game had suddenly become a holiday lark.

The commanding officer of a regiment was much troubled at the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible, and remained as dirty as ever. A brilliant idea struck the Colonel. Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment and shame him into decency? It was done.

The untidy warrior was ordered to exhibit himself, and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men were told to have a good look at him. The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the Colonel, and said in the hearing of the whole corps with the utmost sang froid—"Dhirtiest regiment I iver inspected, sorr."

A soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, and Pat boldly challenged him, and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw it away, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up, and quietly returned to his sentry box. The officer turned, and at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking, is it, sor?" said the sentry. "Sure an' Oi'm only keeping it in, to show the corporal when he comes round as evidence again' you."

A recruit was once brought up for breaking into barracks—that is, getting in over the wall instead of entering by the gate. "But, Murphy," said the officer, "though you were late you should have come in by the gate." "Plaise, yer honour," said Murphy, "I was afraid of waking the sintry."

Our battalion had just gone into camp, says a Volunteer relating his experiences. I was posted for night duty as sergeant of the guard. One night after visiting my sentries as usual I returned to the guard tent. The reliefs were sound asleep, and I settled myself down for a rest. I must have been

nearly sleeping when I heard a command-"Don't move. You are my prisoners." I looked up, and the light of the moon showed me an officer with drawn sword and two men with revolvers standing in the tent. The prospect of my guard being marched prisoners before the commanding officer, and likely enough a severe reprimand from the colonel made me furious. "Caught this time, sergeant, eh?" the officer said. "Yes, begorra, like rats in a trap." "Take that, and that!" and two of the men reeled and fell. I realised the situation at once, and, springing to my feet, I rushed at the officer. We soon had the three disarmed and fast prisoners. Tim Murphy, one of the sentries, had noticed the three men stealing past him towards the guard tent, and, creeping up behind, he floored two of them with his rifle. On handing in my report, Murphy was called before the colonel and promoted to corporal. "Sure, sargint," Tim said to me afterwards, "it's a pity you didn't leave the other man to me as well, and I might have got the three stripes!"

At the battle of Fontenoy, at the time when Saxe was marshal, an Irishman was given the password. "The password is Saxe; now, don't forget it," said the colonel to Pat. "Faix, and I will not; wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after he arrived at the post, and Pat, looking as confident as possible, and in a sort of whispered howl, replied, "Bags, yer honour."

In an infantry regiment stationed at Malta, the time of the big drummer having expired, he was transferred to the First Class Army Reserve, and was replaced by a son of the Emerald Isle. The night Pat was installed the band was engaged beating tattoo on the Palace Square. The sergeant-drummer allowed Pat to beat all the marches to the end, when, according to military custom, the band was to play "God Save the King." Thinking Pat was not competent to beat "God Save the King," the sergeant-drummer said—"Give me the stick, Pat, and I'll beat the King." "Och, Saint Pathrick," said Pat, "drum-major, avick, is it after beating the King you'd be, and Paddy Muldoon getting six months in jail for beating a lance-corporal?"

Patrick O'Mars, a private in the 104th, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate in using a subterfuge in evading the granting of one. "Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?" Patrick answered-"My wife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ve didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance." The colonel eved him for a few minutes and said-"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she doesn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised the dickens whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let vou have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't have the furlough, then?" said Pat. "No; I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to grant it under the circumstances." It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said—"Can I say something to yez, sir?" "Certainly, Patrick, what is it?" "You won't be angry, sir, if I say it?" "Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?" "I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in me life."

During a week spent under canvas with the Volunteers at Aldershot, writes a citizen soldier, we had for a messmate a son of the Green Isle. Now, the liquid we had supplied to us for tea was a mystery; not one could name it accurately as tea, coffee, or cocoa, and few could swallow it. The Irishman, who had brought with him a good supply of rum, added a liberal allowance of the same to aid him to drink his "tay." When the officer of the day came round to make the usual inquiry, "Any complaints, men?" the Irishman, with a wink to the remainder of us, held out his pot to the officer with "Will ver honour plaze taste that and tell us if it's tay or what?" The officer, a young lieutenant, carefully raised the pot to his lips, but no sooner tasted it (or smelt it) than, taking a deep breath, he -much to our amusement and Patrick's discomfiture -drained the contents, and handed back the empty pot with the remark, "I cannot say it was tea, mv man, but if that's the stuff the commissariat is supplying to you I think you've no ground for complaint."

Michael Murphy, on condition that he signed the pledge, was merely admonished for being drunk and disorderly. Two days afterwards he was brought up on a similar charge. He was marched into the room, and, to the great surprise of the others in the place, as soon as he got opposite to the commanding officer, he deliberately turned right about, and, as he afterwards remarked, stood facing the colonel with his back. "What do y-you mean," thundered that indignant officer, "you impudent scamp?" "Faith, sor," said the unblushing Murphy, "it's ashamed Oi am to look you in the face!"

At a concert held in a provincial town, a soldier of the Black Watch occupied a seat in front of a private of an Irish regiment and his sweetheart. The last-mentioned was very much interested in the Highlander's uniform, and scanned the regimental badge on his cap and collar particularly. This badge is the figure and cross of St. Andrew, with the motto—"Nemo me impune lacessit." (No one strikes me with impunity.) "Phwat does that wroitin' mane, Patsy?" asked the girl. "Phwy," replied Pat, "it's Latin, but I've forgotten the English av it. But in good ould Oirish it manes, 'Thread on the tail av me coat if ye dare!'"

"Did I see any service?" exclaimed Mulcahy; "I should say I did. P'raps you never heard what the gineral said to me at the great battle we was in together. I'd been peggin' away all day, loadin'

and firin' without stoppin' for bite or sup. It was jist beyont sundown when the gineral came riding along. He jist watched me for awhile, and finally he sings out, says he, 'Private Mulcahy!'—I let her drive once more and then turned about and gave him the salute—'Private Mulcahy,' says he, 'go to the rear; ye've killed men enough for one day.'"

"Murphy," said an officer to his new servant, "I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled." "Very good sor," said Murphy. "Did you take those boots, Murphy?" enquired the officer later in the day. "Yes, sor," said Private Murphy (feeling in his pocket and putting on the table twenty-five pence); "and that's awl I could get for them. Th' corporal who bought thim said he would have given half-a-crown av it had bin payday."

Sergeant Maloney was charged with being found drinking in the company of two privates. "Captain," he said, "Oi did it to prevent them two privates getting drunk." "What do you mean?" thundered the captain. "Sure, now, captain," replied the sergeant, "they had each a point av whisky, which was too much for them, so I helped them to dispose av it, captain."

A colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill room, when he came across two soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud while the other was listening, and, at the same time, stopping up the ears of the reader. "What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the latter.

"You see, colonel, I'm reading to Atkins, who can't read himself, a letter which has arrived by this afternoon's post from his sweetheart." "And you. Atkins, what in all the world are you doing?" "Please, colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."

An officer, addressing his men, who had just returned from a somewhat fruitless expedition, said—"You were no doubt disappointed because this campaign gave you no opportunity to fight; but if there had been any fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day!"

"Halt! you can't go in there," said Sergeant Brown. "Why not?" asked Private M'Ginnis. "Because it's the general's tent, blockhead!" was the answer. "Then why have they got 'Private' over the door?" asked M'Ginnis.

During a severe engagement in the Afghan war a private was espied by his captain in the act of beating a hasty retreat. The man had been a favourite with his superior officer, and when the latter approached him on the subject the following day it was in a spirit more of sorrow than of anger. "I must confess, Pat," he said, "that your action in the engagement yesterday surprised me." "An' what's the rayson of that, captain, dear?" "Reason enough, Pat. Didn't you promise me you'd be in the thickest of the fight, and didn't I catch you actually running away, you rascal?" "Running away, is it? 'Dade.

captain, but ye desave yerself. It was in remembrance of my promise, sor, that Oi was runnin' around troyin' to foind out jist where the foight was the thickest, so Oi was."

An old soldier who had served his twenty-one years was discharged at Portsmouth. He went to the station with his wife and children, and demanded three half-fare tickets for his three youngest. "How old are they?" asked the booking-clerk, suspiciously. "Elivin years, all av them. They're thriplets," was the answer. "Fine youngsters," said the clerk. "Where were they born?" "Pathrick was born in Cairo, Bridget was born in Bombay, an' Micky was born in Madhras," was the proud reply.

Some fellows on the Western Border were ordered to commandeer the stock of a baker's shop which had been deserted by the disloyal Dutchman who kept it. One of them for a joke stuck a loaf of bread on his bayonet. An Irish soldier seeing this, cried out—"Look, sergeant, bejabers, there goes a man with the staff of life on the point of death!"

The soldiers of a Scottish regiment, who were advancing on a concealed enemy, were very much amused to see a young Irishman continually dodging behind his companions at the sound of every volley that was fired against them, as if to avoid the bullets that were sometimes landing in dangerous proximity, when one of his companions, a hardy old Scot, was heard shouting—"Stand forrit, my laddie, stand forrit. If there's a shot for ye, it'll find ye oot.

Nae maitter whaur ye stand." "Be the powers," replied Pat, "I don't care a hang whither it finds me out or not, if it doesn't smash my pipe. It's the only wan in the regimint."

"Now, I understand," said the investigating officer, "that you and Private Perkins were calm and collected when the explosion occurred at the powder magazine." "Well, sor," replied Pat, "I was calm, but poor Perkins was collected."

An artilleryman was one day engaged in removing a fuse from a live shell, when it exploded, and carried his left arm away. Pat looked heavenward after his fast-disappearing limb, and then exclaimed—"Well, begorrah, that is too bad, for it was only yesterday that Oi paid foive rupees for having that same arm tattooed."

On a blazing hot day there arrived at a Militia camp a huge iron boiler, which was to be utilised for storing water. The distance from the railway siding to the camp being short, it was decided to put the boiler on a large waggon, and to have it drawn by the militiamen to the site fixed upon. Strong ropes were attached to the waggon, and soon a large body of men were tugging and straining to their utmost to move the weighty load to its destination, but owing to the bad road and extreme heat very slow progress was made. This irritated the subalterns who were superintending, and they began to run along the lines of perspiring men and to upbraid them for not making stronger efforts. Just after issuing some orders in a very impatient tone, one

of the officers stepped to one side and stood watching. While thus standing he was approached by a native of the district, who had been keenly watching the operations. The man accosted him with the following question—"Sure, sur, could ye tell me what that quare looking thing is?" "A dog-kennel," replied the irritated officer. "Faith, now," remarked the son of Erin, "if I'd only thought I might have known it was by the number of puppies snapping and jumping round about it."

"Shure," said Pat, pointing towards his heart, "'twas here where I was sthruck with the inimies' bullet, and"—— "Ay, man," interrupted Sandy, "if ye had been shot thro' the heart you wad a been kilt." "Begorra, ye spalpeen," retorted Pat, "at the toime I was shot me hearrt was in me mooth."

An officer, who was inspecting his company, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer honour!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

One dark night, during a Volunteers' encampment, a Hibernian private was on "sentry go," when he heard someone approaching. He called out the challenge—"Halt! Who goes there?" A shrill frightened voice answered him—"Oh, good sir, don't point that murderous gun at a poor old harmless body like me!" Again he yelled—"Halt! Who goes there?" The reply came back in tremulous tones—"Oh! please, sir, it's only Mr. M'C——'s

washerwoman with his clean shirt!" There was a moment's silence, and then the clear voice of Pat rang out in the night air—"Pass, Misther M'C—'s washerwoman wid a clane shirt! All's well!" A wild shout of laughter went up from the tents as the local laundress wended her way through the lines with Lieutenant "Mac's" clean linen.

Among the many stories told by our soldiers at the front is the following, the hero of which-says a returned Tommy—is pointed out in at least halfa-dozen regiments. He was an Irishman, of course. While storming a steep kopje he was singled out as the target of a burly Boer on the top. It was not the Boer's lucky day, apparently, for though he emptied his magazine in repeated attempts he failed to bring down his man, who gripped his rifle tighter and promised to be "wid the gintleman prisintly." The bayonet of the furious Irishman was only a few feet away when the Boer threw down his useless weapon and velled-"Mercy! Mercy! I'm a fieldcornet!" "A field-cornet, is it?" roared the Irishman, who had played "target" long enough, "A field-cornet! Faith, if yez wor a complete brass band Oi'd be compilled to shtop yez music!"

A reservist, just prior to rejoining the colours, when called up in connection with the Boer War, was sent to prison for refusing to enter his securities to "keep the peace," he having threatened vengeance to a neighbour holding pro-Boer proclivities. He had been in prison about two days when some friends, thinking possibly he had cooled down, appeared to

bail him out. The reservist was induced after some coaxing to enter into his securities, and was on the point of leaving with a vicious look on his face which portended immediate trouble, seeing which an official reminded him that he had "bound himself over to keep the peace towards all Her Majesty's subjects," whereupon the reservist viciously replied—"Well, then, all I can say is—God help the first Boer I meet!"

A raw recruit, placed on guard over a cannon, was found in an inn some distance off by his officer. "How dare you leave your post?" was the stern rebuke. "Ah, but it's no consequence at all, at all, plaze yer honour," said the man. "There's no two men, yer honour, would lift the gun between them, much less carry it off; an', if there was more than two, I wouldn't be a match for them, so I kem away, yer honour."

As the dawn broke over the Natal hills one morning, the bugle sounded loud and clear, and its last prolonged note roused from slumber Michael Doyle, reservist. "What's that, Pat?" he muttered. "Get up and dress, and fall in, you lazy beggar!" said the latter. "Lazy is it!" muttered Michael. "Bedad, it's quite absent-minded I was! Sure, I thought 'twas the ould factory horn at home blowing for us to leave off work!"

The Irish soldier undoubtedly has a pleasing way of putting things. There is a story of a man of the Dublin Fusiliers who was a prisoner in Pretoria. In a retreat one Irishman shouted to his comrade—

"Be quick, Murphy, the retrate is sounded." "I can't," shouted the other in reply. "And for why?" "I've just taken a prisoner." "Then bring him along wid ye," cried the other. "I can't get him to come." "Well, then, come away without him." "He won't let me," said Murphy in aggrieved tones, and he was left to his fate.

An amusing story relates to a member of the C.I.V., who happened to be an Irishman from Cork. One day he felt out of sorts entirely, and thought he would go and see the doctor about it. The doctor, after examining him, asked him how his appetite was. "Be jabers, sorr," replied the C.I.V. man. "I can ate like a wolf." "Really," exclaimed the doctor, "and what about drink?" "Is it drink you mane, sorr? Faith, I drink like a horse." "Then," said the doctor, "the best thing you can do is to go and consult a veterinary surgeon." "And for why?" retorted the Irishman. "Shure I'm not a veteran."

Private Mike M'Geever had been out foraging and been chased by a party of Boers till darkness enabled him to elude them. When tired out he fell asleep behind some bushes, which afforded good hiding. At daylight he was awakened by hearing a party of seven Boer scouts, who had left their horses behind a hill, and were viewing the British camp. Mike all at once was struck by a daring idea, and he proceeded to carry it out. "Present arrums," he shouted, "an' be riddy to fire." He then stepped boldly out in front of the astonished Boers, and said

—"Put yer rifles down and march in front av me into camp quietly, or I'll giv the orther an' you'll get a dozen bullets each." The astonished Boers, thinking the bushes were lined with soldiers, obeyed, and when Mike had seen them secured he reported to his captain, who asked him—"How did you manage to capture them yourself?" "Sure, sir," he answered, "I surrhounded thim."

A large contingent of Irish troops was being embarked at Oueenstown for South Africa, and great excitement prevailed among the onlookers. But while the send-off was generally all that could be desired in point of enthusiasm, the opposition party did not fail to make its presence felt and seen. Among the pro-Boer element was a noisy Irish loafer, who carried his antipathies to such an extreme that in the hearing of a quick-witted sentry he foolishly remarked—"Sure, for myself, I hope they'll all get kilt intoirely." "Beg pardon," said the sentry quickly, "but Oi'm a little 'ard of 'earing." With all the air of bravado he could possibly assume, the man pushed nearer in order to give the sentry the full benefit of his cold-blooded observation; but as he came within reach the sentry gave him a vigorous prod in the pit of the stomach with the butt of his rifle, adding as he did so-"That end you ought to know is only fit for the loikes of fellows such as you; the ither's the end for the Boers." The anti-Saxon retired to a safe distance before he let his tongue wag.

At an engagement in South Africa, when our

soldiers were charging a kopje, an Irishman, who was suddenly terrified, turned and fled, to reappear after all was safe. His officer, who had seen him, challenged him with his cowardly conduct, whereupon Pat replied—"By my sowl, sor, wasn't it better to be a coward for half-an-hour than a corpse all my life?"

The exceeding roughness of their country was the best ally of the Boers in their struggle with Great Britain. The difficulties of invasion are graphically described in the following story. In the course of the fearful march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundee to Ladysmith, the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey. One man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. An officer passed. "Sir," said Michael, "what country is this we're marching over?" "The Natal tableland, my man," was the reply. "Bedad, sir," said Michael, "I think the table's turned upside down, and we're walking over the legs of it!"

Familiarity with both rifle and shell fire breeds a certain contempt. A Dublin Fusilier was removing forage from the old camp at Glencoe, when a shell came from the Boers' forty-pounder and entered the ground with a bang five yards distant. The Fusilier was bending at the time, and he did not even take the trouble to look up. His officer heard him say to himself, as he turned his back on the shell, "Och! go to blazes wi' yez!"

An Irishman in the Transvaal had the misfortune to be commandeered by the Boers, and marched to the front. For three days they were compelled to march through a pouring rain on fearful roads. On the third day the field-cornet noticed Pat, after negotiating an extra bad bit of bog, turn round and commence to trudge back. "Here," shouted the cornet, "where are you going?" "Home," replied the Irishman scornfully. "Bedad, a country like this ain't worth fighting for."

A soldier was lying among long grass sniping at the Boers, who were returning the compliment. "Sergeant," said Pat, "are there any snakes in this country?" "Yes, my boy; plenty of them." "Shure," replied the Irishman, "Saint Pathrick didn't hate snakes wus than I do," and he went on with his rifle practice rather nervously. Suddenly he gave a yell. "What's the matter?" asked the sergeant. "Be jabbers, it's kilt I am entoirely. Shure, a snake's bit through my boot," and Pat held up his foot in horror. A close inspection, however, caused a look of relief to illumine his features. "Hurroo!" he shouted gleefully, "it's mistook I am; bedad, it's only a toe shot off after all."

One night the British soldiers were telling stories of thrilling adventures, wonderful spectacles, marvellous sight-seeing experiments, etc., gathered round the camp fire in the Transvaal. An Irishman had listened with open mouth, staring eyes, and bristling hair at the adventures, so miraculous had been some escapes of his comrades in arms. At last he thought of his sister. Clearing his throat, the Irishman said—"No doubt, me boys, ye have seen

some wonderful sights, but me sister Biddy used to squint so bad when she wanted to read a newspaper she'd to buy two, and hold one in each hand, about the length of a bayonet apart, and even then she has sometimes discovered her eyes looking into each other over the bridge of her nose!" For the remainder of the night there was peace, perfect peace.

During the opening stages of the Boer war an Irish soldier was told that there were three Boers to every British soldier then in the colony. Mick went into action with great vigour, but later his company sergeant was horrified to see him shoulder his rifle and calmly march to the rear. "Where are you off to?" he roared. "Oh," replied Mick, "I've killed three of the enemy; I've done my share, so I'm off back to camp."

Irishmen are proverbially hard to hold when they are after the enemy. At Elandslaagte one of the Dublins went too far, and got out of touch with his comrades. Five mounted Boers turned and came down on him like the wind. Quick as thought, Pat jumped behind a tree, and, pointing his rifle at each one as he came too near, kept them at bay. Then, as he saw a line of bayonets coming through the dusk, he darted out upon his assailants with a wild Irish huroo, which so scared one Boer's horse that he threw his rider heavily. Before he could rise, Pat's foot was on his breast, and there he held him tight till the rescuing party helped him to secure his prisoner. "Well done, Pat," said the captain; "but why didn't you give the rascals one shot at the

last when you had the chance?" "Fur the best of all raysons, sorr," answered Pat, with a grin; "there wuz nothin' in the gun at all, at all!"

It was kit inspection, and the different companies of the battalion were standing with their kits on the ground in front of them. The sergeant-major was making the examination, when his eagle eye detected the absence of soap in the kit of Private Flinn, and he demanded what excuse the man had to give. "Plaze, sorr, it's all used," said Flinn. "Used!" shouted the sergeant-major. "Why, the first cake of soap I had served me for my kit lasted me three years, while you are not a year in the ranks yet. How do you account for that?" Flinn's eye had the faintest suspicion of a twinkle, as he replied—"Plaze, sorr, I wash every day." And the sergeant-major walked on, while the entire company grinned.

In writing of the Irish soldiers, the names of some prominent men occur naturally to one. Principal among these is the Iron Duke. The Duke of Wellington was reported to have acknowledged himself defeated and compelled to capitulate on one occasion. It happened in this way:—During the Peninsular war the British forces were often short of rations. Then they foraged, and the people for whom they shed their blood begrudged them the few pigs or fowls, etc., to keep body and soul together, and made bitter complaints to the Duke. So the Duke issued an order which announced that any man found guilty of plundering the peasantry should be shot. A few days after the order was issued the

army made a forced march, and the supplies again failed. One evening the Duke was returning to camp alone from a reconnoitre, when he saw a soldier with half-a-dozen fowls slung over his shoulder, and driving a young pig before him, a straw rope being attached to the animal to prevent him bolting. The Duke rode up. "You villain," said he, "I have caught you in the very act, and I'll make an example of you." He looked around, but there was no one in sight. "Your name," said the Duke, producing a note-book. "Now, your regiment-88th? I thought so. Now report yourself to your commanding officer as being under arrest, and to-morrow you shall be shot." "Won't your honour let me off this once?" said the man. "No," said the Duke, "I will not." "And I'll be shot to-morrow?" "Without doubt." "Then, by the hockey, I won't, for I'll shoot you now." So saying he brought his musket to his shoulder and aimed at the Duke. "Put down your musket," cried the Duke; "would you murder me?" "Unless you give me your word as an officer and a gentleman that you will say nothing of the matter before I count ten, I will by G-!" The Duke was in a fix; he promised, and the gallant 88th man went safe.

Wellington was a pattern of soldierly courtesy. His answer to the artillery officer who came to him at Waterloo and said he had a distinct view of Napoleon within range, and had laid his guns upon him, is characteristic—"No, no; I will not allow it," instantly and emphatically exclaimed the Duke;

"it is not the business of commanders to be firing at one another."

When Sir John Steell, the famous sculptor, had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue, he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience somewhat. and this scene followed—"As I am going to make this statue of your Grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the Battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields cheering on your men to deeds of valour by word and action?" "Bah!" said the Duke in evident scorn: "if you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand." When the statue was finished it was erected in Edinburgh, and led to the clever remark that it was "The Iron Duke in bronze by Steell."

At the time when Wellington was in the habit of attending Walmer Church, two maiden ladies attended the church, and, women-like, watched his Grace at his devotions, and noticed how particular he was in kneeling, and that when he rose up he dusted his knees with a silk pocket-handkerchief. They peeped in the ducal pew, and found only common straw basses, so they got the verger to carry them to their house, where they covered them with crimson moreen, but told him to be sure and not tell the Duke. But the secret leaked out—as most secrets

do—and so the next day an orderly rode up with a note: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Misses B—, and begs to thank them for so kindly covering his basses. F. M. the Duke of Wellington will take an early opportunity of calling." The Duke did call, and the simple circumstance ended in an intimacy which lasted till his death. On two occasions they found the aged warrior occupied in a way that much interested them. On the first he was hearing the little nephew of his valet say his Catechism with his hands behind him; on the second he was explaining to the same little fellow the pictures in a large family Bible.

Louis Philippe of France introduced to the Duke of Wellington one of the French marshals whom he had beaten in the Peninsula. The marshal partly turned his back to Wellington, which greatly displeased Louis Philippe, who apologised to the Duke for his marshal's rudeness. "Forgive him, sire," said the Duke; "I taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

When Wellington was about to invade France he found it impossible to buy supplies for the want of French money. Consequently he turned "forger," and coined French money for himself. He "issued a general order calling for any coiners who might be serving in the British ranks, and promised them an indemnity if they would come forward," and they turned sovereigns into napoleons and louis.

I had seen the Duke of Wellington sitting in the House of Lords, writes Mr Justin M'Carthy in his entertaining "Reminiscences." But I did not merely see the Duke-I also heard him. I heard him make a speech; and, although it was but a short speech. and not remarkable for eloquence, it astonished and impressed me more at the time than the greatest oration by the greatest Parliamentary orator could have done. The Duke, as I gathered from the speech of another peer—a law lord I think it was—had already been offering to the House his opinion on the measure under consideration, and the noble and learned lord was now criticising his remarks. In the course of his criticism this noble and learned personage ventured on the observation that he feared "the illustrious Duke" had not quite understood the measure now before the House. This drew the illustrious Duke. The Duke of Wellington sprang to his feet to reply, and he struck the table with indignant gesture. "My Lords," he said, "the noble and learned lord has said that I don't understand this bill. Well, my lords, all I can say is, that I read the bill once, that I read it twice, that I read it three times, and if after that I don't understand the bill, why, then, my lords, all I have to say is that I must be a damned stupid fellow." Then the Duke resumed his seat.

The Duke was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, the General rode up while

the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered "Taylor." "A very good name, too," remarked Wellington. "Cheer up, my men! Our Taylor will soon make a pair of breaches in the wall!" At this sally the men forgot the danger. A burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

Wellington, whose watchword was duty to his sovereign and the British nation, was a soldier first, last, and all the time. Such, too, he wished to appear. His jealous care of his reputation as a fighting man is amusingly disclosed in Mr. Frederick Goodall's book of "Reminiscences," in an anecdote of the Duke's later years when, as warden of the Cinque Ports, he lived at Walmer Castle. His grace commissioned Wilkie to paint "The Chelsea Pensioners," and agreed to pay him twelve hundred guineas. The picture finished, in due course the artist waited upon the soldier, who, to his surprise, began with great deliberation to count out the twelve hundred guineas in notes and gold. "Your grace, it would save you much trouble if you would write me a cheque," said Wilkie. The Duke looked up. "What!" said he. "Let Coutts' clerk-and thus the rest of the world-know what a fool I've been to spend twelve hundred guineas on a picture!" He shook his head and resumed his counting.

A contributor to "Notes and Queries" throws fresh light on the origin of the nickname bestowed upon the victor of Waterloo. He points out that in "The Words of Wellington," published in 1869, there is this passage:—Great misapprehension prevails at home and abroad concerning the origin of this sobriquet. The fact is it arose out of the building of an iron steamboat which plied between Liverpool and Dublin, and which its owner called the "Duke of Wellington." The term Iron Duke was first applied to the vessel, and by-and-by, rather in jest than in earnest, it was transferred to the Duke himself. It had no reference whatever, certainly at the outset, to any peculiarities or assumed peculiarities in the Duke's disposition.

Another great Irish soldier worthy of mention alongside the Iron Duke is Lord Wolselev. Wolseley is remarkable for always being ready for any domestic emergency. There is no ailment, however trifling or unexpected, for which he has not the best remedy, either in his pocket or within easy reach, as the following instance will show. A gentleman was once staying at a country house where the Commander-in-Chief was also a visitor. One morning the gentleman overslept himself, and succeeded, while shaving in a hurry, in inflicting a rather nasty gash on his chin. Sticking-plaster was not to be found, cold water and powder produced no effect, and in despair he descended to breakfast and explained his predicament. Lord Wolselev was up in a moment. "Wait a minute," he said, and left the room, returning shortly with a neat little box, from which he produced a cobweb-like substance. "There," he said, as he applied it to the wound, "that is the very

best stuff in the world for the purpose." And it was.

Most youngsters have their own ideas of greatness, as they have of everything else that comes within their reach. Wolseley, fond of children, was once introduced to a boy four years old. The child gazed at him with an expression half incredulous, and then said:—"Are you the Lord Wolseley that fought in the battles?" "Yes, I was in a good many battles," said Wolseley. The youngster looked at him in wondering silence, and then said—"Let's hear you holler!"

And along with Wolseley may be mentioned "Bobs." Lord Roberts once had an unlucky adventure with the servant of a gentleman in Ireland to whom he paid a surprise visit. While guests were at the house no person was allowed within the grounds, which were watched rigidly by a brawny fellow about six feet high. The morning after he arrived Lord Roberts slipped out all unseen, dressed in a very easy fashion, with the intention of having a look over the grounds. He had not proceeded far when he was pounced on by a big fellow, who demanded-"Where wid he be goin'?" "Do you know whom you are addressing?" "Addressin' or not addressin', out ye go." "Why, I'm Roberts; stay." "Shure if ye take that gintleman's name in vain I'll chuck ve over the bridge vonder." Seeing that it was useless Lord Roberts returned, but he was resolved to have the joke out, so, telling his experience to his host, the keeper was brought before them.

The poor fellow immediately saw his mistake, and craved their pardon, which was soon granted, and he departed richer than when he went in.

Lord Roberts, although best known as a great soldier, is also an author with a polished style and with quite a long list of important books to his name. His letters are famous for their simplicity and directness. He does not write as if he were aware of the fact that he is a great man whose name will live in history so long as the British race shall last; he just writes as if he were a kindly and serene parent anxious to withstay a friend or a child from failing in his duty. He counsels rather than dictates, and the modesty with which his advice is tendered renders it—to a person of thought and sense—all the more acceptable.

Lord Roberts once found himself the centre of a circle of new friends in a west end London club. There was a very tall gentleman present who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity to raise a laugh at other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronisingly to his Lordship, and remarked—"I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you." To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

Richard Harding Davis relates this incident, which happened while he was acting as correspondent during the late South African War. A regiment of Scottish Highlanders, noted for their bravery in action, during the heat of one battle were suddenly seen to break ranks and run in all directions. The officers as well shared in the stampede, and apparently made no attempts to urge the men under them into line. Their behaviour was a surprise to everybody on the field, and after the battle was over, the colonel of the regiment was summoned before General Roberts. "What was the matter with your regiment?" asked "Bobs." "Well," replied the colonel, "there is not a man in the regiment afraid of a Dutchman's bullet, but we were steered into a field literally infested with wasps' nests, and you know, general, we were all in kilts, and with bare legs." The Commander-in-Chief smiled and accepted the explanation as sufficient.

Lord Kitchener is yet another Irish soldier of distinction of whom some stories are told. This officer adds to his many qualities as a soldier the art of turning a compliment with becoming grace. It has been said of him for a long time that he is proof against all feminine charms, and it is said that when he waited upon Queen Victoria at Windsor, Her Majesty was curious enough to put a pointed question. "Is it true, my Lord," she enquired, "that you have never yet cared for woman?" "Yes, Your Majesty," replied the Sirdar, "quite true—with one exception." "Ah!" exclaimed Her Majesty, anticipating a confession, "and who is she?" "Your

Majesty," replied his lordship, as he bowed respectfully.

It is related that once an officer, after struggling vainly to get an artillery train through roads that were almost rivers of mud, came to Kitchener and said, "It is no use, General; we are so deep in mud that we cannot move our heavy guns another mile, and the Boers will get them for certain." Kitchener quietly said, "Go on with your work, and don't forget that while the mud is clogging our wheels, it is clogging the Boer wheels as well."

His scathing sarcasm is well illustrated by the reply he is said to have sent to the leader of a not over-successful column. This officer had several slight engagements with the enemy, mainly consisting of flinging a few shells at them at long range. After each engagement he wired to the Commanderin-Chief substantially, "During action several Boers seen to drop from their saddles." The thing was becoming tiresome, and Lord Kitchener sent back to the officer this polite telegram—"I hope when they fell they did not hurt themselves."

On another occasion a certain nobleman, whose son was serving in the Yeomanry, and who had a large idea of his own importance, sent this wire—"Please allow my son to return at once; urgent family reasons." Kitchener answered it laconically—"Son cannot return; urgent military reasons."

A dandy officer came to Kitchener one day, bringing a dainty silk handkerchief, upon which, in accordance with a prevailing fashionable fad, he desired him to inscribe his autograph. Lord Kitchener took the handkerchief and remarked, "This is doubtless your sister's handkerchief?" "No," replied the dandy, smiling amiably; "it is mine." Lord Kitchener handed it back without writing on it, only inquiring as he did so, with an air of serious interest, "And what sized hairpins do you wear?"

## V.—PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

UTSIDE Ireland there is a popular belief that the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle are a priest-ridden people. The belief is largely founded on the influence exerted by the clergy in certain Parliamentary and other elections. Probably it is in part erroneous, though from the statements of Irishmen themselves it appears that the priesthood have very large powers of control in all matters affecting the well-being of their people. Seumas MacManus, who knows his country and writes interestingly of it, gives us a glimpse of the clergyman as he exists in Erin.

The priest, writes MacManus, is by far the most important man in our neighbourhood. The autocrat of all the Russias is far from being vouchsafed the dutiful obedience paid the priest, and no prince or potentate ever got a tithe of the whole-souled love that is lavished on the sagart arun. In every mountain parish the priest's word is more truly law than the enactments of the British Parliament. The extraordinary obedience and respect paid to the priest's word is founded not in the remotest manner upon servility or fear, but upon filial love and implicit faith which our mountain priests have engendered in the hearts of those who have never in

vain looked to them for sympathy, for help, for guidance, and for protection. For the true sagart, when he takes charge of a mountain parish, takes upon his shoulders and upon his heart a great load. The sickness, the troubles, the sorrows and griefs of every household, of every child, in his domain are his personal sorrows, and their little joys are his joys. Not merely for the souls, but for the bodies of every one in his parish responsibility weighs him down. He cannot, could not shirk his traditional duty, which is truly to father his flock in all things to brave any tyrant who would oppress them or unjust one who would wrong them, to fight for them, to suffer for them, to lav down his life for them, if need be. Our parishes perhaps average to miles square, and contain, say, 6000 souls, for whom there are two chapels and three priests. Some parishes are 20 miles long and even longer; and as every one appreciates the duty of regular attendance at mass, six, seven and eight miles of moor, mountain and road is a common distance for men and women of 70 to walk to chapel on Sunday, in sun and in storm, rain, hail or snow.

Concerning the "man of God" many stories are told. The people pay him all the reverence Seumas MacManus says they do, but in spite of that they indulge in little pleasantries with him.

"Pat," said a priest to one of his parishioners, "there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute?" "Me services,

sor," said Pat readily. "What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter," observed the priest. "No; but if it rains next Sunday Oi'll sit over the hole," said Pat.

Mr. William Hawley Smith, in his "Walks and Talks," tells of a remark made by an Irish friend, which might be applicable in many cases. He used to be very fond of hearing the bishop preach, and always went to service when that dignitary held forth. I met him on the street one Sunday when I knew the bishop was preaching, and asked him why he wasn't in his pew. To which he replied: "Troth, I don't go to hear the bishop ony more." "Why, what's the matter?" I said. "You haven't 'gone back' on a good man, have you?" "No," he answered, "but it's the truth I'm tellin' you, when you've heard the bishop a half-dozen times, all after that is variations!"

Thomas Sheridan, the Irish clergyman and grand-father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, had a great distaste for metaphysical discussions, whereas his son Tom, the actor, had a great liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity. "Pray, father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?" Sheridan, who saw what was coming, said—"Yes, certainly." "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed." "What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference." "My dear father," said



The second secon

which is the second to the sec

father or kind if the father the heather, had a freed the father than a feet half a share where which is a state of the father, and the father in a state of the father in the father, and the father in t





Tom, "tell me what it is that you can do with (mind!) total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

Pat Murphy, being in the habit of lying in bed until a late hour every Sunday morning, was accosted one morning by the village priest, who. having heard of his lazy habits, thought he would speak to him on the matter. "Good-morning, Pat." "Good-morning, yer riverence," said Pat. "Ah! Pat, me boy, how nice it is to be up between four and five o'clock on a bright summer's morning. How nice it is to walk out in the early morning sunshine. How nice it is to hear the little birds singing their sweet songs in the early morn." "Yis, yer riverence; but it is a jolly sight nicer to turn over and have another snooze!"

A well-known dean tells the following story against himself: He came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon. The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners. "You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught." "Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."

"The Church," said a brave, hard-working little priest, to his parishioners, "the Church, my friends, is like a ship that sails proudly on through this sea of trouble that we call the world. The waves of sin beat in vain against her stalwart sides, and the waters of error dash about her prow and do her no

harm. And why is this?" he asked, with impressive earnestness. "Why is this, my friends? Because she is founded on a rock; not on sand, but on a rock, a solid rock, from which no power can dislodge her!"

An Irishman, who was to undergo trial for theft, was being comforted by his priest. "Keep up your heart, Dennis, my boy. Take my word for it, you'll get justice." "Troth, yer riverence," replied Dennis in an undertone, "and that's just what I am afraid of."

A clergyman had a parishioner who was much addicted to drink. Meeting the man one day when, as the people say, he had "a drop in," the priest insisted that he should take the pledge, saying it was the only protection against the temptations of the public-house. "You've never seen a teetotaler drunk, Tom," said the priest. "Ah, your riverence," replied Tom, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell for the life o' me whether they were teetotalers or not!"

"Don't you know that the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said a priest to a labourer who was busily working on the roadside with his head bare under a broiling sun. The man wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman. "Do you think I'd be doin' this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and he gave the handle another turn.

Betty Haran was a very pious old Methodist. Father Don often dropped into Betty's for a gossip. "Betty," said Father Don, "I always find you bent over your Bible. Now, tell me truly, do you understand it all?" "Of course I do," indignantly. "Well, well. I've been studying it all my life, and I don't understand it all yet." "An' if yer reverence is a blockhead, do ye think every wan else is like yerself?"

"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?" "Yes, your honour." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, your honour." "Oh, Patrick, Patrick. When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig, on the great judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?" "Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, then, your riverence, I'd say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.'"

A priest, walking along a country road in the west, heard issuing from a cabin terrified shouts and screams of "Murther! murther!" He, putting on all speed, reached the scene, and breathlessly called out that help was nigh, when a woman, bobbing a curtsey, said—"Oh, niver mind, your riverence; sure, they're only putting a clean shirt on oid Jemmy!"

A priest laboured hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was obdurate. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "My inimy, is it, father?" responded Michael; "and it was your

riverence's silf that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest; "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"

A poor woman who had a son of whom she was very proud unintentionally paid him a very bad compliment. Speaking of her boy to the priest, she said—"There isn't in the barony, yer reverence, a cleverer lad nor Tom. Look at thim"—pointing to two small chairs in the cabin. "He made thim out of his own head; and fair, he has enough wood left to make me a big armchair."

An honoured Archbishop of Dublin, in his declining days, when partly paralysed, was wont to creep from his house door to St. Stephen's Green unattended. Upon one occasion he fell heavily to the ground, and was assisted to his feet by a bright little girl, who further offered to lead his Grace home. On his expressing his doubts as to her ability to do so, the girl replied—"My father's the same every day."

Mr. Manning, a Dublin journalist, who assisted the Healyites on the occasion of one North Mayo election, told the following story:—An incident of this election business was the visit of Mr. John Dillon to a certain country chapel. He attended last Mass, and was to speak at a meeting timed for twelve o'clock in the parish. The worthy pastor knew of his coming, and, being no sympathiser, took certain sure steps to discomfit his distinguished visitor. Long prayers before Mass were offered

with deep solemnity, and after the Gospel some five columns of the Maynooth Pastoral were recited with slow and convincing emphasis. Later on the priest addressed his congregation, and told them how his church was poor and lowly, not fit for distinguished visitors, not to say for the worship of God. Thus it was that a collection had been set on foot to reconstruct the sacred edifice, and he would read to them the sums already handed in. It might be an encouragement to the others. The poorest subscription would be gladly accepted. Then he gave out vards of items, with running comments and encouragements. After Mass devotions were offered up. All through this Mr. Dillon's face was a painful study. Twelve o'clock passed, one o'clock struck, the echoes of the band outside died away, and the rain was beginning to come down as it did on the day the ark was floated. He was in a painful dilemma. He could not give scandal by leavingvet his meeting must be dwindling and dwindling. It was almost two o'clock when the great leader left the little church to find both bands and his "vast" meeting had, like the oft-quoted Arabs, silently stolen away. Then the worthy pastor smiled a gentle smile, and said to his clerk-"Patsy, it's an easy mind I have since I gave up meddling in politics."

A priest, who takes great interest in some men belonging to his flock who were engaged in constructing a railway in Ireland, saw one of them entering a public-house. He hailed him, but Pat simply looked, and walked in. Waiting till he came out, the priest accosted him thus—"Pat, didn't you hear me calling?" "Yes, your ravrince, I did, but—but I had only the price of one."

In a little country town a priest of one of the churches announced that a collection would be made to defray the cost of coal for heating the church. Everybody contributed but Tim D-, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else. The priest noted Tim's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home. A similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, everyone gave except Tim, who again looked sly. The priest wondered, and after the service took his parishioner to task. "Now. Tim," he said, "why didn't you give something, if it was but little?" "Faith, I'm up to ye!" said Tim. "Tim!" "Yes, father." "What do you mean?" "Oh, nothing. Just that I'm up to ve, that's all." "Tim, your words are disrespectful, and require an explanation. What do you mean?" "Oh, faith, father, a thrying to pull the wool over me eves, a thrying to make us believe yez wants the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer riv'rence knows it's heated by stame!"

A distinguished Irish prelate was by nature a very keen sportsman, and though he never allowed his tastes in this direction to interfere with his many duties, there was nothing he enjoyed more than a day's shooting now and then. On one of these occasions he was met by an old lady, who strongly disapproved of any member of the clerical profession, and especially one of the heads of the Church, indulging in such pursuits. "I have never read in the Bible that any of the Apostles went out shooting, my lord," she observed severely. "Well, you see," returned his lordship cheerfully, "all their spare time they spent out fishing!" The old lady retired discomfited.

A priest who had delivered what he meant to be a striking sermon, was anxious to know its effect on his flock. "Was the sermon to-day to your liking, Pat?" he inquired of one of them. "Throth, yer riverence, it was a grand sermon intoirely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further. "Was there any one part of it more than another that seem to take hold of ye?" he asked. "Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, shure I'll tell ye. What tuk hoult of me most was yer riverence's parseverance—the way ye wint over the same thing agin and agin and agin. Sich parseverance I niver did see in anny wan, before or since." His reverence inquired no further.

A priest who resided in Cork, and was a strong advocate of temperance, was, through failing health, compelled to call in medical assistance. The doctor recommended a stimulant, but this was objected to by his reverence, because, as he said, "My servants would know, then my parishioners; and how could I preach to others if I myself became a castaway." "Nonsense," replied the doctor, "you have all the requisites in your sideboard except the hot water,

and that could be supplied from your shaving water without anyone being a bit the wiser." A few days afterwards a squire who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had heard of the priest's illness, called, and said to the servant who answered the door—"Well, Michael, how is his reverence to-day?" "He is fine in his health, glory be to God; but, your honour," added Michael in a whisper, "I think he is quare in his mind." "Quare in his mind! What do you mean?" "Well, your honour, I'll lave it to yourself to judge when I tell you he is calling for shaving water five times a day."

The Church Synod, meeting periodically in Dublin, is the body which controls the affairs of the Disestablished Church of Ireland. At a meeting held some time ago, a Mr. Broom got up to propose that certain churches in different parts of the country should be closed, inasmuch as Dean Dickenson, a previous speaker, had proved that there were not funds enough to keep them up. Instantly Dean Dickenson, who is a famous wit, rose in his place and said—"I never gave Mr. Broom a handle to make such a sweeping declaration as that." The house was immediately convulsed with laughter, and Mr. Broom's motion was thrown out.

In times gone, in Ireland, the Protestant minister collected tithes in the harvest season, while the Roman Catholic priest got in his stipends at Christmas. Father Edward and the Rev. Sandy Montgomery were one day riding together in their usual friendly way, and bantering each other about their

callings. "Here's the Bacach Ruadh," said Father Edward; "let us have his opinion." The Bacach Ruadh (or Red Beggarman) was an arrant knave, too clever to work whilst he could live upon the fat of the land without putting his hand to the plough. "Jamie," said Father Edward to him, "if you had a son, would you sooner make a priest or a minister out of him?" "If I had a son, yer reverences," was the ready response, "I should have him a minister in the harvest an' a priest at Christmas."

A clergyman in Cork one day remarked to his servant—"Patrick, I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if anyone calls I do not wish to be disturbed." "All right, sor. Will I tell them you're not in?" "No, Pat, that would be a lie." "An' what'll I say, yer reverence?" "Oh! just put them off with an evasive answer." At suppertime Pat was asked if anyone had called. "Faix, there did." "And what did you tell them?" said the priest. "Shure, an' I give him an evasive answer." "How was that?" queried his reverence. "He axed me was your honour in, an' I sez to him, says I, 'Was your gran'mother a hoot-owl?'"

The late Dr. Todd, the archæologist, although a great scholar, was not above perpetrating a joke. A learned Englishman once went to Dublin to examine some manuscript in the library of Trinity College, and was introduced to Dr. Todd. In conversation the latter told him that there was in Trinity College a curious instance of the survival of a habit dating from the time of the Danes: that at a certain hour

of the afternoon a porter went the round of the college ringing a bell and calling out in a loud voice, "The Dane's in the hall," when all the students rushed from their rooms to repel the invaders. The learned but somewhat incredulous Englishman repaired to the college at the appointed hour, and, sure enough, the porter appeared, ringing his bell and calling out, "The Dane's in the hall," and the students hurried from their rooms to the hall. It was only some hours later that the Englishman comprehended that this was merely the customary manner of summoning the students to the hall where the dean of the college awaited them, "the dean" being transformed by the Milesian tongue into "the dane."

I once heard of the characters of John Bull, Sandy, and Pat, interestingly summed up by a Chinaman, said the late Max O'Rell. The Catholic Vicar-General of Dunedin, an Irishman, was one day walking in the beautiful Botanical Gardens of Dunedin, situated on a slope overlooking a lovely harbour. On a bench was sitting a Chinaman, a perfect picture of misery. I don't think that the world has anything more miserable looking than the face of a Chinaman. It is a face that never smiles. When it does, it's worse. The Vicar sat by the Chinaman, drew near to him, and said:—"Well, John, how are you getting on in Dunedin?" The Chinaman looked sad. "Ah," he replied, shaking his head and closing his fist, "too muchee Scotchee here." "I know what you mean," said the Vicar. "Now, there are

some English people in Dunedin, what do you think of them?" "English, h'm, a little better, not muchee." "Ah, then, and what do you think of the Irish?" queried the Irishman. The Chinaman looked radiant and opened his hand as wide as it would stretch—"Ilish? Oh, Ilish welly good! Ilish and Chinee allee same, allee same!"

A priest having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homewards, to explain clearly what a miracle meant. "Is it a merakle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then fornist me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on, and the priest came after him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the man, "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" asked the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the man. "Well, then, it would have been a merakle if you had not."

It is related of Father Darcy, one of the celebrated wits of Ireland, that he once visited the palatial mansion of a man who had lately come into a fortune. He was shown over the house, his pompous host taking great pains to inform his guest as to the cost of all the beautiful objects he saw. Finally, after making the tour of the rooms, the couple reached the library. Here were shelves groaning under the weight of thousands of volumes, all resplendent in magnificent bindings. They seated themselves, and the host said, with a sigh of snobbish exultation: "Well, father, I have brought you here last because

this is my favourite room. The other rooms, maybe, give pleasure to my wife and daughters; but
this is my place—right here amongst these books,
which are my friends. And these here on the desk"
—pointing to a score of fine-looking volumes—"are
what I may call my most intimate friends." Father
Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a
broad grin spread over his good-natured face as he
noticed that the leaves had never been cut. "Well,
it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate
friends!" he exclaimed.

Absent-mindedness and weakness for metaphor are responsible for much that is amusing in the priest's pulpit oratory. To the former must be credited a discourse in which the reverend preacher alluded to "Goliath fighting on behalf of the Israelites, while King Solomon sat by moodily in his tent," and to the latter a striking simile, which deeply impressed the feminine portion of the congregation, who were told that "the grave was the great wardrobe of the world, where we are folded up and put by, to be taken out new at the Resurrection." But both of these are eclipsed by an eloquent speaker, who, in the course of an extempore address, had wandered into mediæval history: - "And that haythen Soliman," he said, "whin he was lying dead upon the ground, sat up, and said to his friends, 'Behold, you now see the end of Soliman!'"

The element of the unexpected which characterises Irish fun crops out in the pulpit as in other places. It may be an old story, but it is perennial as its subject, of the priest who preached a sermon on "Grace." "An', me brethren," he said in conclusion, "if ye have wan spark av heavenly grace wather it, wather it continually!"

A priest, discoursing one Sunday on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, said in error that five people had been fed with 5,000 loaves and two small fishes. It having come to the priest's knowledge that his mistake had given rise to a large amount of controversy (one Murphy particularly declared he could do such a miracle himself), he (the clergyman) decided to rectify the mistake. Next Sunday, on concluding his sermon, he said-"I should have told you last Sunday that 5,000 people had been fed with five loaves and two small fishes." Looking down upon Mr. Murphy, he said-"You could not do that. Mr. Murphy, could you?" "Ah! sure, yer riv'rence. I could, aisily," he replied. "How would you do it, Mr. Murphy?" "Why, I'd give 'em what was left over from last Sunday," answered Murphy.

"I'm sorry to see you giving way to drink like this, Pat," said the village priest, as he met one of his parishioners staggering homewards; "you that were always such a respectable boy, too." "Shure, an' Oi'm obleeged to do it, your 'anner," replied Pat, with whom, by the way, things had not been prospering. "Obliged to do it?" exclaimed the priest in surprise; "why, how's that, Pat?" "Oi have to dhrink to droun moi trubles, your holiness," whined Patrick, giving vent to a sound which was a cross between a sigh and a hiccup. "H'm," said

his interrogator, "and do you succeed in drowning them?" "No, begorra," cried Pat, "shure an' that's the warst uv it. The divvles can shwim?"

A well-known preacher in the Irish Church is justly famed for his eloquence. Particularly does he shine in this respect when he is making an appeal for any charitable object. Recently two country tradesmen went to hear him, and on their way home were comparing notes. "Man, Bradley," said one, "that was a grand discoorse entoirely! Oi cudn't help givin' half-a-crown at the collection." "Well. yez see," replied Bradley, "Oi hed the advantage ave ve this toime, fur Oi've heard him afore. Whin Oi wus puttin' on me Sunday clothes, shure Oi left iverything out ave me pocket but wan sixpence. Man, he has a powerful way wid hum altogether."

A clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor. "How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate. "Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers." "I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

## VI.—THE MEDICAL MAN.

nationality, has his share of the "ills that flesh is heir to," and after the manner of other folks he calls in the doctor to ward off these ills or cure them when they come. The Irish doctor meets with many amusing characters, and tells many interesting stories connected with his profession. In his sick-bed, ay, even at the point of death, Pat continues to be a healthy Irishman in wit and in humour. These characteristics do not desert him in the hour of physical decay, and many a cheerless scene is brighter by the happy sayings of the patient.

There are two enemies hard to conquer in this country of the young, writes a doctor in the course of some interesting anecdotes relating to his calling. One is belief in witchcraft, the other a love for "matter out of place." In my district the people really believe in Leprechauns, or little people. They still visit a wizened witch doctor to have "dead hands" exorcised from bewitched butter, and they hunt mythical hares as often as living red game.

Quite lately I was asked to visit a maiden of halfa-century who was possessed with a "demmur." Now, I know Lizzie Redmond is only suffering from

loneliness, pure and simple. Her tiny shanty. dumped down in a narrow boreen, is surrounded by acres of golden gorse, miles of peat land and fields of silky bog cotton. No neighbour, however, enlivens grey existence for poor Lizzie. Whatever is non-understandable to the unprofessional mind in Sallyboggin is called a "demmur," and is treated as a possession of the Evil One. Hence I found Lizzie lying on the mud floor of her cabin in a "stripped" condition. On her naked breast was a penny, on the penny an end of candle, over both penny and candle rested an inverted tumbler. A "wise woman" was standing gazing earnestly at her handiwork and muttering a charm. "Ah! doctor, darlint," screamed Lizzie triumphantly as I entered the room, "it's a live demmur! And the wise woman has located it, doctor, dear! See it a-leppin' an' a-risin' into the glass." I took in the matter at a glance. The wise woman had first exhausted the air by lighting her candle end and immediately covering it with a tumbler. This, of course, acted as a kind of cupping glass, and flesh rose into the vacuum. In vain I demonstrated on my own arm (burning a hole in my shirt sleeve as I did so). Lizzie saw the "too, too solid flesh" thereon following the law of suction as well as the demmur under the breast bone. But she clung to the belief in the wise woman, and I was dismissed with ignominy. In Ireland, continues the doctor, we do not take offence at this kind of thing. I wrote to Lizzie's landlord, Lord C-, saying the woman was growing "soft," and by return post

received a £1 note to pay expenses of a change for her. A short spell in Dublin worked wonders. The demmur no longer set her heart a-gallopin', and "the joulting of the train stopped the beatin' ov her poolse."

An old soldier was for some time an inmate of a city hospital, and while he was there he grew very tired of his food, which consisted chiefly of fish. One day Pat was asked by the doctor how he was, when he said—"Och, it's hungry I am, to be sure." The doctor said he would change his diet from fish to chicken broth, which Pat received next day. On being asked how he liked his dinner, he began questioning as to whether the chicken was fed on land or water, and when he was told "sometimes on water" and "sometimes on land," he replied—"Shure he was never near the water he was boiled in; he must have been on stilts, so wake was the flavour."

"Well, Pat, my lad," said the kindly doctor, "you must drink this stuff. I'm afraid it's a case of kill or cure with you now, my lad." "Well, I don't care if it kills me, so long as it cures me in the end," said Pat. "Gimme the bottle."

"I will leave you this medicine to take after each meal," said a doctor to a poor labourer who was very ill. "And will yez be koind enough to leave the meal, too, docthor?" enquired the labourer.

A country doctor in the north was driving down a narrow lane on his way to visit a patient, when he espied an old woman in the middle of the road pick-

ing up some pieces of turf, which had evidently dropped from a passing cart. Pulling his horse up to prevent running over her, he said rather sharply—"Women and donkeys are always in the way." "Shure, sir," said she, stepping to one side, "I'm glad you've the manners to put yourself last."

"Well, my man," said the visiting physician of a Dublin Infirmary to a patient, "how do you feel this morning?" "Purty well, sur," was the reply. "That's right. I hope you like the place?" "Indeed and I do, sur!" said the man. "There's only wan thing wrong in this establishment, and that is I only get as much mate as wud feed a sparrow." "Oh, you're getting your appetite, are you?" said the doctor. "Then I'll order an egg to be sent up to you." "Arrah, docther," rejoined the patient, "would you be so kind as to tell thim at the same time to sind me up the hin that laid it?"

A patient once told the doctor that her liver was troubling her, pointing at the same time to a spot high up under her left arm. "Bless us, woman!" roared the doctor, "your liver does not lie there." "I think I ought to know where my own liver lies," was her dignified, insulted reply. "Haven't I suffered from it these twenty years?"

A gentleman, speaking of a friend's wife, regretted that she had no children. "Ah," said a doctor who was present, "to have no children is a great misfortune; but I have noticed that it is hereditary in some families!"

A quack doctor was being examined at an inquest

on his treatment of a patient who had died. "I gave him ipecacuanha," he said. "You might just as well have given him the Aurora Borealis," said the coroner. "Indeed, yer honour, and that's just what I should have given him next if he hadn't died."

Doctor Colles, an eminent Irish surgeon, who died some years ago, was remarkable for his plain dealing with himself. In his fee-book he had many such candid entries as the following:—

"For giving ineffectual advice for deafness, one guinea."

"For attempting to draw out the stump of a tooth, one guinea."

"For telling him that he was no more ill than I was, one guinea."

"For nothing that I know of except that he probably thought he did not pay me enough last time, one guinea."

One night a dispensary doctor in the south was awakened by a rapping at the front door of his residence, and going to the window he saw a labouring man below. "What's the matter, my good fellow?" said he. "'Tis me ould mother that's tuck bad, docther," replied the man. "Have you been long here?" asked the doctor. "I have thin, yer honner." "And why on earth didn't you ring the night-bell?" "Sure, I was afraid I'd disturb yer honner," was the man's perfectly sincere reply.

Dr. L. Orman Cooper, in a pleasant account of his dealings as a physician with the Irish peasantry, tells some characteristic anecdotes of their doings and sayings which have the merit of being true. It is well-known that the water-cure is one not likely to meet with much appreciation in Erin; but the manner in which one old woman received the suggestion that a bath might be desirable was unexpected. She repudiated the idea indignantly. "Sure," said she, "I've heard of washin' a corpse, but niver a live one!"

A well-known Irish resident magistrate tells the following story, for the truth of which he vouches. When stationed in the West, there were two doctors in the place, one of whom had a great reputation for the cures he effected, and the other was not believed "to be much good," to use an Irish expression. The favoured doctor found his services in great request, but, as payment was not always forthcoming, he made a rule that a certain class of his patients should pay in advance. One winter's night he was roused by two farmers—from a townland 10 miles away the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. He told them to go to the other doctor, but they refused. saying they would prefer to have his services. "Very well," replied the medico, "in that case my fee is £2, the money to be paid now." The men remonstrated, but the doctor was obdurate, and shut down his window. He waited, however, to hear what they would say. "Well, what will we do now?" asked the farmer whose wife was ill. And the reply that was given must have been as gratifying as it was amusing to the listening doctor; it was-"Begor!

I think you had better give it. Sure! the funeral and the wake would cost you more!"

In a debating society in the West one of the leading members, a local doctor, who was a keen Unionist in politics, was fond of initiating debates on political questions, particularly his bete noir, Home Rule. On one occasion he delivered himself of a virulent harangue upon that topic, his principal opponent in the wordy war being a working man, who made up for his lack of scholarship by the clever and often witty manner in which he parried the doctor's sharpest thrusts. In the course of his speech the doctor declared that the Irish people were not fit to be trusted with Home Rule, as they were not even honest. (Loud groans from the opposition, the working man leading.) "I can prove it!" shouted the doctor defiantly. "Proof! proof!" was the general cry. "Well," said the medico, "I once practised in a working class district, and had over a hundred Irish patients on my books. Now, out of that number how many do you think paid me?" "We don't know, but we're willing to take your word for it." said the working man. "Only ten." returned the doctor impressively. "Now," he continued, turning triumphantly to his opponent, "can you explain that?" "It's aisily enough explained," returned the unabashed Hibernian without a moment's hesitation. "There was only tin of thim hundhred patients of yours recovered." The discomfited medico subsided amid a general roar of loud and prolonged laughter.

"Well, Mr. Murphy, how are you to-day—better?" asked the doctor. "No, sor, Oi'm worse—as full av pains as a windy!" replied Mr. Murphy. "Worse! Did you rub the stuff I sent you well into the skin?" "Rub it into me skin? Av course not, sorr! Oi saw it was labelled 'fur outward application only,"

so Oi just rubbed it on me clothes!"

"And how is Moike, Mrs. Herlihy?" inquired one of that lady's neighbours. "Pore b'y, phwat does the docther say to his loongs?" "He says there's niver a thing the matter wid Moike's loongs now," replied Mrs. Herlihy, "but he ain't denying they've got the laste mite av a tindincy." "Wurra, wurra, an' is that so?" exclaimed the neighbour, dolefully; and then, after a short pause, she asked, deferentially-"An' phwat is a 'tindincy,' Mrs. Herlihy, dear?" "A tindincy," responded Mrs. Herlihy, with solemnity, "is a thing that ain't to be shpoke av loightly. It's where what ain't so alriddy is loikely to come on ve unbeknownst at any minut!" "Pore Mike, pore b'y!" ejaculated the visitor, with a dubious shake of her head, and she departed to spread the news of Mike's mysterious ailment.

The rule of most doctors never to be nonplussed must have been exceedingly difficult to follow in the case of the physician who figures in the following story. He had an Irishwoman for a patient for many years. He once pulled her through a lingering attack of typhoid fever, and of course took her temperature from time to time by having her hold a thermometer under her tongue. When she had

nearly recovered, he called one day, left a simple prescription, and started homeward. After he had got some distance away, he was overtaken by her son on a bicycle. "Mother is worse," said the boy; "come back." Back the doctor went. "Docthor," said the old lady reproachfully, as he entered the sick room, "why did ye not give me the jigger undher me tongue? That did me more gud than all the rest of yer trash."

"Good evening, Mrs. M'Ginnes, how is your husband to-day?" asked a visitor. "Sure," replied Mrs. M'Ginnes, "and he's but poorly, thank the Lord, and—Oh, bejabers! there's the clock strikin', and I must go and wake him to give him his slapin'

draught."

"Did you notice the direction on that bottle?"
"Yis, sor; it said, 'shake well before using.'"
"Well, did you obey?" "Yis, sor; Oi shook loike
th' ould boy. Oi had a chill."

"Lastly, M'Gorry," said a doctor who was giving his patient advice, "don't go to sleep on an empty stomach." "No danger av thot, doctor," replied

M'Gorry; "Oi always slape on me back."

"An' phat did th' doctor say wos th' matter wid y're eye, Patsy?" asked Mrs. M'Ginty of her son. "He say-ed thur was some foreign substance in it," was the reply. "Now, then," said the fond mother, "maybe ye'll kape away from thim Eytalians."

A man employed in a large factory had, without permission, taken a day off to celebrate the fall of Pretoria, and he seemed likely to lose his job for so doing. When he was asked by his foreman why he had taken a holiday, he exclaimed—"Bejabers, sor, Oi was so ill yesterday that Oi could not have come to work to save my loife." "How happens it then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman. Pat was slightly taken aback, but, not to be beaten, he replied—"Sure, sor, that must have been when Oi was going for the doctor."

A physician in the out-of-the-way corners of Ireland has many opportunities to laugh, although his amusement must be mingled with anxiety, for his ignorant patients do strange things. They have great faith in the doctor, a superstitious faith in his drugs and appliances, but they often make nonsense of his orders.

A dispensary doctor once prescribed two pills for a sick labourer, which he sent by the man's wife in a small box, bearing the direction, "The whole to be taken immediately." On visiting the patient a little later, the doctor was surprised to find that the pills had not helped him. He asked the man's wife if she had given him the medicine. "I did, doctor," replied she; "but maybe the lid hasn't come off yet." The sick man had swallowed box and all.

Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, and she consulted the physician. "I'm sorry, madam," he said, gravely, "but your husband is dying by inches." "Well," she said, with an air of hopeful resignation, "wan good thing is, me poor man is six

foot t'ree in his stockin' feet, so he'll lasht some time yet."

A man who had sent for the doctor for the first time in his life watched with astonishment while the physician took his clinical thermometer from its case, slipped it under the patient's armpit, and told him to keep it there a second or two. Mike lay still, almost afraid to breathe, but when the doctor removed the thermometer he drew a long breath and exclaimed, "Ah, I do feel a dale betther already, sor!"

The doctor had paid a visit to Mr. Cassidy, and after his departure Mrs. Cassidy's friends in the village came in to hear the verdict. "Well," said Mrs. Cassidy, smoothing down her apron with an air of modest triumph, "the docther says Moike seems to be having an attack of plural pneumonia; but Oi says to him, Oi says, 'Doctor, you know well that Moike is a shmall little man,' Oi says, 'and ain't ye're exaggerating, for, to my thinking, single pneumonia is all there'd be room in him for,' Oi says. But whin he went off his wurrd was unchanged, so it's plural pneumonia Moike has, by his telling; and sure it's a grand, large disease for so shmall a man as him!"

When Mrs. Rafferty first heard from the doctor that her sister, Mrs. Cogan, had a "chronic stomach trouble," she felt uplifted with pride to think that "Mary Ann's poor turns had such a fine name;" but later on her pride was turned to bitterness. This was at the time the district visitor called, and after

her departure Mrs. Rafferty stated her grievance to Mr. Rafferty in no measured terms. "It's bad enough to have Mary Ann keep a-givin' out and be no help about the house," she said, acidly, "but now I know full well the doctor has only made up the name to sound big. For when Mrs. Sampson asked me what was the matter, I says to her, 'Me sister, Mary Ann,' I says, 'has had trouble off an' on all her days,' I says, 'an' now it has ended,' I says, 'in a chronic stomick; and the doctor says it's a serious thing.' She said she was sorry, but her lips was twitch, twitchin', an' I well believe, Tim, that a chronic stomick is the kind we all have, an' the doctor was makin' his joke on us!"

A London physician tells a story about his servant which reminds one in a vague way of the "skinnyside-out and the woolly-side-in" rime. He had just hired a servant who had some of the "ould dart" still clinging to her boots. One morning he noticed his office windows were rather dirty, and calling Bridget, he instructed her to clean them before he returned. At the same time he told her that he would stop and purchase a new chamois skin and send it home, and with this she was to clean the windows. After he had gone his rounds, he returned to his office. Glancing at the windows, he found them thickly streaked with grease. Bridget, and the following colloquy took place-"Bridget, didn't I tell you to clean the windows?" "Yes, sor." "And didn't I tell you to use the new chamois?" "Yes, sor." "Well, did you use it?"

"Sure, I did, sor." "Let me see the chamois," said the doctor, and Bridget promptly brought it. Then for the first time he learned that his wife had left the house a half-hour before him, and had sent home some tripe.

Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who knew him can best say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf. The doctor was called in, and after investigation informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman. "Act phwat?" said she. "Actinomycosis," replied the doctor. "Oh, no," cried Mrs. Mike, who was like the good lady in an earlier story. "Shure, doctor, how can yez say thot? A little man loike Moikel couldn't hould the name of ut, much less th' disaze thot goes wit ut!"

It is related of a coachman that his medical adviser prescribed animal food as the best means of restoring health and activity. "Patrick," said he, "you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food." Remembering his case a few days afterward, he called upon Pat at the stable. "Well, Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with the treatment?" "Oh, shure, sir," Pat replied, "Oi manage all right with the grain and oats, but it's mighty hard with the chopped hay."

A doctor was examining a poor woman patient in a local hospital in which the dietary did not err on the side of extravagance. "Do you expectorate much, my good woman?" asked the doctor. "Begorra, doctor," was the reply, "I don't expect t' ate much, but I can ate all I can get here."

"How did yez fale phwin the dentist was pullin' yure tathe?" enquired Mrs. M'Gorry of her husband. "How did I fale, is ut?" exclaimed Mike. "Bedad! Oi regritted wid ahl me hear-rt thot Oi wasn't born a hen!"

While a drove of bullocks were being driven through a northern village, one of them suddenly stopped, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the drover, would not move. A chemist who happened to see the affair went up to the bullock and injected a drug, which made the animal career down the street. A few minutes after the drover entered the chemist's shop, and asked him if he gave the bullock the medicine. "I did," replied the chemist. "Well," said Pat, "I'll take a penn'orth of it, as I've got to follow the baste."

A man, requiring a small bottle, and seeing one in a chemist's shop which he thought would suit him, entered the shop and enquired the price of the bottle. "Well," said the shopman, "as it is, it will be two-pence, but if you want anything in it, I won't charge for the bottle." "Faith, sir," said the man, "please put a cork in."

In a Dublin workshop, when the men absented themselves they were expected to produce a doctor's certificate. A man, absent, however, on a second occasion, and told to bring his certificate, gave in the one used before. The manager, looking at it, said—"Why, Macguire, this is an old certificate!"
"Sure I know that, your honour," said Macguire calmly. "And isn't it the same ould complaint?"

A physician describes a remarkable case of a patient's confidence in his medical adviser. When I was a student, he says, I had a patient with a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed, and a lighter one put in its place, I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty, and I could not understand it. A week afterwards, on removing this pin, I found it had stuck hard and fast, and I was forced to remove it with the forceps. What was my astonishment to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice, instead of through the cloth. "Why, Pat," said I, "didn't you know that pin was sticking in you?" "To be sure I did," replied Pat. "But I thought you knowed your business, so I hilt me tongue."

A doctor had a newly-arrived Hibernian for a servant; he had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise-leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new foot gear, asked the doctor, in the presence of the servant, what they were made of, to which he responded: "Porpoise hide." Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S—, and announced her intention of "Laving whin me week is up." Mrs. S—, somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded, with a horrified air—"Yer husband is a docther, mum, an' I've heard them docthers do be

cuttin' up people, an' didn't I hear um, wid me own ears, say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide. It's me ould father that died in the poorhouse, an' I wouldn't be servin' a haythen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirthy feet wid."

Scottish shrewdness is occasionally overmatched by Irish wit. The handful of people who inhabit Tory Island, a little spot in the Atlantic, off the Irish coast, enjoy so much health and so very little wealth that there is no doctor on the island. In rare cases of emergency a physician is brought in a boat from the nearest village on the mainland. On one occasion, some islanders who were obliged to summon their doctor found that he had gone to Dublin on business. As the case was urgent, they invoked the services of the only other practitioner within a score of miles. This gentleman was a Scotsman, with the proverbial "canniness" of his race, and he declined to undertake the voyage unless he received his feea golden sovereign—in advance. There was no help for it, and the money was paid. The physician went to Tory Island and attended to the case. But when he enquired for a boat to take him away, he found that not a boatman on the island would ferry him back again for any less consideration than two pounds, paid in advance. The doctor had to part with the two sovereigns, and to admit that he had been beaten at his own game.

## VII.—THE FLOWING BOWL.

heartily with his brother in a "glass," and is not very particular whether his beverage is "poteen" or not. Like all others he is an amusing—if undignified—animal when under the influence of drink, and many anecdotes relate his sayings and doings. He is fruitful in excuses, and always ready with his tongue; and, indeed, it may be said, with perfect truth, that Paddy is an exception to the rule implied in the Scots proverb "When drink's in wit's oot." The Irishman's wit burns brighter when nourished by that oil which is said to lubricate the wheels of social life.

"Pat, whoi are yez so often dhrunk whin yez come to mate me?" reproachfully asked an Irish girl of her lover. "Shure, me darlint, it's all through yer purty face," replied Pat, with an admiring glance. "Away wid yer nonsense!" exclaimed the girl. "Phwat has me 'purty face,' as yez call it, to do wid yez gettin' dhrunk?" "Whoi, colleen," said Pat, "yez can't have too much av a good thing, an' whin Oi'm dhrunk, an' look at yer purty face, Oi can see two or three av thim, an' it's a timptation Oi can't resist!"

In a dark room in an Irish cabin Biddy was search-

ing for the whisky bottle, when her husband, who was in bed, enquired—"What is't yer lookin' fur, Biddy?" "Nuthin', Pat," answered Biddy. "Shure," replied the husband, who suspected the reason of her search, "you'll find it in the bottle where the whisky was."

A tipsy labourer was travelling in a train, and every time the train stopped, out came a string of oaths. "Don't you know, sir," said a lady opposite, "that it is impolite to swear before a lady?" The labourer looked dazed for a moment, and then replied, "Sure, mum, I beg your pardon; but Oi didn't know ye wanted to swear first!"

An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin announced in an Irish paper that he "had still a quantity of the whisky on hand which was drunk by George IV. when in Ireland."

As a habitual inebriate was lying drunk on the streets of Dublin, apparently fast asleep, he was taken into an undertaker's shop by some youngsters and placed in a coffin. He slept on soundly until about six o'clock p.m., when he awoke, and seeing all the empty coffins at each side of him, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed—"Begor! I'm late for the resurrection."

"Have a drink, quick, before me wife comes in, Cassidy!" said Casey. "What would she do if she caught ye?" enquired Cassidy. "Break ivery bone in me body!" explained Casey, adding, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, Cassidy!"

Pat Dooley wanted the whisky from the top shelf,

A RAAL REFRESHER. BY ERSKINETNICOL, R.S.A. to the black twist, when are a concal air a "What is't at " or "
but leather, Fet," amount to the
cal replied the hudged, who is to the
cal are a her search, pacific and it to the
a larget the whistly was."

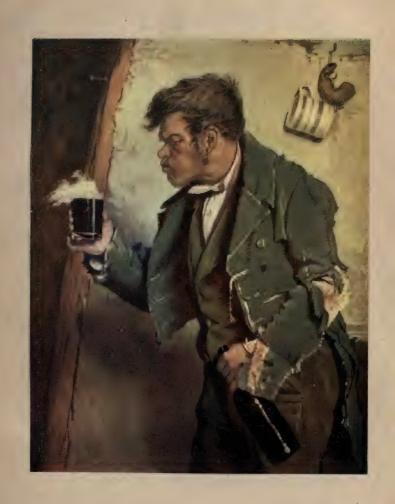
A type labourer was travelling in a coon, and every time the train special, out the plane of oaths. They want have a prince of that a second of a compact and their resided, they are a first product to a compact, and their resided, they are a first product to Ci diduct known years at the content of the con

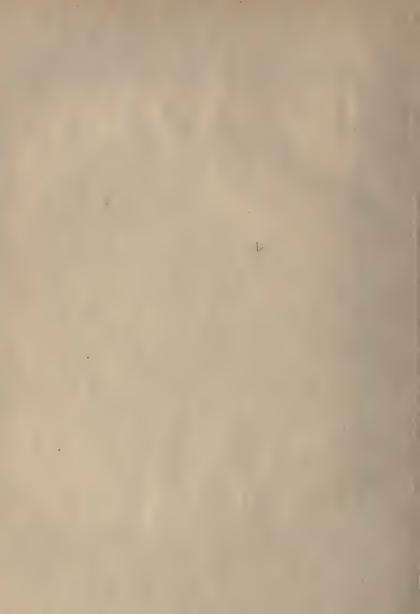
Acceptance in the first of the property of the second of t

AS A LOOM SHAPE TO THE TOTAL OF THE STATE OF

Have a dried, age to be seen who comes in, in the second What would she do if she are supported Cassely. "Break ivers the applicated Cassely, and me."

The Trade paried the which promise on they,





and he could not reach it. Just at the moment Mrs. Dooley rose from her chair at the fire to stir the porridge, and Pat took the chair from behind her to use as an elevator. Realising that if Mrs. Dooley took it into her head to sit down again there would be a calamity, he bawled—"Moind, Biddy, moind; don't be after sittin' down on the sate that isn't there."

"Talking about whisky, Mike, isn't one kind of whisky just as good as another?" "Indade it is not. Some phwiskey hasn't a rale good foight in a barrel av it."

A lady requiring her windows cleaned sent for her soldier-servant, and told him that whisky mixed with whiting would make the glass shine beautifully. She gave him the whisky, with strict injunctions to use as directed. Some time afterwards she went to see how he was getting on, and, seeing signs of his having drunk the whisky, she asked him if he had mixed it with the whiting as directed. He replied—"Shure, ma'am, it was a pity to waste it like that; and I managed betther, for by drinking it, and then braything on the windows, shure they got the good of it, and that does just as well!"

"Papa was very shocked, Patrick," said the vicar's daughter to a parishioner, "to see you standing outside the Green Man this morning, after church." "Oi can 'sure ye, miss," replied Patrick, "it wus no fault o' moine that I wus standin' ootside."

A man was in the habit of going home drunk every night and beating his wife. The priest heard of this, and, meeting Pat one morning, he said, "Pat, the next time you get drunk, I'll turn you into a rat." Pat, thoroughly believing that the priest could do as he said, decided to mend his ways. For the next two nights he came home sober, to the great delight of his wife; but on the third night he came home as drunk as ever. Turning to his wife he said, solemnly—"Don't run away, Biddy. I'm not going to beat you. The priest said that next time I got drunk he would turn me into a rat, and into a rat I'll go. Look at me," he continued, "and think of the days when we were young, and when you see me getting littler and littler, and the whiskers growing out of me, and hair growing all over me, for God's sake, Biddy, as you love me, kape yer oie on the cat."

The master was giving a dinner party. In the course of the meal the butler ran into the room in a state of wild alarm, exclaiming—"Quick! a glass av wine!" Everybody stared; but the host poured a glass of wine and handed it to Pat. He swallowed it at a gulp. "What is the matter?" demanded his master. "Och, shure, sorr, it's meself that was dreadfully upset. The glass av wine has done me good. It has brought me round. Indade, sorr, Oi've jist had the misfortune to break yer two large dishes of porcelain!"

Some time ago a resident in Dublin entertained an old Presbyterian minister, who was short-sighted, and who liked to prowl about the city by himself. On returning home one evening, his host found him reading the Bible, and the minister exclaimed—"I

can't make it out at all; I have read Genesis xxx. twice over, and am none the wiser." He then explained that a large proportion of the shops in Dublin had "Genesis xxx." inscribed on them. "Genesis xxx.!" exclaimed his host, in astonishment. "Whatever do you mean?" "Oh, it's all over the place—on the walls, and even on the barrels!" said the minister. Then it dawned upon the minister's host, and he laughingly said—"Why, you mean Guinness's XXX.!"

"After ye've drank all the whisky that's good for ye, ye should call for sarsparilla!" said Mrs. Dooley to her husband. "Begorrah!" exclaimed the husband, "after O've drank all the whisky that's good for me I can't say sashp'rilla!"

In the old days, when smuggling was rife amongst the inhabitants of the English South Coast towns, an old Ramsgate boatman, of Irish extraction, was asked to name the hardest-worked creature next to himself. After a little consideration he replied—"Och, a Ramsgate donkey, to be sure; for, after carrying angels all day, bejabers, he has to carry sperrits all night."

In a small town in the West there was a young man who made it a point to indulge freely in the "flowing bowl" every pay night. On the advice of a friend he determined to reform his habits, and joined a temperance society in the district. All went well for a month or so, but being sorely tempted one night, he presented himself at the bar of his favourite "pub." "Give me a bottle of ginger beer," he said

to the waiter, and then lowering his voice to a whisper, he continued, "Put a glass of whisky in it, unknown to me."

A tourist who has just given Pat a drink from his flask, remarked—"That's a drop of good whisky—eh, Pat?" "Faith," said Pat, "ye may well say thot, sorr. Shure, it wint down my t'roat loike a torchlight procission."

A stingy son of Erin, on one occasion, upon seeing another Irishman just going to drink a glass of whisky, exclaimed—"Hould on, Pat, just let an ould frind have a drop, the laiste drop in the wurruld." His friend passed the glass, and the stingy one quietly emptied it. Pat was naturally annoyed, and said—"Bedad, I thought you only wanted a drop?" "Yes," replied the stingy friend, "but the drop I wanted was at the bottom!"

Judge Porter, the popular Irish magistrate, in sentencing a notorious drunkard, said, "You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law allows; and I hope you will spend your time in cursing whisky." "I will, sir," promptly answered the impertinent toper, "and Porter, too."

The firemen were industriously trying to extinguish a blaze in a public-house one night when an impecunious Irishman who had been drinking "on tick" said to his friend in the brigade—"If ye love me, Mick, play on the 'slate.'"

A labourer, who was fond of his little drop, determined to pass his favourite public-house on his road home. Nearing the shop he began to get shaky,

but summoning up courage he passed it about fifty yards, then turned, saying to himself—"Well done, Pat, me bhoy! Come back and I'll trate ye!"

An Englishman boasted to an Irishman that porter was meat and drink, and on his way home fell into a ditch and lay there. Pat, on finding him, said, "Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you, but it's much better, for it's washing and lodging, too."

A story is told of a very popular cavalry officer. He was being tried for drunkenness, and among other witnesses on his behalf was his soldier-servant. The court, anxious to give the officer every chance, put several questions to this witness with a view to eliciting any facts that might be in his master's favour. When the man said that his master, on going to bed, had expressed a wish to be called early, the court was distinctly pleased. A man who gave special instructions to be called early could not, they argued to themselves, have been drunk. Hoping to get favourable particulars, they put a further question. "And why did Major - wish to be called early?" "Faith, an' he tould me it was because he was to be Queen of the May," promptly came the answer. That settled it.

Mr. J. L. Toole, the famous comedian, once told this story in his own inimitable manner. "I was in the Pitti Gallery at Florence with John Billington. We had been looking at the pictures all day. I was just going to tell Billington that I had had enough when an Irish voice expressed the same idea, but more eloquently than I should have done. 'No, my darlint; I'll not go in there; I'm thundering toired av the whole thing.' We turned round, and there was the typical Hibernian gentleman talking to his wife. 'No, darlint, I'll sit here 'til ve come out: go an' see the thing; I'm toired av the whole show!' He was very hot, mopped his face with a handkerchief, and composed himself quietly on a bench at the entrance to one of the side galleries. 'Here's a chance,' I said to Billington. I had a catalogue in my hand; up I went to the Irishman, and in the best bogus Italian I could invent I pretended to draw his attention to the objects of art which he was neglecting. 'Si Signor,' I said. 'Proccacinio contralto Carlo dolci, grandioso del suiti.' 'My good man,' he replied in a fine brogue, 'I don't understand a word you say; I'm an Irishman, and can't spake your lingo.' 'Ah, della fatissimo,' I said, shrugging my shoulders, 'delta forraio con amore.' 'It's no good,' said the Irishman. 'I'm toired av the entoire show, and I don't understand a blissed word av it.' He turned away wearily, and I said-'Then, bejabers, can ve tell me where I can get a glass av Oirish whisky?' 'The saints save us!' he exclaimed. The change of expression in his face, the way he jumped to his feet, the man's delight when he found I was not an Italian at all, and, like himself, was weary of sight-seeing, knew no bounds. It was quite a little comedy in its way."

A Nationalist M.P., when engaged in canvassing, visited a working-man's house, in the principal room

of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne. The worthy man stared in amazement, and seeing his surprise the voter's wife explained—"Shure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic." "How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician. "Very well, indade, barring the 12th of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home drunk." "Well?" "Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him, and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him, and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

## VIII.-WIT AND HUMOUR.

T may be said with something approaching truthfulness, and our earlier chapters bear out the remark, that in all circumstances and at all times the Irishman is a wit and a humorist. It is true that his humour is at times unconscious, and that on occasion he is witty without intention, but this is a condition of things which proves that wit and humour are part and parcel of his being. To such an extent has he become identified with a propensity for joking that if any one has difficulty in locating an anecdote he at once attributes it to the proverbial Paddy. Nor is Paddy annoyed at this; he takes the responsibility with undisturbed equanimity.

In the matter of making a suggestion the Irishman always employs his native humour. "Well, Pat," said a Dublin manufacturer to one of his employees on the morning after a little conviviality, "they tell me I made a fool of myself last night." "It's not for the loiks o' me," answered Pat, "to be sayin' 'yes' or 'no' to that, sor." "But isn't it true," continued the employer, with that relish which so many men have for talking of their misdeeds, "that I was so loaded that you had to carry me home from the club?" "It is, sor," said Pat. "And I

suppose you had a good deal of trouble doing it?"
"Well," said Pat, recognising that he might talk
with some little freedom, "Oi can't say about the
trouble, but Oi had my regrets." "Ah!" said the
employer, "you regretted to see me in that condition,
of course?" "Not exactly that, sor," admitted Pat;
"but Oi regretted that ye didn't think of it in toime,
and ax me to carry half yer load."

The Irishman is always inclined to take things as they are, and be thankful that they are not worse. A farm labourer, while engaged at work, sustained an accident which resulted in a broken leg. Of course the neighbours were kind to him, and called to offer their sympathy. "Arrah bejabers," said Pat, in a tone of extreme satisfaction, when he heard them bewailing his misfortune, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck!"

Paddy is always ready with his answer if he thinks any one is trying to take advantage of him, and a good story illustrative of this is on record. A man once received as a present from a sea captain a fine specimen of the bird which sailors call the "laughing-jackass." As he was carrying it home, he met a brawny navvy, who stopped, and said to him—"Phwat kind of burrd is that, sor?" "That's a laughing-jackass!" explained the owner, genially. But Pat was not to be taken in with any story of that kind, and, with a twinkle in his eye, he responded—"It's not yerself; it's the burrd Oi mane, sor!"

The man who was glad that it was his leg and not

his neck that was broken had a friend once when a terrific storm was raging. This Irishman had taken lodgings in a house which was built in an exposed situation, and which did not stand very securely. Fearing that it might be blown down, one of the servants roused the lodger. "What's the matter?" he asked, as he rubbed his eyes. "Don't you hear the wind?" asked the servant, adding—"We're afraid the house will be blown down." "Sure, then," said Patrick, turning over and drawing the clothes more tightly round him, "go and tell the landlord; the house doesn't belong to me."

The important question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" would probably be replied to in the affirmative by many an Irishman and Irishwoman. The course of post nuptial affection does not always run smooth in Ireland.

"So your poor husband has passed away, Mrs. Murphy," said a sympathising visitor. "He died happy, I hope?" "Oi think so, mum," replied Mrs. Murphy. "The last thing he did was to crack me over the head wid a medicine bottle!"

Nor is it always the husband who is the aggressor. An Irish peasant, who was anxious to know what a phrenologist was, inquired of a friend, and received the answer—"Why, a person that can tell by the feel of the bumps on your head what kind of man you are." "Bumps on me head is it!" exclaimed the worthy peasant. "Begor, then, they'd tell him more what kind of a woman my wife is!"

The following story illustrates one way, the easiest

way, of excusing personal deficiencies—"Th' professor kin spake in four differint tongues, Dinny."
"Thor's only wan t'ing thot kapes me from doin' the same, Larry." "An' phwat is thot?" "Oi hovn't the four tongues."

An Irishman was riding a frisky horse. The animal presently got its hind foot into one of the stirrups. "Bejabers," said the Irishman, "if ye're going to get up it's time for me to get down."

"Look here," exclaimed Pat. "That half-crown ye lent me yisterday wuz a counterfeit." "Well," retorted Mike, "didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?"

"Why don't you get your ears cropped?" cried a big cabman to an Irishman who was trudging after a drove of donkeys. "They are a precious sight too long for a man." "Are they?" said Paddy, turning round and looking his assailant full in the face. "Then, bejabers, yours are much too short for an ass!"

"Sure, yer hair is falling frightfully. You'll be bald soon if it kapes on," said one Irishman to a companion. "Faith, I'll be balder still if it don't kape on," was the reply.

"Supposing, Bridget," asked Mrs. Hiram, "I should deduct from your wages the price of all the china you broke?" "Well, mem," said Bridget, "I

think I'd be loike the china."

An Irishman, who had on a very ragged coat, was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know," said he; "but most of it is made of fresh air, I think."

"Well, anyway," said Mike, "I kin flatter mesilf that I was nivver so droonk that I didn't know what I was doin'." "An' be the same token," said Pat, "ye war nivver so sober that ye did."

An Irishman, leaving Belfast by steamer, waving his cap to his friends in the harbour, accidentally let it blow into the water. The captain, thinking he would have a joke at the Irishman's expense, said—"Hallo! Pat, is that the only cap you've got?" When Pat immediately replied—"Bejabers, I haven't got that one either."

On seeing a notice in the window of a country general shop that everything was sold there by the yard an Irishman entered. "Do you sell milk?" said he. "Yes," said the shopman. "Then give me a yard," said the customer. "All right," said the shopman, and, dipping his finger in a milk can at his side, he drew it a yard in length on the counter. Looking up triumphantly, he said—"Do you want anything else, sir?" "No," said the customer; "but jist rowl it up in a bit o' paper, and I'll take it home wid me."

A gentleman was walking down a country road one day when an Irishman with a donkey and cart came up with him and called for him to get out of the road. The gentleman turned round and surlily remarked—"I shall not go out of the road for an ass." The ready-witted Irishman said—"Then, bedad, I will," putting his moke at the same time to the other side of the road.

A young man once went to a kind-hearted old

squire for a recommendation. An elaborate testimonial was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not move. "What's the matter with it?" demanded the squire. "Oh, nothin', sorr," said the lad quickly. "Well, then, why don't you go?" "Sure, sorr, I thought on the stringth of a recommind like that you'd be wantin' to hire me."

"It's a fine morning, Biddy," said the squire.

"It is a foine morning, your hanner and ladyship.

And shure I had a foine drame last night." "What did you dream, Biddy?" inquired the lady. "Shure, I drimt his hanner gave me a pound of 'baccy, and your ladyship gave me a pound of tay!" "Ah," laughingly replied the squire, "but, you know, Biddy, dreams go by contraries." "Shure, thin, your hanner can give me the pound of tay, and her ladyship can give the pound of 'baccy!"

At a large exhibition of pictures an Irishman was standing, catalogue in hand, before a vivid representation of the Deluge, when an old lady, seeing he had a catalogue, asked him to tell her the subject of the painting. "A summer's day in the West of Ireland, madam," replied the Irishman, promptly.

In one of the principal streets of Dublin, a stranger accosted an Irishman with the question—"Could you tell me the way to the station, Pat?" To this the Irishman replied—"Shure, but how did you know my name wor Pat?" "Why, I guessed it." "Well, seeing you're such a good guesser, you can guess the way to the station," was Pat's retort as he passed along.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, came across an Irishman on one occasion who declared that he had travelled farther North than anybody. "What nonsense!" exclaimed the doctor, getting angry. "Why, sir, do you know I calculate to have travelled as far as any human being can possibly get." But still the Irishman persisted, and went on to say—"Now, listen to this. How do you know that ye've travelled as far as any human being can get?" "Because," replied the doctor, "I came to a huge wall of ice that no one could get around." "What did ye do then?" "Well, I conversed with my staff of men on the subject." "Ah, yes, begorra," exclaimed Pat. "Oi heard ye. Oi was on th' other soide o' the wall!" And he walked away in triumph.

An Irishman entered a tramcar, seated himself, took out his pipe, and put it in his mouth. "You can't smoke here," said the guard. "I know it, sorr; I'm not smokin'," said the Irishman. "But you've got your pipe in your mouth," continued the guard. "Yes, sorr," retorted the Irishman; "an' I've got me feet in me boots, but I'm not walkin', sorr."

Once there chanced to be a young lady passenger on board an Irish boat named the Eagle, who had got with her a very good character from her place in England. She was on her way home to Ireland. She was so pleased with her character that she was showing it to some of the passengers on board, when the wind caught it, and blew it out of her hand and into the sea. She was terribly upset, and at once

went to the captain. He, being a good-natured Irish fellow, said he would soon put it right for her. He went to his cabin, and wrote out the following:—
"This is to certify that Mary Ann Murphy lost her good character on board the Eagle, while sailing from England to Ireland. Signed, Captain Spooner."

An Irish gentleman who wished to express his hospitable feelings to his surrounding friends said—"Now, mind, if you are ever within one mile of my house, I hope you will stay there for a week!"

"Are there any fish in the pool to-day?" asked a gentleman of an Irish peasant. "Fish is it?" said the peasant. "It's fair polluted with them!"

At a dinner party given by the Archbishop of Dublin to some of his fellow bishops, his Grace, noticing that the wine was not circulating, remarked to the Bishop of Cork, "If you are Cork, you need not stop the bottle." "Your Grace should draw me out," was the smart reply. To which the Archbishop rejoined—"What! you don't mean to say you want to be screw'd!"

When Barnum was in San Francisco, he advertised for a cherry-coloured cat. An Irishman answered the advertisement, and offered to bring him a fine cherry-coloured pussy for two dollars and a half. Barnum was so delighted that he sent the man the money at once, in order to hold him to his bargain. But his delight changed to unmitigated disgust when the Irishman came and jerked a wall-eyed, sickly-looking black cat out of the bag, and told him that it's name was Billy, and that it was very fond of

fish. "What d'ye mean by bringing me this thing?" yelled Barnum. "Didn't you say you had a cherry-coloured cat?" "I did that, Mr. Barnum," said the Irishman, "and didn't Oi bring yez wan? Didn't ye iver ate black cherries, asthore?" The great showman never advertised for a cherry-coloured cat again.

"If," said Pat, "Oi had half a million pounds."
"Tut, tut, man!" exclaimed Mike. "Phwat's the use

av dhramin' whin yer not ashlape?"

In spite of the cordial relations supposed to exist between the Anglo-Saxon nations, the Englishman comes in for his share of Yankee raillery. A scion of the British aristocracy, visiting America, stepped up to a young man in the street, and tapping him on the shoulder, asked him for a light for his cigar with this elaborate explanation—"Pardon me, my dear man, but could I trouble you for a match? This is my first visit to New York, d've know? I'm a stranger, but on the other side I am somebody of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, old chap?" With a deep and unmistakable brogue the young man replied—"Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, tonight, and every night-Michael Murphy."

There is a class of persons now fast fading in Ireland, viz., the professional mendicant, who made an annual tour of a considerable part of some one pro-

vince. Such a person had quite an established connection, and went about collecting a sort of rent. He gave good value for what he got. He knew all the clergy, gentry, and farmers in his own extensive beat, and gave news and witty remarks in exchange for his allowance. He had a wonderful knack of hitting off places and people in a few concise and compact sentences. Thus he described one town as "wan of the natest towns in the ring of Ireland, for if ye made a slip in the street of it, be the help of God ye were always sure to fall into a public-house." Could there be a more ironical description of the excessive number of licensed liquor shops than this? A well-grown, good-sized voungster he described as "the full-of-the-door of a man;" an untrustworthy person was "wan ye couldn't believe daylight itself out of;" the miser was "wan who wouldn't give God Almighty tuppence to take him out of hell;" a person born to great poverty as "wan who niver wanted to watch his pocket."

An Irishman, who had walked a long distance, feeling very dry, and seeing a milkman in the streets, asked the price of a quart of milk. "Threepence," replied the milkman. "Then give us a quart in pints," said Pat. "Right," was the reply. Pat, on drinking one pint, asked—"How do we stand?" The milkman replied—"I owe yer a pint." "And I owe you one," said Pat; "so we are straight."

"Me woife nearly broke me head lasht noight wid

a chair," explained Clancy. "Phwy don't yez git easy chairs?" enquired Casey.

An Englishman and an Irishman met one day, and the former, to have some fun with Pat, asked him if he was good at measurements. "I am that," said Pat. "Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked the Englishman. "Well," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you get into."

Oliver Ogilvie was travelling with a friend to a fair, and at a railway station had to move up to make room for a woman who got into the compartment. At the next station some more marketing folk got in, with the result that Oliver was tightly wedged between two stout basket-women. "Ye'll be uncomfortable there," said his friend. "Och, naw; shure Oi hav'n't much room for grumbling."

A wealthy bank officer, being applied to for aid by a needy Irishman, answered, petulantly, "No, no; I can't help you. I have fifty such applicants as you every day." "Shure and ye might have a hundred without costing you much, if nobody gets more than I do," was the response.

In a small village in County Clare lived Pat M'Ginty, a cottar, who was widely famed for his sharpness of wit and readiness of speech. His neighbours loved to boast that no one, not even his wife, Norah, could have the last word in an argument with Pat. A stranger coming to the district heard of

Pat's linguistic prowess and resolved to put it to the test. Meeting Pat in the street the visitor hailed him with—"I'll bet you five shillings, Pat, that I'll take you to where you can't have the last word." "Done!" said Pat. Accordingly the stranger led the way to where there was a famous echo, between two wooded hills. In a short time Pat returned to the village triumphantly jingling his five shillings. His friends inquired how he had beaten the echo. "Byes," said Pat with a grin, "the thing came back to me for a shpell, but, shure, I got even wid it, for I shpoke th' last wur-rd undher me breath."

Thackeray tells of an Irishwoman begging alms from him, who, seeing him putting his hands in his pockets, said—"May the blessings of God follow you," but when he only pulled out his snuffbox, she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

When Miss Delavelle Barrington was playing Miami in the "Green Bushes," at the old Mary Street Theatre, Cork, a ludicrous incident occurred. Miami has to jump into the Mississippi, but when Miss Barrington reached the rocky eminence from which she had to leap, she saw there was no mattress below to receive her. Miss Barrington, however, nothing daunted, took her leap, and came down with a thud on the bare stage. The situation struck a member of the "gods," for a stentorian voice called out-"Oh! bejabers, 'tis frozen!"

"Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "did yez ever hear th'

old sayin', 'beauty is only skin-deep?' " "I did. An' a foine, true sayin' it is." "It's nothin' iv the koind. Oi'm thinkin' iv it's foolishness ivery toime Oi take the cover off a baked pitaty."

A porter was engaged in clearing a luggage van, when the door swung back, striking him violently on the head. "Oh, Pat!" he exclaimed to an Irishman standing on the platform, "I believe I have opened my head." "Bedad, and now's the time to put something in it," was Pat's witty reply.

An Irishman is fond of expressing his views on things in general—if he fails to get a listener he will talk to himself. A man who was much annoyed at Pat's muttering, one day said—"Pat, does it never occur to you that your constant talk and muttering to yourself are a great annoyance to people who happen to be about? Why do you talk so to yourself?" "Shure, sir, Oi have two raysons for that." "What are your reasons?" "Wan av thim," replied Pat. "is that Oi loike ter talk to a sinsible man, an' the other is thot Oi loike ter hear a sinsible man talk."

A Tipperary "boy" said of a well-to-do but miserly farmer, "He is worth two thousand pounds to my knowledge; but I would not nail up a peach tree with his clothes."

When flogging was in vogue in the Navy an Irishman and a Scotsman, after sailing for three months, got to port. They obtained leave to go ashore for ten days, and, having stopped beyond that time,

when they came back they were both sentenced to receive twenty lashes with the cat. The Scotsman begged as a favour that he might have a piece of canvas on his back while the flogging was being administered, and his favour was granted. Then the captain, turning to the Irishman, said—"What favour do you ask?" to which the Irishman replied, "If it plaze yer honour, I'd loike the Scotsman on my back."

Many readers will be familiar with pools, wells, etc., which, according to local tradition, are "bottomless." Here is a story in connection with an old disused well in an ancient provincial city. The guide-not a very truthful one-was explaining to a group of interested visitors the many attempts which he alleged had been made to find the bottom of this particular well. "All to no purpose, gentlemen," he concluded. "There simply isn't a bottom!" "Shtuff and blarney," said an Irishman in the party. "Shure, ve could foind the bottom insoide twinty seconds!" "But I've tried, I tell vou," persisted the guide. "Phat do ye say, bhoys," demanded the son of Erin, with a wink at his friends. "Oi votes he throies again! Let's dhrop him down." Instantly the guide was seized, and, thinking they had been drinking, he set up a terrific howl. "Hould yer wisht, will yez!" roared the Irishman. "Shure, av the well's bottomless ye'll have nothin' to bump agin, will vez?"

An Irishman is naturally devout, and as a rule accepts the decrees of providence without a murmur. His climate is as changeable as he is himself, but you rarely hear him grumble. Anything short of a deluge is "a grand day, glory be to God," or, if he is completely wet through, "a fine soft day for the country." On one occasion, when it had rained incessantly for weeks, one man said to another—"What do you think of the weather, Flannagan?" "I think," said Flannagan, looking round at the dripping hedges and soaking fields, "I think if I was to be makin' weather, an' made the likes of this, there'd be grumblin' at it." It was wrung out of him, and surely disapprobation was never more delicately expressed.

An Irishman went to a Scottish contractor several times and asked him for a job. The Scotsman, tired of the man's perseverance, told him to go to the devil and see if he could get a job there. "Ah! sure, be mi soul, I've been to him," said the Irishman, "and he's taking nobody on but Scotsmen."

A stranger walking along a country road met an Irishman who was holding a ram by the horns, and the following conversation took place—"Will you hold this ram," said the Irishman, "while I climb over and open this gate from the other side?" "Certainly," said the obliging stranger, as he seized the big horns. "Thanks," said the Irishman when he got to the other side. "The vicious brute

attacked me about an hour ago, and we have been struggling together ever since. As long as you stand before him holding his horns he can't hurt you. Farewell! I hope you will be as lucky in getting away as I've been."

Irish wit, as we have said, is proverbial, and in the theatre, as out of it, its display has furnished unrehearsed sources of laughter and of interest not set down in the bill, even to the detriment of he argument of the play which was then being considered.

One night, two youths at the back of the gallery indulged, as Irish youths will, in a free-fight. When they were parted, one was dragged one way, and the other, borne on an elevated plane of uplifted hands, was carried to a man sitting in the very front row, and was held suspended over the pit. In an instant the audience was hushed in patient, or impatient, expectation of his fall. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a shout from the other side of the gallery—"Don't waste him, Pat; kill a fiddler wid 'im!" It was an instinct of that peculiarly economical characteristic of the nation which never wastes anything except its talent.

While the competitors were lifting their exhibits at the close of a flower show two worthies got into an argument over the ownership of three stalks of rhubarb. A member of the committee (an Irishman) who happened to come on the scene, on learning the

cause of the disturbance, said, to the amusement of those standing around—"Well, bhoys, it's not worth the argument, for, bejabers, the subject is a sour wan."

Nobody can pay a prettier compliment than the Irishman when he chooses. His tongue and wit are never nimbler than when he employs them in the service of "blarney." A young professor from Dublin was staying with friends in England. At breakfast the little daughter of the house, who sat next the young Irishman, saw with amazement that he put no sugar in his tea. "Wouldn't you like even one lump of sugar in your tea?" she asked solicitously. "My papa likes three lumps." "Since you have looked into the cup, my little maid, the tea is quite sweet enough," responded the young fellow gallantly.

Patrick, a thrifty tradesman in the neighbourhood of the Dublin docks, was a man who never spent a penny more than he needed to spend; but he was, nevertheless, as good a man at the making of an Irish bull as any that lived between Bantry and Bally-castle. Having one day urgent occasion to send a letter to Glasnevin, Patrick called a messenger, and asked him his price for going such a distance. "It'll be a shillin'," said the man. "Twoice too much!" said Patrick. "Let ut be sixpence." "Nivver," answered the messenger. "The way is that lonely that I'd never go it under a shillin'." "Lonely, is

it?" said Patrick, scratching his head. "Faith an' ye're roight. Now man, I'll tell ye what we'll do; make it sixpence, an' I'll go wid ye to kape ye company!"

"Bejabbers," said Patrick O'Connel, "Oi waz born lucky. Jist after leavin' the house this mornin' Oi wor knocked down boi a cab; in the next street I wor caught in a pavement explosion, and round the next corner Oi were mistook for a thafe an' clobbed boi a polacemon; an' phin Oi got to worruk a big sthone from th' buildin' fell an' cracked me shoulder." "Where does the luck come in?" asked a bystander. "Faith!" exclaimed Pat, "ain't Oi aloive yit?"

"Are you good in arithmetic, Mike?" asked Paddy.
"I am," said Mike. "Well, if you had ten shillings and I axed you for the loan of five, how much would you have left?" "Ten shillings," said Mike with emphasis. "Ah, ye don't seem to ketch onter my idea," said Paddy. "No," said Mike; "an' you don't seem to ketch onto my five shillings."

In a builder's yard it was the custom to pay the men their wages in a little bag each week. One Saturday the master told Pat, when paying him, that he would not require his services any more. On the Monday, as the master was going round the yard he saw Pat at work as usual. "Hallo, Pat," said he, "didn't I give you the sack on Saturday?" "No,

sir," said Pat; "sure it was the same little bag I've always had." Pat's services were retained.

"I heard you were on sthrike," said Mike to his friend Pat. "I was that," answered Pat. "A strike for what?" "For shorter hours, Mike." "And did you get them?" "Sure, we did, Mike. It's not working at all I am now."

"Only think, Mrs. Grogan," said Mrs. Doolan, in a burst of confidence; "thot dear Paddy has practised so har-rd at the pianny for the lasht six months thot he has paraloized two fingers." "Begorrah!" exclaimed Mrs. Grogan, "thot's nothin', Mrs. Doolan. Me daughter Mary Ann has practised so har-rd for the lasht six months thot she's paraloized two piannies."

A waiter complimented a turkey in the following manner—"Faith, it's not six hours since that turkey was walking round its rale estate with his 'ands in his pocket, niver dreaming what a pretty invitation he'd have to jine ye gentlemen at dinner."

"Well, Mike," said a traveller, "I see you have a small garden!" "Yis, sorr," answered Mike. "What are you going to set in it for next season?" "Nothing, sorr. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up." "That's strange, how do you explain it?" "Well, sorr, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions." "Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?" "Yis, sorr. Bedad, them onions was that

strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow for their eyes watering."

An Irishman and an Englishman, both of whom had been touring through a part of Scotland, met at a hotel in London. In the course of a lengthened conversation a discussion took place as to which of them went farther north. The Englishman, who was something of a wit, and thinking to have a joke at the Irishman's expense, said—"I was ten miles north of Ayr, and I think to go higher would be impossible." But Pat was equal to the occasion, and after a moment's consideration added—"I agree that ten miles north of Ayr is a high altitude, but when I was twenty miles north of Skye I was a great deal higher."

There are many spots in Ireland to which are attached legends in which his Satanic Majesty plays a prominent part, such as the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Bowl, and many others. A good story is told of an Irishman's wit in this connection. One day an English tourist was being shown "the sights" by a guide whom we will call Dennis. The "Gap" and the "Bowl" had been viewed, and, moving away, the tourist remarked, "What an amount of land the devil possesses in Ireland. He must be a very important personage in your country." "Wisha then," said Dennis, "an' yer honour's right; but, like the rest iv the landlords, he's an absentee."

A gentleman, having had his boots cleaned by a

boy in a Dublin street, paid the shoeblack with a considerable degree of haughtiness, on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way off, said, "Arrah, now, faith, shure, all the polish you have is on your boots, an' 'twas meself that gave it to ye."

A man, being out of work, offered his services to an ice company to cut ice on a certain lake. Being asked if he was well up in the use of the cross-cut saw, and answering that he was, he was given the job. The first day after his engagement he was sent along with another man to cut ice on the lake. Arriving at the water's edge, Pat seemed rather puzzled, but soon brightened up again, and producing a halfpenny from his pocket, he held it between his finger and thumb, and said—"Now, Jamie, lad, fair play. We'll toss up who has to take the under side."

Edmund Burke was one day addressing a crowd in favour of the abolition of slavery. In spite of his eloquent appeals the crowd began to get hostile, and at last a rotten egg caught him full in the face. He calmly wiped his face and quietly said—"I always contended that the arguments in favour of slavery were rather unsound!" The crowd roared, and from that time he was no more molested.

Two men were one day working on a farm. Just about dinner-time they were called to dine off a large basin of broth. The farmer's wife had only one spoon, so she gave Pat a fork. Poor Pat was getting

nothing, while Mike nearly got it all. When it was about a third empty, Pat said, "Arrah now, Mike, you dig a bit and I'll shovel."

An Irishman once went into a hardware shop to buy a stove. The assistant showed him some, but the Irishman was not satisfied with any of them. Then, coming to a high-priced stove, the assistant said—"Now, sir, there is a stove that will save one-half of your coal." The Irishman promptly said—"I'll take two."

Two Irishmen, who had not been long in this country, met at an inn, and called for dinner. It happened there was a dish of horse-radish grated for dinner. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful into his mouth. The tears filled his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. His friend saw it, and said, "Pat, what is the matter?" "I was just thinking of my poor father that was hanged in swate Ireland," answered he. But Jemmy soon filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat said, "What's the matter? What has happened to ye?" "Ah!" replied Jemmy, "I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was!"

Garrick, when in Dublin, expressed a poor opinion of Irish wit, so Sir John O'Farrel made him a bet about it, and they agreed to ask an English and un Irish labourer each the same question, the wittiest

answer to win. An English workman was asked what he would take to stand naked on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. He scratched his head and said, "Ten guineas." Then they put the same question to an Irishman. "What, in mother's nakedness?" he said, meaning as naked as when born. "Yes, Pat." "Why, then, bejabers, I should take could!" was the reply.

Lord Tennyson was on one occasion anxious to test the wit of Irishmen, and having a gardener in his employ who hailed from Erin's Isle, one day accosted him thus—"Pat, tell me three things that are not possible to do in the Isle of Wight." Pat bethought himself for a moment, and then replied:
—"Shure and faith, sor, you can't thread the 'Needles,' nor drink 'Freshwater,' nor milk 'Cowes.'" His Lordship collapsed.

Pat going into a vault heard some men discussing the South African war. He began to take the part of the Boers, whereupon he was thrown through the window, and going to some of his friends outside he told them to come and watch him throw the men out of the vault window, and to count them as they came out. They did so, and they counted one. "Stop," exclaimed Pat, "it's me again."

Barry Sullivan, the tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." at Shrewsbury on one occasion. When the actor came to the lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" someone in the pit called

out—"Wouldn't a donkey do, Mr. Sullivan?"
"Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on
the interrupter. "Please come round to the stagedoor."

"Don't you keep a brush for that work, porter?" enquired a passenger of an Irish porter who was busy labelling luggage. "No, yer honour," replied the porter; "our tongues is the awnly insthruments. But they're aisy kept wet, yer honour."

A son of the Emerald Isle was removing from the house which he had occupied for a considerable time without paying any rent, when the landlord (who was familiar with him) appeared on the scene and said—"Hullo, Pat, why are you flitting? You've paid no rent at all. Sure you can't be getting a cheaper house." "No," replied Pat, "but I'm getting a larger garden."

The feeling of Ireland toward that part of Great Britain which is sometimes called the "predominant partner" is illustrated in a story of a waiter in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?" asked a customer. "See ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get home rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—and maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blayg'ards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get home rule, anyway." Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning

and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it," he said. "Oh, it's the grand Navy we've got!"

An Irish sailor, being desired to heave in a bucket of rubbish, threw it over the ship's side by a rope, which broke while being hauled up, and the bucket, being full, very naturally found its way to the bottom Poor Paddy was by this accident of the ocean. thrown into a fit of perplexity, and fearing the displeasure of the captain, he resolved to extricate himself from his dilemma by the following singular specimen of nautical logic: -Going up to the captain with a grotesque bow and a humorous grin-"Long life to your honour's riverence," he said, "and might I be so bowld as to spake a civil word wid you?" "Well, my man," replied the officer, "what have you to say?" "Sure, then," said the tar, "and it's myself, Pat Mullins, would be axing your honour, can a thing be lost when you know whereabouts it is?" "Certainly not," said the captain; "but wherefore do you ask so foolish a question?" "Blud and ouns, then," said Paddy, "the bucket I let overboard a while ago is not lost, for I can tell where it is—sure enough, it's safe and sound at the bottom of the sea!"

A good story is told of an ostler who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, your honour. I knew very well, but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

An Englishman, travelling in Ireland, was rating a porter for not putting his luggage in the right train. "You donkey! Didn't I tell you I was going to Bray?" "Och, sure," said Pat, "any ass can do that."

"I understand, Pat," said an employer interviewing an applicant for a situation, "that you have a big family dependent on you?" "Yes, sor—ten childer, seven pigs, and the ould woman!"

In a restaurant a waiter was in the habit of bringing an old gentleman's tea, the major part of which was usually in the saucer. "Look here, Pat," said the old gentleman, "to-morrow evening if you bring my tea without spilling a drop in the saucer I will give you a shilling to yourself." "Right, sor," said Pat, and the following evening he won the shilling by bringing the cup in one hand and the saucer in the other.

At one of the west coast watering-places a young lady was walking along the esplanade, when a sudden gust of wind took her parasol from her hand, and sent it full into the face of an old Irishman behind her. The lady hastened to apologise, saying—"I am

so sorry, sir, the wind took it from my hand." "Shure, now, don't distress yerself," answered the gallant Irishman. "If yez had been as sthrong as yez are pretty a hurricane couldn't have tuk it from yez."

A glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to be sure to put in plenty of putty. The man bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by:—"Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head without any putty."

A policeman, stopping a carter who had not got his name on his cart, examined the cart and said—"I see your name's 'oblitherated!'" "You're a liar!" replied Pat instantly. "Me name's O'Flaherty!"

"Well, Mr. Duffy, how are you to-night?" a polite political canvasser asked an Elswick labourer. "We've come to ask for your vote." "Indade, that's what I'm thinking," the voter replied with an amused smile, "for Jack Duffy only gets Mister at election toimes." He had been canvassed before.

A man who pursued the humble occupation of a ragman was a great orator in his way, and frequently addressed local meetings. On one occasion he was endeavouring to prove that even a savage state is better than the condition of Ireland. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I saw little children out in Africa there. They had no clothes, it is thrue. They were

naked, but they were free." "Bad place for a ragman, Mick," shouted a little fellow in the back seat, and the orator collapsed amid the laughter of the audience.

In a country school the principal undertook to convey to his pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. He wrote on the blackboard, "bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the class, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out—"Please, sorr, for the bird to roosht on."

A gentleman had occasion to visit Connaught. Travelling along, he overtook a boy who was in charge of a number of donkeys carrying loads of turf in panniers. Noticing that the donkeys were not shod, he asked the reason. "Shure," replied the boy, who was shoeless himself, "it wud ill become the bastes to be shod an' their master barefut!"

"Spell hostility," commanded the schoolmaster.

"H-o-r-s-e, horse——" commenced Pat. "Not horse-tility," said the master, "but hostility."

"Shure," replied Pat, "an' didn't yez tell me the other day not to say 'hoss?' Shure, it's one thing wid yez wan day, an' another the nixt."

A peasant girl went two or three times to a rectory with a hare and other game for sale. The rector, wishing to ascertain whether she came by them honestly, asked her where she got them. "Sure,

## IRISH LIFE AND HUMOUR.

212

your riverence," said she, "my father is poacher to Lord Clare."

"What is a fraction?" asked the teacher. "A part of anything sorr," was the reply. "Give an example," queried the teacher. "The sivinteenth of June," was the answer.

## IX.—BULLS AND OTHER BLUNDERS.

wrongly, always associated with that form of mixed speech which is designated a "bull." Blunders of a similar kind are made by others than Paddy, but he is such a frequent sinner in this respect that he has come to be regarded as inseparably associated with their manufacture. And in (unsolicited) justice to him it may be said that bulls of foreign make are like many other things of alien production—weak and worthless. To this statement probably one exception must be made, namely, the blunder—of course it was hardly a "bull"—which a French lady perpetrated when, in compiling a bibliography of works dealing with cattle, she included a "Treatise on Irish Bulls!"

There are many bulls on record. We have here collected a few, and to them we have added some other blunders of a typically Irish nature.

An Irishman applied at a Lancashire Post Office to know what was the cost of sending a telegram to his mother, who resided in a remote part of Ireland; and upon being informed that the fee would be 4s 6d exclaimed—"But Oi can't afford it, for Oi've come over hay-making in order to git a little money." The clerk then explained that the message would be 1s 6d to the nearest office to the address given, and that the remaining 3s would be charged for delivery by a special messenger, as the address was beyond the radius of free delivery. After considering the matter for some time the hay-maker said—"Look here, sor, Oi've got 1s 6d, so you'd better sind it on to the nearest office, an' Oi will wroite to-night, an' tell her to fetch it."

"How's t'ings wit' you?" enquired Cassidy of a friend. "Busy, very busy, indade," was the reply. "Is it so?" asked Cassidy anxiously. "Aye!" exclaimed the friend. "Faith, ivery toime Oi'm 't laysure, Oi hov somethin' to do."

"And how is the wife, Mike?" asked Pat of his neighbour one morning. "Sure and I had the doctor last night," was the reply. "I didn't know that she was so sick as that," said Pat. "No," said the neighbour, "and she didn't need him; but iv she had died, sure she would always hov blamed me!"

"Pat," said a manager to one of his workmen, "you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning." "Indade, and Oi am, sor. It's a family trait, Oi'm thinking." "Then your father was an early riser, too?" "Me father, is it? He roises that early that if he went to bed a little later he'd meet himself getting up in the morning."

"And who is it lives there, Mike, in that big stone house?" enquired a tourist. "Why," replied Mike, "that old gentleman I was telling you of, that died so suddint last winter."

An Irishman on weighing his pig exclaimed—"It does not weigh as much as I expected, and I never thought it would."

This was somewhat akin to the ejaculation of Mike who, on opening his pay envelope, exclaimed-"Faith, that's the stingiest man I ever worked for." "Phwat's the matther wid ye; didn't ye git as much as ye ixpicted?" asked a fellow-workman. "Yis," was the reply, "but I was countin' on gettin' more than I ixpicted."

"Ivery day this summer Oi got up earlier to go to work than Oi did the day before," said an Irishman to a companion. "Is that so?" enquired the companion. "It is," said the Irishman; "an' Oi figgers thot Oi be one wake younger now than whin Oi beginced."

A belated husband, resident in Ireland, hunting in the dark for matches with which to light the gas. and audibly expressing his disappointment, was rendered speechless in an instant by his wife suggesting, in a sleepy voice, that he had better light one and look for them, and not go stumbling about in the dark breaking things.

A servant girl, when asked if she had a good place, answered—"Oh, a moighty foine place! My misthress is that rich that all her flannel petticoats are made of silk!"

Some of the most delicious bulls are in act rather than in word.

An Irishman was found standing out in a hard rain over a little bridge, carefully, and with a strained position, holding his line in the water under the bridge. "Sure," said he to a marvelling passer-by, "the fishes 'il all be crowdin' in there to get out of the wet!"

An irate landlady, pounding on the door of her slothful lodger's room, exclaimed—"Is it dead or alive ye are, Mister Maloney?" "Nayther; I'm slaping!" was Maloney's answer.

"Where," said the Irish orator, triumphantly, "where will you find a modern building that has stood so long as the ancient?"

In a watering-place in the south, a large number of persons were summoned for non-payment of their water rates. Among the defendants figured an Irish tradesman, who, in reply to the bench as to why he had not paid for the water he had used, replied—"Well, you see, your worship, I pay 12s a quarter for water, and many's the day it's off for a whole week!"

An Irish agricultural journal advertised a new washing-machine under the heading, "Every man his own washerwoman," and in its culinary department said that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

"'Tis very fortunate," remarked Mr. Grady wisely, "that hay be not as hivy as coal." "For whoy, Pat?" "Shure, a ton av the shtuff would weigh so much thot a poor man couldn't afford to kape a cow."

An Irish squire, seeing a man who was engaged in painting a gate on his estate working away with unusual energy, asked—"What are you in such a hurry for, Murphy?" "Sure, I want to get through before me paint runs out!" was the reply.

"You shouldn't beg," said a gentleman, who had been asked to bestow a copper on "a lone, lorn cratur;" "there's plenty of work in the hayfields." "Ah, sur, we can't all work, for thin there'd be nothin' for the rest to do!" was the woman's reply.

One has only to mix with an Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Duke and Duchess of York were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an old woman remarked, "Ah! Isn't it the fine reception they're gettin', goin' away?"

"Sure," said a labourer to a young lady who was urging him to send his children to school, "I'd do anything for such a sweet, gintlemanly lady as yourself."

"Friends," said an agitator, at a meeting of Home

Rulers, "the cup of our trouble is running over, and it is not yet full."

At a meeting where a committee was being condemned for its management, the speaker said--"Perhaps you think that in our committee half do the work, and the other half do nothing. As a matter of fact, gentlemen, the reverse is the case."

A workman, being at a lodging-house, and having to rise very early for work, arranged to be called. After he had gone to sleep some of his "pals' blacked his face. When Pat got up and looked in the glass he exclaimed, "Arrah! and shure they've called the wrong man."

An Irishman, who got a situation from a funeral undertaker, was sent with a coffin to a house where one of the family had died. Not getting right instructions from his master what door it was, Pat went to a door, pulled the bell, and asked in true Hibernian fashion—"Is this where the man lives that's dead?"

William Burke was a genial, courteous, and with all bright Irish lawyer, and this is the way he demolished his opponent—the plaintiff's counsel—and that, too, with the utmost seriousness—"Your honour, the argument of my learned friend is lighter than vanity. It is air; it is smoke. From the top to bottom it is absolutely nothing. And therefore, your honour, it falls to the ground by its own weight."

A man, having bought some flannels at an outfitter's shop, amused the salesman by remarking, while the goods were being parcelled—"Thim flannels is foine things, fur though yer wet to the skin, yer always dry and comfortable."

A landlord went to ask his rent from one of his tenants, who refused to pay. "What is the reason. Pat, you won't pay it?" asked the landlord. "Well, sir, in the darkest hour of midnight, you can see daylight through the roof."

"Bridget, here's a letter from the ould country," said Pat. "Well, hurry up and read it till we hear the news," said Bridget. "Shure, Bridget," said Pat, "I can't read in the day toime; I was taught in a noight school."

A ship captain made a rule that if a person fell overboard, the one who rescued that person was presented with a sovereign, or in case of drowning, the one who recovered the dead body would receive ten shillings. Two Irishmen, sworn chums, formed part of the crew, and saw in this rule a means of making money. Pat was to jump overboard, and Mike was to rescue him, and they would divide the reward that Mike would receive. The appointed time came. Pat managed to tumble overboard, and Mike was about to spring over the side when he suddenly remembered that he could not swim, so he stood stock still on the deck, wondering what he should do. "Bejabers, Moike," exclaimed Pat from the water,

"be quick, or it'll be only foive bob a pace we'll be gettin' for the dead body."

In a leading firm in Fleet Street the manager had occasion to reprimand several of his clerks for not being punctual, and threatened them with serious consequences if they were again late. On the following morning an Irishman entered the office a quarter of an hour late, and when asked for an explanation replied—"The 'bus I came by was full, so I had to walk."

An Irishman was on a visit to a friend. His friend, who was rather fond of his bed, asked the Irishman if he knew any sure method of early rising, as he intended to catch an early train to the neighbouring town. "Och, bedad," replied Pat; "Oi advise ye to keep from sleeping all night so as to wake yoursel' in the morning."

An Irishman, who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed—"I shall never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

An Irishman, on leaving his home, and looking for the last time at the village graveyard, was heard to exclaim—"Well, please God, if I live, I will be buried there."

An old County Carlow man, who was giving an account of a boating accident, added—"Faith, they couldn't save the poor fellow till he was drowned."

Pat Maloney was nailing a box containing articles

which he intended sending by rail. From the nature of the contents a friend knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted during the passage. He ventured to suggest to Pat to write conspicuously on the case—"This side up with care." A few days afterwards, seeing Pat again, he asked—"Heard any more about your goods? Did they get there safely?" "Every one of them broke," said Pat. "The whole lot? Did you label it, 'This side up,' as I told you?" "Yes, I did. And for fear they shouldn't see it on the cover, I put it on the bottom, too."

"Oi hear thot Dinnis wuz caught be a premachoor explosion," said Casey to a neighbour. "Wor he hurted any?" "He wor," replied M'Manus. "They tell me that wan av his wounds is fatal, but th' other two ain't dangerous an' wull heal up quick."

"Hey you seen this, Pat?" asked Bridget, as she laboriously read a paragraph in a newspaper. "It sez here that whin a man loses wan av his sinses his other sinses get more develyuped. F'r instans, a blind man gets more sinse av hearin', an' touch, an'-" "Shure, an' it's quite thrue," interrupted Pat. "Oi've not'ced it meself. When a man has one leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other leg's longer, isn't it, now?"

"Out of work again, Pat?" enquired the priest of one of his parishioners. "I thought that old Milligan gave you a job?" "He did, sorr; but Oi'll

be kilt afore Oi'll starve to death for the sake of kapin' aloive, sir."

"Come down out o' that, young man," commanded a self-important policeman on the occasion of a fire in Dublin. "But I'm a reporter, and want to get a description of the fire," explained the young man. "Get out wid you," insisted the man in blue. "You can't stay there. You kin foind out all about the fire from the paper in the marnin'."

The following advertisement appeared in a Dublin paper:—"Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge—this is therefore to inform him that, if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public."

This advertisement was improved upon by a man who went to consult the printer of a newspaper in Cork, respecting his runaway apprentice. The printer proposed to advertise him in the usual form, with a suitable reward. This did not meet Patrick's idea; "he did not wish to advertise him, only jist to give him a hint." After various attempts at framing a suitable notice, the following was suggested by himself as all-sufficient, namely:—"Patrick Flaherty would inform his apprentice, Timothy Dougherty, that he does not wish to expose him, but give him the hint to return to his master and serve out his indenture like a good boy, or he will be advertised in the newspapers."

A son of Erin appeared at the money-order window of a post office, and said that he wanted to "sind some money to ould Oireland." "Fill out this form." said the clerk, handing the applicant one of the forms used on such occasions. "An' phwat is that?" asked Jerry. "It's a form that every applicant for a money-order must fill out—a kind of letter of advice regarding the money-order." "An' phwat has a letther of advice got to do wid me sindin' fifty shillings to me ould mother?" "A letter of advice to the postmaster where the money is to be paid must always go with a money-order." Ierry went away from the window, grumbling and mystified. After half-an-hour of painful effort at a high desk provided for the public at one end of the room Jerry returned to the window and handed in this "letter of advice" to the postmaster at Ballycarney: - "Dear Moike, -Oi'm tould Oi must give vez a bit av advice before you'll be able to pay me ould mother the fifty shillings Oi'm sindin' along with this. So, Moike, Oi would advise vez to come to Ameriky an' get a job at kaping post office, for it's illigant post offices they has here, an' Oi've no doubt the pay is tin toimes what it is wid you, and any fool can do the work. So now be sure an' pay me ould mother the two pounds ten, for Oi've done as the law says, and sint yez a letther of advice."

A young man in want of a five-pound note wrote to his uncle as follows: - "Dear Uncle, - If you cou! 1

see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by messenger. who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew. P.S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this letter may get lost." The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows: - "My dear Jack,—Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter.—Your affectionate Uncle."

Here is another epistle of Hibernian production ·—
"My dear son,—I write to send you two pairs of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them; also some socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you two pounds without my knowledge, and, for fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you one. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honour to my teaching; if

not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

"Dear Tim," wrote another Irishman to a friend for whom he was anxious to do something, "I'm sending you my old coat by parcel post, so I've cut the buttons off to make it lighter. But you will find them in the inside pocket.—Yours truly, Pat."

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, stated he ran away early from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

In the House of Commons one famous fighting night, a noted Irish member rose to denounce a speech which had been delivered from the Treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the Government's representative were not altogether accurate, but his impetuosity led him to phrase the accusation rather strongly. "Order. order," said the Speaker. Again did the dauntless son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. It was a critical moment. His Irish colleagues did not wish him to be "suspended" for the rest of debate, and they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat tails. Now, as song and story testify, it is a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant vet goodhumoured honourable member recognised the command of his party and sat down, delivering this Parthian dart—"Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

Sir Boyle Roche was the author of some of the best bulls on record. It was Sir Boyle who made the startling discovery that a man differs from a bird in not being able to be in two places at once. The worthy knight was a member of the old Irish Parliament, and must have been one of the most amusing characters in that famous assembly. He was a staunch Tory and supporter of the Government, and in that capacity he delivered himself of the following attack upon the Jacobins :- "Mr. Speaker," said he, "if we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient Constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, until they brought the foundation stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation. these Gallican villains should invade us, 'tis on that table, maybe, those honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps atop of one another! Here, perhaps, sir, the murderous crew would break in and cut us to pieces, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table to stare us in the face?"

Deprecating a charge of inequality in the commercial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, Sir Boyle observed that "he is an enemy to both kingdoms who wishes to diminish the brotherly affection of the two sister countries." The petition

of the citizens of Belfast in favour of the Roman Catholics he described as "an airy fabric based upon a sandy foundation." In the discussions on the Union he observed that, "whatever clamour might be raised by interested men against a legislative union, he would venture to prophesy that the country would arrive at that state that when the Day of Judgment would come, the people of Ireland would call out and implore for a union." At another time he declared his readiness to give up "not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of our constitution to preserve the remainder." To Junius he referred as "an anonymous writer named Junius," and he was heard on another occasion to "answer boldly in the affirmative, 'No!'"

His intervention in debate was sometimes deprecated by the Opposition, which, on one occasion, tried to cough him down. He met the interruption by producing some bullets, with the observation—"I have here some excellent pills to cure a cough." His personal courage being beyond dispute, this jest in earnest was quite sufficient in those duelling days to procure attention for the remainder of his speech.

This, in connection with his hostility to Curran, shows that, when occasion demanded, Sir Boyle Roche could wag his tongue in tingling repartee. The "father of Irish bulls," it may be mentioned, was very proud of having married into the family of a Yorkshire baronet of ancient lineage.

Sir Boyle is said to have been fond of referring to Sir Thomas's kindness in having given him his eldest daughter-a boast which provoked Curran's retort-"Ay, Sir Boyle, and, depend on it, if he had had an elder one, he would have given her to you." Whether it was this sarcasm which provoked Sir Boyle's hostility, or that an enmity had already been created between Roche and Curran, it is certain that the two men were perpetually sparring at each other in the House of Commons, as the debates of the Irish Parliament testify. Nor was the witty advocate and orator always successful in these encounters. One biting repartee survives to disprove Curran's assertion that all Sir Boyle's sayings were carefully elaborated. The former had observed one night. somewhat magniloquently, that he needed aid from no one, and could be "the guardian of his own honour;" whereupon Sir Boyle instantly interjected his sarcastic congratulations to the honourable member on his possession of a sinecure.

An Irish porter at the Irish country railway station made the following announcement one evening, in a voluble but dreary monotone—"The half-past nine o'clock thrain win't shtart to-night till ten o'clock, and there'll be no lasht thrain."

We have related many stories at Paddy's expense. and although they all are redolent of the Green Isle, it is doubtful if they really had their origin there.

A capital story is always worth repeating, and a

good jest has a marvellously long life. It lingers on like a frog in geological strata; centuries are powerless to kill it. We all know the story of the Irishman, who, looking over a gentleman's shoulder while the latter was writing a letter, suddenly read the words, "I have much more to say, but an impudent fellow is reading all I write." Whereupon the Irishman cried out, "Indeed, sorr, I haven't read a word!" This yarn can be traced back for ages. Finally we discover it in a book by one Jami, a Persian poet who lived four hundred years ago. The story has flourished while cathedrals have crumbled.

The relating of stories such as these which comprise this book may, after all, be another "injustice to Ireland."

"Why is the chapel bell ringing, Mike?" "Shure, it's two men beyant in Gurtnaghur that's dead, and they're a-buryin' of one another to-day, and that's the sign."

An eminent architect used to relate that in his younger days he was supervising the erection of a building, when a recent arrival from Cork applied for a job. The applicant was employed as a hod-carrier, and was told that he must always carry up fourteen bricks in his hod. One morning the supply of bricks ran out, and, after much seeking, the new man could find but thirteen to put in his hod. In answer to a loud yell from the street one of the masons on the top of the scaffolding shrieked down—

"What do you want?" "T'row me down wan brick," said Pat, pointing to his hod, "to make me number good."

An Irish cyclist was bitten on the leg by a savage terrier. He wrote a long complaint to the local paper, the communication closing with the sentence:—"The dog, I understand, belongs to the town magistrate, who resides in the neighbourhood, and is allowed to wander on the road unmuzzled, and yet sits on the bench in judgment on others."

"Phwot, Phalim M'Gorry?" interrogated O'Brien.
"Wull, wull, me b'y, Oi'm glad to see yez! Ut's
foive years since last we met. Tell me, Mack, is
yure owld father aloive yet?" "No," replied
M'Gorry solemnly; "not yet."

A man was one day boasting about his horsemanship, and to let his mates see how good he was at it he got on to the back of an old nag. The horse began to kick and fling, and Paddy was nearly thrown off, when one of his own race shouted out—"Paddy, can you not come off?" To which Paddy replied, excitedly—"How can a man get off when he can't stay on."

"An' phwat'll Oi do at all, Moike?" asked Mrs. Gallacher, who was treating herself at a country station to a pennyworth of her "exact weight." "This machine only goes up to fifteen shtone, an' Oi'm sixteen shtone if I'm an ounce." "Get on

twice, Bridget," said the resourceful Gallacher, "an' add up th' totals."

"I am not expecting anything," said the lady of "This is the number," persisted the the house. driver of the delivery van, looking at his book again. "Name Higgins, ain't it?" "Yes." "Number 374?" "That's our number." "Then it's for you." "I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity." "No, mum—it's a case of wine."

A man was sent to post a letter one day. When he returned his master asked him "why he went away without getting an address on it." "Shure," replied the man, "I thought as how you didn't want me to know where it was going to."

A bookseller advertised for a porter and man-ofall-work for his bookshop. There were plenty of applicants, among them a big, muscular Irishman, who walked into the shop and glanced about rather uncertainly. Finally, his eyes rested on a big notice suspended high above the door over a table covered with books :-

"Dickens' works all this week for 16s,"

was the announcement. The man read it, pondered thoughtfully, and then edged towards the big front door. The bookseller stopped him and asked pleasantly if there was anything he wanted. applicant remarked, with backward glance at the sign: - "Oi come in t' git th' job, but Oi'll not care

f'r it. Dickens kin wurruk all th' week f'r sixteen shillin's if he likes. Oi'll not. Ye'd betther kape him." And he strode out.

In the lobby of the House two members of Parliament were discussing the honour being paid to Ireland and Irish troops. One was a Scotsman, the other an Irishman. The man from Scotland said, condescendingly-"It's a' very weel to praise the Irish soldiers," and he proceeded to explain that while he was glad they were to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, it must not be forgotten that the Highlanders had been fighting bravely, too; "they expected no special mark of favour for their services, they were always ready to brave death for their Queen, and their loyalty was beyond reproach." The Irishman interrupted indignantly—"I would have ye know, sorr," he cried, "there's as thrue a heart beats under an Irish soldier's tunic as beneath any Highlander's kilt!" In less than ten minutes the story had gone round the House.

"You'll plaze lave your embreller or cane at the door, sor," said a museum attendant in an Irish town.
"Very proper regulation," said the visitor; "but it happens I have neither." "Then go and get wan," said the attendant in an angry voice. "No one is allowed to enter unless he laves his umbrella or cane at the door. You may read the card for yourself, sor."

Here is a paragraph concerning a suicide culled

from an Irish newspaper: - "It is believed that the deceased put the rope round his neck as a joke, and found, when too late, that he had made a fatal mistake."

And here is a gem from another describing a storm :- "The heavy raindrops varied in size from a shilling to eighteenpence."

The published report of an Irish benevolent society says-"Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

A gentleman engaged an Irish servant, who was recommended as being very sharp, and who would be willing to assist his master in every way. One evening he was sent to the post office with some letters, and instructed to procure an extra halfpenny stamp. and affix it to a certain letter, which was most urgent. On returning, he was met at the door by his master, who was just going out. "Well, Pat," said he, "did you manage that all right?" "Bedad, I did, sor; but in the hurry I stuck the extra stamp on the wrong letter." "You villain, you did!" said his master, in a rage, "and what did you do then?" "Well, sor, I didn't want to give you any bother at all—at all, sor; and whin I couldn't open the onvelupes, I just changed the address of that one with another, which of coorse was the same thing."

The following conversation is reported as having taken place between a village Commandant and an Irish applicant:—Commandant—"Do you know anything about horses?" Applicant—"Shure, your honour, was I not born in a stable?" Commandant—"Do you know anything about cattle?" Applicant—"It's meself would like to know what I don't know about them." Commandant—"Can you do carpenter's work?" Applicant—"Could Noah build a ship?" Commandant—"Can you make a Venetian blind?" Applicant—"It's a treat, sor, to see me at the job." Commandant—"How would yo do it?" Applicant—"I'd just poke my finger in his eye. sor."

Two Irishmen were earnestly discussing the comparative usefulness of the sun and moon, but they could not dismiss the topic as lightly as did James Russell Lowell the sea. At last one of them swore that the sun gave the stronger light. Said the other—"But the moon is more sensible." "How do yees make that out?" "Oh, it's aisy." "Let's hear yees prove it!" "Bedad, the moon shines in the night, when we nade it, while the sun comes out in broad daylight, when even a one-eyed man can see widout it."

"Pat, have you a watch?" enquired a master of his servant. "Niver a wan, sir, and phat would I do wid it?" enquired Pat. "Well," explained the master, who was also an Irishman, "I want you to report at the office at half-past eleven. But, anyway the bells ring at noon, and you can come half-an-hour before."

"My britheren," said an Irish preacher on one occasion, "there are some German philosophers that say there is no Resurrection, and, me britheren, it would be better for thim German philosophers if, like Judas Iscariot, they had never been born." This recalls another discourse, where the preacher wound up with the comforting assurance that if his congregation paid due attention to the instruction they had just received from him, they would "all return to their several homes like babes refreshed with newmade wine."

A labourer who had taken temporary lodgings in the country ordered his landlady one morning to boil him some eggs for breakfast. The landlady did so. but, on breaking the shells, Pat found the eggs were quite hard. He said nothing, but proceeded to put them back in the saucepan, whereupon his landlady remarked that they had already been boiled over five minutes. "Ah, well," said Pat, "you didn't boil them long enough, for they're as hard as bullets yet, and, sure, it's soft I want them."

A startling telegram was received on one occasion at the head office of an Irish bank from a remote country branch. The communication read—"Regret inform you I died this morning of pneumonia," and was "signed for John Brown, manager, Thomas Smith." Evidently the prevailing idea in Mr. Smith's mind when he dispatched the wire was at all hazards to comply with the regulations, and so he used the form "as laid down," and no doubt congratulated himself upon being equal to the emergency. Of course, it was Mr. Brown, the manager, who had the misfortune to die of pneumonia.

An Irish principal in a fight, realising that he was being badly worsted, vigorously protested to the bystanders against the methods of his adversary. "Shure, an' wasn't it to be a fair stand-up fight?" he excitedly exclaimed. "It certainly was," returned an onlooker, who had been a witness of these arrangements. "An' how, thin," retorted the defeated candidate, "can he be ixpictin' me to shtand up and foight 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the toime?"

"Shure," exclaimed O'Rafferty philosophically as he paused with a hammer in his hand, "Oi wish Oi was lift-handed!" "What for?" asked a fellowworkman. "Why," explained O'Rafferty, "thin if Oi iver hurt my roight hand, workin', Oi'd have my lift hand to fall back on."

A manservant in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Cork, one day discovered a part of the woodwork of a chimney-piece on fire that endangered the whole house. He rushed upstairs to his master, and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he went with him. A large kettle of water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?"

"I can't, surr." "Why, you idiot, pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, surr."

"You are not opaque, are you?" sarcastically asked one man of another who was standing in front of him at the theatre. "Faith, an' Oi'm not," replied the other. "It's O'Brien that Oi am."

"Have yez ever read Burns, Mrs. Grogan?" asked an Irishman of a neighbour one 25th of January. "Faith, and phat colour would burns be if they wasn't red," enquired Mrs. Grogan in astonishment.

A stalwart Irishman paid a begging visit to a gentleman's mansion. Contrary to his usual good breeding, Pat went "right forward" into the sanctum of his butlership, who, in a burst of indignation, asked him what brought him there. "Och," said Paddy, "an' it's that ye're axin', is it? Sure, thin' an' it was to spake with yer honour's glory." "Well, then, sir," retorted the butler, "do you not know that, according to the rules of this house, it is customary before coming in to knock at the door?" "Arrah, by me sowl," bawled Paddy, "an' how should I know the rule of the house until I came in to ax?"

An Irishman was one day hurrying along a country road in the south of Ireland, when he was met by a friend who exclaimed—"Why, Patrick, what's all your hurry to-day?" "Och, bejabers," replied Pat, without stopping, "I've got a long way to go, and I want to get there before I'm tired out."

A gentleman walking along the banks of a small stream came to a rather shaky-looking plank bridge, upon which a man was dancing in a frantic fashion. "Look here, my man," said the gentleman, "you'll bring the bridge down if you jump on it in that style." "Well, yer honour," rejoined Pat, "ye see Oi want to cross over to the other soide, an' I'm only testin' the planks before Oi venture on to 'em."

A labourer was told by his foreman to bring a couple of wheelbarrows from a workshop about two miles distant. Paddy went for them, but finding that he could not manage the two at once, brought back one. The foreman, seeing him come with only one of them, asked why he did not bring the two by putting one upside down upon the other. "Och, sure, sor, I didn't think of that." So off went Paddy to bring the other. After half-an-hour had passed he returned puffing and blowing with the two barrows. "I don't want three barrows, my man." "Sure, sor, I did not bring three barrows." "What did you do with the first one that you brought?" "Begorra, I took it back to bring the other."

A lady one day heard a knock at the door, and afterwards asked the servant who had called. "It was a gintleman, ma'am, looking for the wrong house," replied Mary.

"Moikey!" cried a country schoolmaster. "Sorr!" enquired little Mike (who had been tumultuous). "Oi hov told yez twinty toimes ahlready to stop thot

noise; now, d'yez want me to tell yez the sicond toime?"

A man applied for and obtained a situation on some railway works. "What's your name, my man?" asked the timekeeper. "Patrick Cahill," was the reply. "How do you spell it?" Pat scratched his head. "Indade, an' Oi don't know, sorr. Oi never shpelt it; an' me father, he never shpelt it either. Faith, an' I don't think it was ever intended to be shpelt at all. Put it down without shpelling, sorr!"

Watering-carts of a certain Irish town are decorated with patent medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day, and remarked—"Faith, it's no wonder X— is healthy, when they water the streets with Flaherty's sarsparilla!"

It having been the custom in a certain establishment in the north of Ireland to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. Dan D-, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus: -"Well, Daniel, what can we do for you this morning?" "If you please, sir, I've been sent as a delegate by the workers to ask a favour of you regarding the payment of our wages." "Yes, and what do they desire?" queried the master. "Well, sir, it is the desire of myself, and it is also the desire of every man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."

Wedding-presents are frequently distinguished for their uselessness, and gift-making at any time is attended with some danger. A faithful Irish employee announced his desire to take a month's holiday to visit his brother. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the request, but made him a present of a new travelling-bag. The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words. Tim stared at the bag for a moment, and then asked—"What am I to do with that?" "Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the employer. "Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in that?"

An Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

An Irishman got very noisy in a public-house. The barman said to him—"Now, if you don't take yourself off I'll precious soon turn you out." "Tur-r-rn me out!" replied Pat with a yell. "Is it tur-r-rn me out? Thin, bedad, come outside an' tur-r-rn me out!"

FINISHING TOUGH ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A. white depletors is queried the means. Well, and it is a substitute of the establishment, that the our feetings pay every week."

Winding-presents are frequents to metal for tody uselessness and gift-making to the is attended with some danger. A bould tolk carriers and with some danger. A bould tolk carriers and with some danger. A bould tolk carriers and with a some danger to take a growth tolk and six in a carry grants the transition of the six in a carry and the six in the carry of course," answered the employer. Put me clothes in it is in?" said Fig. An phase Six Objects of Objects we clothes to that

An Irramson in beard a result when the was on the point of four deriver, being desired to person deck, as the was along home replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

As Ir thusan got very noisy in a public-house. The barman said to him—"Now, if you don't take yourself off I'll precious soon turn you out." There are out!" replied Pat with a reft. "Is it turnered me out!" This, befad come out!"





## X.—BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

IRTHS, Marriages, and Deaths are signalised in some special manner. The two former are, naturally, seasons of rejoicing, and one is not far wrong when he says that the son of Erin does his best to preserve the harmony of the trio by making the last-mentioned as merry as possible. A story is told of an Englishman who, being greatly amazed at the conviviality which he saw at a Scottish funeral, exclaimed that in Scotland the burials were as blithe as English bridals, Ireland may well share in the compliment or the slander. It does its best by means of its wakes to turn a season of gloom into one of brightness, and if on the face of it the attempt seems a little incongruous, it at all events helps to foster that spirit of kindly friendship which is the essence of all neighbourliness. But it is not on the side of custom or folklore that we are to look at present. Our intention is rather to present such anecdotes relating to the three events as we have been able to gather, and by doing so further illustrate the life and humour of the Irish people.

The Irishman is usually frank in his speech. Two

men, who had not met for years, ran across each other, and after shaking hands adjourned for a modest refresher. "Well, here's to ye," said Mick. "It's a long toime, shure, since we met, Pat, isn't it? Lots of things have happened to ye, Oi'll be bound." "Yes, indade," replied Pat. "Shure, an' it's married Oi am!" "You don't mane it?" "Faith, an' it's true. An' Oi've got a fine healthy bhoy, an' the neighbours say he's the very picture of me." "Och, niver moind what they say," said Mick. "What's the harm, so long as the child's healthy?"

"Mrs. Donegan," said a neighbour one day when she heard Mrs. Donegan's children howling, "how can you let your old child beat the others so?" "D'ye think a harrd wurrukin woman has toime to beat thim tin children iverry day? I thry me hand at the oldest wan ivery marning, an' he's a good sthrong b'y, and beats the other nine fer me!"

A tourist who was in the North of Ireland came across an Irishman whipping a boy. "Why are you punishing the lad?" he asked. "Well, sorr, his brother hit me wid a shtone." "Then this lad is not to blame for that." "Well, yez sees, sorr, the two lads is twins." "But that makes no difference." "Beg pardon, sorr, it does," said the son of Erin. "For bein' twins, an' bein' so mich aloike, the one might just as well hit me as the other."

"I want a pair of shoes for this little boy," said Mrs. Macnamara to the shoemaker. "French kid, ma'am?" enquired the shoemaker politely. "Indade not," said Mrs. Macnamara with some heat. "He's my own son, and was born and bred in Ireland."

"Early marriages are to be deprecated," said Lord Beaconsfield, "especially for men." This doctrine does not find favour among the peasantry of Ireland. What they say is, "Either marry young, or become a monk young." Those who are accustomed to comfort exercise greater self-restraint in matrimony than do the poor. These last rush in, reasoning as they do in Ireland in this matter, "Shure, whatever we do we can't be worse off than we are." And yet many of the Irish poor enter into matrimony as a sort of investment for old age. When children come, as quickly as they do to the poor, into the little cabin of Pat and Biddy, they say, "Shure they will be a grate support to us in our ould age." And this they generally are, for in no country is the duty of children to provide for aged parents held so sacred as in Ireland.

With the Irishman, as with all others, courting is the preliminary to marriage.

"Courting" said an Irishman, "is like dying; sure a man must do it for himself;" and indeed so pleasant is the occupation (it is said) that it is only those who are abnormally shy who wish to do it by proxy. There is a great difference between flirtation and courtship. The first is attention without intention. It was well described by Punch as "a spoon with

nothing in it," but the latter, though it may be a "spoon," too, is a spoon with something in it—that is to say, the intention to marry.

The sage has had his say against marrying in haste; here is the same thought with a prettier colouring—A solemn and awe-inspiring bishop was examining a class of girls, and asked—"What is the best preparation for the sacrament of matrimony?" "A little coortin', me lord!" was the unexpected reply of one of the number.

"Oh, what a recreation it is," exclaimed an Irishman, to fall in love; it makes the heart beat so delicately that you can't get a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!

"Do you drame of me, Mike?" asked a girl of her young man. "Drame of you, is it, me darlin', why I can't get any sleep for draming of you."

"You must not kiss me, Pat, Oi'm afraid we'll be seen," said Bridget to her sweetheart. "Bridget, darlint, there's no one lookin'," said Patrick. "Yis, Pat," rejoined Bridget; "but the potatoes have oies, remimber."

Beauty always wins the Irish heart. A "purty" face, a neat ankle, a pair of sparkling eyes act like champagne to native wit of the chivalrous order. Courtesy to the gentle sex is a feature in Pat's character, and he is an adept at courting.

"It is a grate pleasure entirely to be alone,

especially whin your sweetheart is wid ye," observed one reflective swain.

Now and then some of the bhoys require to be prompted a bit in their love-making.

"Ah," said a sweet Kerry maid to her lover, "if you wor me, Tim, and I wor you, I wud be married long ago."

William Monachan and Maria Mulvanev were walking along a lonely country road near Kildare one fine evening. William was carrying a large tub on his head and a live pig in a sack on his back, when suddenly Maria exclaimed—"Oi be afear'd, Bill! Oi be fear'd!" "What be'st fear'd on, great stoopud, w'en Oi be 'long wid 'ee?" was Bill's reassuring response. "Oi be fear'd vou'll git a-kissin' an' a-coortin' o' me, Oi be!" replied the tremulous maiden. "'Ow can Oi git a-kissin' an' a-coortin' o' ye w'en Oi 'a' got this great tub on me 'ead an' a pig on me back?" reasoned William. With true maiden simplicity Maria replied-"C'u-c'u'dn't you put that pig on the groun', an' turn that tub atop on 'im, an' set down on't, an' pull me 'side of ve, ef ve wus amind to 't, eh?"

"Shtop, Moike, shtop, Oi hear some wan comin'," said Bridget as Mike put his arm round her. "Shure, ut's a iligent ear ye have, Biddy," exclaimed Pat tightening his hold. "Ut's mesilft ye'se hearin' comin' to the p'int. Will ye marry me, darlint?"

An Irishman, asking whether she would accept

his love or not, wrote thus to his sweetheart:—"If you don't love me, plaze send back the letter without breaking the seal."

One day, Mr. O'Brien, a land agent in the West of Ireland, met a countryman, and having heard of his marriage, saluted him with—"Well, Pat, so you have taken to yourself a wife?" "Yis, yer honour," said Pat, touching his hat; "I have." "Well," said Mr. O'Brien, looking comically at him, "here I am, and I can get no one to take me, and I feel very lonely sometimes." "I think I can put yer honour in the way," said Pat with a confidential look. "How, Pat?" "Do as I did; go where you are not known."

An Irish member of Parliament, popular and a bachelor, had been very polite to the daughter of the house where he was visiting. When the time came for him to go, the too-anxious mamma called him is for a serious talk. "I'm sure, I don't know what to say," she went on; "'tis reported all around that you are to marry Letitia." "Just say that she refused me," quietly advised the Parliamentarian.

An Irish small farmer was asked by his landlord if the report of his intended second marriage was true, and replied—"It is, yer honner." "But your first wife has only been dead a week, Pat," said the landlord. "An' shure," retorted Pat, "she's as dead now as she ever will be, yer honner."

"Matrimony" was defined by a little girl at the head of a confirmation class in Ireland as "a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and a better world." "Being," corrected the examining priest, "the answer for 'Purgatory.'" "Put her down," said the curate, ashamed of his pupil, "put her down to the foot of the class!" "Leave her alone," quoth the priest, "the lass may be right after all. What do you or I know about it?"

A good story was told at an election meeting one night. A man obtained permission from his employer to attend a wedding. He turned up next day with his arm in a sling and a black eye. "Hello, what is the matter?" said his employer. "Well, you see," said the wedding guest, "we were very merry vesterday, and I saw a fellow strutting about with a swallow-tailed coat and a white waistcoat. 'And who might you be?' said I. 'I'm the best man,' sez he, and begorra he was, too."

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal. After the marriage has been publicly announced, the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness, he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck, and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

"Well, mum, I must be after lavin' yez," an-

nounced Mrs. Harris's cook. "What do you mean? Why are you going?" asked her astonished mistress. "I am going to be married next week." "But, surely, Bridget, you won't leave me so suddenly? You must ask him to wait for you for a few days." "Oh, I couldn't, mum." "Why not, pray?" "Sure, mum, I'd loike to oblige you, but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him to ask such a thing."

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, just tell me that, for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flannagan sent me to your house?" "Swate jewel," answered Pat, "and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, wapeing over the coold sod that covers me—then I'll see how ye get along without me."

"An what did his 'onner say to you this morning?" asked Mrs. Mulligan of her neighbour, who had been before the magistrate for a breach of the peace. "Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?" replied the neighbour. "An' what did yer say?" "I said, 'No, yer 'onner, not happily.'"

A poor couple went to the priest for marriage, and were met with a demand for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love and in their prospects, but destitute of financial resources. The father was obdurate. "No money, no marriage." "Give me lave, your

riverence," said the blushing bride, "to go and get money." It was given, and she sped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing. After a short interval she returned with the sum of money, and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly-made wife seemed a little uneasy. "Anything on your mind, Catherine?" said the father. "Well, your riverence, I would like to know if this marriage could not be spoiled now?" "Certainly not, Catherine. No man can put you asunder." "Could you not do it yerself, father? Could you not spoil the marriage?" "No, no, Catherine. You are past me now. I have nothing more to do with your marriage." "That aises me mind," said Catherine, "and God bless your riverence. There's the ticket for your hat. I picked it up in the lobby and pawned it."

Among the people who regard matrimony as a safe haven for all who are sailing the troubled waters of life is the elderly spinster who for forty-five years presided over the kitchen in a Dublin house. She had ample help in her domestic duties as cook for a family of two. Four months of every year she was left in solitary possession of the house, and in receipt of full wages during that time, while her employers visited country and seashore. From year to year her life apparently ran in precisely the same smooth grooves. When her mistress returned from her last

summer's travels the faithful Bridget announced her intention to wed "me coosin's widower, who's been here often whin he was in the city." "Do you think you'll be happier than you have been here?" asked her mistress, adding, in an apologetic tone—"You know it will be quite a change." "Yis 'm," said Bridget, firmly, "that's what I want. You've been real kind to me, but I've been knocking around the world alone for twinty-five years now, and I'll be glad to settle." "What is your—your cousin widower's business?" inquired the lady, after a moment's digestion of this statement. "Tim's?" said Bridget, with a smile. "He's travelling agent for a tin manufacturer, mim, and he'll take me along with him everywhere!"

"Isn't the boiler factory nixt dure a nuisance, Mrs. Clancy?" "Ut's an aggravation, Mrs. M'Carty; iviry neighbor in th' block moight be hoving a family scrap and we'd nivir know ut!"

In a crowded Glasgow street Mrs. Maloney had a narrow escape from being run over, and on reaching home she exclaimed—"Sure, an' I nivver was so froightened in all me life. The 'lectric car missed me be less than six inches." "Begorra," said Pat, "if ye had gone a step farther the children wud hav had a step-mother!"

"I am sorry to hear that your wife has been throwing the crockery at you again, Casey," said a neighbour. "Where did she hit you?" "Faith,

ma'am," replied Casey, "that's what Oi do be afther complainin' av. 'Twas a whole set av dishes broke to pieces an' she niver hit me wanst."

"Good marnin', Mrs. O'Toole," said Mrs. Finnigan. "An' phwat makes yez look so sad?" "Sure, Michael has been sint to jail fer six months!" explained Mrs. O'Toole. "Arrah, now, don't worry," said the other in a consoling tone. "Shure six months will soon pass." "Faith an' that's phwat worries me," said Mrs. O'Toole.

A disposition to look always on the bright side of things spares its possessor much unhappiness, but when the cheerfulness rests upon reasoning so unsound as Mr. Dolan's there must sometime come an awakening. Mr. Dolan had lost his situation at the mill, owing to his persistent lateness, and in consequence his wife was "low in her moind." But Dolan was as cheerful as ever. "Now don't be losin' your smoiles, Norah, darlin'," he said coaxingly. "Oi'm out o' wurrk, to be sure, but 'twas only foive shillin's a day Oi got. If Oi'd been gettin' tin shillin's, our loss would be twoice as bad. Kape that in moind, darlin', and not be complainin'."

"Yez don't tell me Mrs. Brady is to be marri'd agin?" said Mrs. Hogan. "Yis; it's thrue. Oi knowed yez'd be surproised at her," said the neighbour. "Faith, 'tis not at her Oi'm surproised." replied Mrs. Hogan.

An Irishman, after giving his wife a beating, heard

her exclaim—"Oh, I wish he was dead!" "A widow is't you want to be," he cried; "then, bedad, I'll take good care you are no widow as long as I live."

An Irishman, meeting a fellow-countryman, inquired of him what had become of a mutual friend. "Arrah now, honey," answered the other, "Paddy was condemned to be hanged, but saved his life by dying in prison!"

"Mike," said Mr. O'Rafferty to his friend, "Mike, av a man called me a liar, what would ye advise me to do?" "Faith, just what I did in the same case." "An' what did ye do?" "Well, thin, I wint to the funeral."

One of the hardest things in the world is to condole with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement. If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be told of the condolences offered to the bereaved.

At Dublin some time ago a hard working Irishman fell out of a fourth-storey window and broke his neck. After the funeral a neighbour called to offer the widow sympathy and condolence. "It was a very sad thing indeed." "Indeed it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-storey window." "An' was it as bad as that?" asked the visitor. "Sure, an' I heard it was only a third-storey window."

## XI.—THE IRISHMAN ABROAD.

LTHOUGH the Irishman dearly loves his native land, he has frequently to leave it is order that he may live. Like the Scot, he is found in many places of the earth, always carrying with him unmistakable evidence of his origin. Numberless are the anecdotes which deal with him in his wanderings outside the Emerald Isle. Here are a few.

An unlettered Irishman applied to the Philadelphia Court of Naturalisation, when he was asked—"Have you read the declaration of independence?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Have you read the constitution of the United States?" "No, sir." "Have you read the history of the United States?" "No, sir," he repeated. "No!" exclaimed the judge in disgust. "Well, what have you read?" "Oi have red hair on me head, your honour," was the innocent reply.

Perhaps the most laughable instance of Irish simplicity is the following. A Hibernian, who had found employment in England wrote to his brother in the Emerald Isle, telling him to come over and join him. Larry accordingly went on board ship, and in the course of time he found himself on English

soil. Accosting the first man he met, Larry exclaimed nervously—"Is—is this England?" "Of course," replied the man. "Well—er—will you tell Pat Oi want him?"

A wealthy Irish-American was proud of the opportunity to do the honours and "show off" on the occasion of a visit to New York of one of his compatriots from the "Ould Counthry." To dazzle him he invited him to dine at one of the most notable and toniest of restaurants. "Now, me bhoy," he said, "just you follow my lead, and I'll order everything of the best." Seated at table, the host led off with—"Now, we'll start with cocktails," meaning, of course, liquid appetisers. "Waiter, fetch a couple of cocktails." His friend gave himself away, however, when he whispered audibly—"Waiter, if yez don't moind, I'd rather have a wing of the burrd."

A tram line in an English Midland town is crossed by three consecutive streets which bear masculine surnames. An Irishman with a large carpet bag, and carrying a big umbrella, entered one of the cars and sat down gingerly near the door. Four or five other men completed the list of passengers. "James," shouted the conductor presently, the "Street" being quite inaudible to his hearers. A passenger signalled, the tramcar stopped, and he alighted. Half a minute afterwards they neared another cross street. "William," announced the conductor. Another man got out. The Irishman's

eyes grew visibly larger. "Alexander," shouted the conductor, and a third man got up and left the car. When it had started again, the Irishman rose and approached the conductor. "Oi want to get out t Avenue Place," he said, tapping his arm. "Me foorsht name is Michael."

One summer, writes a correspondent, I formed one of a "Swiss" touring party, and, being Irish, I "chummed" with three other Irish fellows, who were, like myself, strong in the Irish accent, but nothing to boast about in French. All four of us went to a tobacconist's shop in Geneva, where a pretty girl served. One of the party blundered out his request in atrocious French, but with an unmistakable Irish brogue. The girl smiled, and astonished us by replying, in a broad accent—"Arrah! Why don't you spake plain English; shure, we're all fram Cork!"

An Irishman in search of two relatives arrived in Cape Town, having heard that they were working there in an iron foundry. One day, while looking for his folks, he saw a big boiler, on which were large letters as follows—"P-A-T-E-N-T-E-D, 1890."
"Hurrah!" shouted the Irishman; "I've found 'em—I've found 'em! Pat and Ted, landed 1890! Wurra, wurra! the very names of the bhoys, and the selfsame year! Wurra, wurra! shure an' I must have been born under a lucky star!"

On his first visit to "town," a young gentleman from the Midlands "put up" at an hotel Knights-

bridge way, and spent his first night at a theatre in the distant Strand. The hotel being locked up on his return, he pulled the night-porter's bell. No answer. Again, again, again, same result. Disgusted, he walked about till "opening time," then "went" for that night-porter. But he was an Irishman, and his was the soft answer that turneth away wrath—"It's sorry I am, sir; but my rule on retiring is to unhitch the bell from the wire at the head of my bed, or divil a wink I'd get at all, at all."

An Irishman, one of a gang of harvesters in England, was one day remarking in a village alehouse on the cheapness of provisions in Ireland. "Shure," said he, "there ye can buy a salmon for sixpence, and a dozen mackerel for twopence." "What made you leave such a fine country then, Pat?" asked a villager. "Arrah, me boy!" answered the son of Erin, "but where waz the sixpences and twopences to come from?"

One evening as Pat was tramping up High Street, Maidstone, he happened to meet a man who said 'te was in great distress, and begged hard for help. So Pat put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a penny. "Shure, an' what would ye be a-saying if I gives ye this penny?" said Pat. "I should jump with joy," was the reply. Pat, putting the penny back into his pocket and pulling out a sovereign, exclaimed—"Shure, and what would you do if I gives yer this?" "I should drop down in a fit!" exclaimed

THE EMIGRANT.
BY

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

bridge way, and spent his first make at a treatre in the distant of and. The hotel wine loci of an an mass return, he pulled the might-penter's beil. No answer. Again, again, again, some result. Disgusted, he walked about till "couring time," then "went" for that night-penter. But he was an Irishman, and his was the soft answer that turn the away wrath. It's are I am sir, but my rule on retiring is to arbital to the from the wire at the head of the last of the last of the last of the last all."

Line, we see the resolutions in Indeed. Same the characters of provisions in Indeed. Same the characters of provisions in Indeed. The suspence and a discrete rate well for two place. "What make you leave such "Mail Old Mairy Then, Pat?" asked a villager. "Arrah, moreov! answers the cold Eria, "but while will old Mail Mail 1989.

Mandators he respected to meet a mar was a was in great distress, and begged hard for help. So Pat part his hard into his pocket and pulled out a penny. "Shure, an' what would ye be a-saying if I gives ye this penny?" said Pat. "I should jump with joy," was the raply. Pat, putting the penny back into his pocket and pulling out a sovereign exclaim of "Incre and what would you do if I mass yer this. "I should drop down in a fit!" exclaimed





the man. Pat put the sovereign into his pocket, and, pulling out the penny, gave it to him, saying — "Shure, now, and it's me that is after saving yer loife!"

An Irishman arriving in Glasgow one night found it impossible to get a bed to himself, but was permitted to share one which had been engaged by barber. Pat noted that his bed-fellow was very bald. and proceeded to chaff him. This the barber endured in silence, but when Pat had fallen into a slumber, the other man got up and shaved every hair off his tormentor's head. The Irishman, having a long journey before him on the morrow, had left instructions that he was to be called very early, and, it being still dark when he rose, he did not notice the loss of his hair. When some distance on his way, however. he felt thirsty, and, coming to a spring, took off his hat and bent down to drink. Seeing the reflection of his bald head in the water, he sprang back aghast. "Bejabers," he exclaimed wrathfully, "they've called the wrong man!"

Some Irishmen, tramping across country on the look-out for work, passed a coal-pit mouth just as the cage full of colliers was coming up. They stood speechless for some few minutes, when one of them broke the silence by saying to the others—"Och, shure it's no use coming into this country to look for work, as they are drawing men up out of the 'arth as fast as ever they wants 'em."

When Alderman Waithman was Lord Mayor of London a man was brought before him on a charge of vagrancy. "What countryman are you?" inquired the alderman. "An Irishman, please, yer honour," was the reply. The alderman asked—"Were you ever at sea?" "Come, yer honour," answered Paddy, "d'ye think I crossed from Dublin in a wheelbarrow!"

A native of the Emerald Isle was travelling by rail for the first time in his life. The train stopped at a station, and the guard, opening the door of the carriage in which Pat was seated, called out—"All change here!" "All change here!" cried Pat, aghast. "Sure, then, mister, Oi've only wan shilling and two dorty coppers in the woide, woide worruld, an' ye wudn't be so mane as to be afther takkin' thim from me, wou'd ye, sorr?"

An Irishman went to hear a concert in Glasgow, at which the well-known song "Bonnie Dundee" was sung. About the middle of the song Pat got very interested in it, and leaning over to his neighbour said in a loud whisper—"Sure, I know Philip M'Cann well enough, but who is this Philip M'Cup?"

An old Irishwoman recently visited Glasgow for the first time, and had her first ride in a tramcar. She had taken her ticket, and was shortly afterwards asked by an inspector to show it to him. To the other passengers' amusement she said—"Ticket, yer honour, sure, I don't sell 'em." "I know that, my good woman," said the inspector, "but it is your own ticket I want to see." She replied—"My ticket, is it you want? Faith, then, you'll not get it. You may buy one for yersilf, same as I did." The conductor here interfered, and assured the Irishwoman that the inspector did not intend to cheat her; but it was only after seeing the other passengers produce their tickets that she consented to take hers out of a big leather purse. Even then she exclaimed—"It's no Glasgow sharper as will desaive me."

In a large print work in Scotland a number of the "hands" were in the habit of coming in late after each meal hour. The proprietor thought he would check them himself as they came in; so one morning he stood at the gate after time was up for starting, and as the late comers passed him he held out a heavy gold watch, saying—"Do you see that? Do you see the time it is?" A big Irishman made his appearance; the proprietor held out the watch, saying—"Do you see that, sir?" Barney eyed the watch for a moment, and then replied—"Faith, an' be me sowl, that's a good one! How much did she cost ye?"

A venerable Pat landed on Chinese soil. Soon he was surrounded by natives, who began to chatter a rather broken sort of English. Pat, who was quick-tempered, was not long before he let fly at one of them with a dish which he seized from a wareshop close by. A Chinaman's face was badly cut, and Pat was brought before the English Consul. "Why have

you done this?" demanded the Consul, to which Pat replied, "Och, sure, the ugly haythen spake broken English, and I just gave him broken china in return."

"I came across a coloured man who spoke with a German accent the other day," said a prominent American stockbroker. "I dropped into a restaurant not far from the city hall for lunch, and the waiter who took my order, although unmistakably a coloured man, spoke as though he had just come from some Pennsylvania Dutch settlement up the state. The thing was so pronounced that I spoke to the proprietor about it, and found that my suspicions were correct. The man was a full-blooded negro, but he had been born and raised in a small town near Reading, and had always associated with the whites, who spoke Pennsylvania Dutch. Queer, isn't it?" "Oh, I don't know," said one of the party, whose business takes him through the West. "A short time ago I came across a German who spoke English with a decided Irish brogue. He was an educated young fellow, a graduate of a German university, and he was very anxious to learn English. He drifted out to Chicago, and from there to a lumber camp up in Wisconsin. Here, he thought, would be an excellent chance to learn the language. But all the men in the camp were Irishmen. Of course, the young German didn't know this, and he fell readily into their mode of speech. At the end of a year he returned to Chicago, very proud of having mastered our tongue, and was greatly surprised to discover that he had a brogue. That was several years ago, but he has never lost it. It clings to him as closely as though he had been born in County Antrim."

"Phwhat's th' distince to 'Twinty-siventh Sthreet?" asked M'Ginty of a man in New York City. "Weally I cawn't say powsitively, doncher know, but about two miles, I think," replied the man who was something of a masher. "Begorry," replied Paddy, "Oi'm surprised to know that yez are able to think thot far."

During the Blue Ribbon boom in America an Irish comedian named Joe Murphy was journeying to a small town in the vicinity of Pittsburg. As the train steamed into the station it was boarded by half-adozen men. "Mr. Murphy, I believe," said the spokesman, hat in hand. "At your service, sir," replied Joe. "Delighted to meet you, sir. We are the committee appointed to take you in charge," and they dragged the astonished loe from the car, and placing him in a carriage, they were rapidly whirled away. "Heaven bless us!" thought Joe. "This is very kind. Never was in this town before. A man's reputation does travel, and no mistake." In a short time they reached the hotel, and the committee having placed Joe in the best parlour suite, prepared to depart. "We will call for you after supper, Mr. Murphy," said the spokesman. "One moment,

gentlemen," cried Joseph, as he pulled the bell-cord vigorously. "Waiter, drinks for the party." "Drinks?" shrieked the conclave in a chorus. "Mr. Murphy, are you mad?" "Mad?" echoed Joe, "not a bit of it. Name your beverages, gentlemen." "Oh! this is terrible backsliding," said one. "Francis Murphy orders drinks!" "Francis Murphy?" repeated Joe; "I'm Joe Murphy, the comedian." They saw it all, and wildly rushed from the room in search of the Temperance Apostle, who was even then toiling painfully from the station on foot, carrying a huge carpet bag. Both of the Murphys drew large audiences that night.

At the time of the last Chicago Exhibition, an Irishman rented a place outside, advertising himself as the medical wonder who would cure any disease on earth. He secured in a short time a great many patients, to the detriment of a Yankee doctor in the same street, who, to find out Paddy's method, disguised himself, and became a patient. He purported to be suffering from peculiar complaints, and Paddy told him quickly that he would cure him of any disease. He asked the Yankee to name them, who did so, saving that he could not speak the truth, he had lost his taste, and, thirdly, he had lost his memory. Paddy, while listening, saw through his disguise, and, going to a cupboard, brought a pill. The Yankee wanted to take it home, but Paddy informed him that all his patients had to take their medicine

in his presence. After some delay, the Yankee put it between his teeth, at once spitting it out, exclaiming—"Soft soap!" "Now, bejabers, you're cured!" cried Paddy. "This is the first time you have told the truth! You have your taste back, and the man that eats soft soap will never forget it, so you will have your memory back."

At a convention in Dublin several of the speakers gave pathetic pictures of the trials and poverty of their early days. As might have been expected. these reminiscences were not without those dazzling metaphors which form a distinguishing feature of Milesian oratory. "There I was, gentlemen," said one of the speakers, in a voice husky with feeling, "a poor little trembling leaf of a boy with no clothes to me back, no money in me pockets, and nothing to put between me and black poverty that was staring me in the face, but me two heels headed for the United States, gentlemen!" "I'm glad to be here to-night, gentlemen," said another guest of the evening, "glad and proud, I may say. Until last week never have I set foot in this, the land of me birth, me own, me native land, gentlemen; and many are the changes time has wrought since me parents left here, a boy and girl, never to return again, but living true sons of Erin's sod to the day of their death!"

"Whenever I hear a discussion about political platforms and the attitude of parties regarding them," said an old American newspaper man, "I recall an episode that occurred at Old Point Comfort during the naval rendezvous previous to the World's Fair at Chicago. You know, there is a national soldiers' home at Hampton, near Old Point, and it was only natural, in view of the great event in Hampton Roads, that the national board which governs the home should take advantage of the occasion to make an official visit to the Hampton institution. General Franklin, General Steve Avery and several other members of the board were there, and had determined to make an inspection of the home and its inmates on a Sunday morning. John O'Neill, then a Representative in Congress from a St. Louis district, and I were invited by General Avery to accompany the party to Hampton. Everybody who knew O'Neill remembers what a delightful brogue he possessed. When Avery asked him to enter the carriage then at hand and make the trip, he quickly replied—'I'd go in a minute, Gin'l, but I've got t' go t' mass.' Avery endeavoured to impress upon him the fact that he could attend mass any Sunday, but a turn out of old veterans was not to be seen so easily. O'Neill still refused and Avery still insisted, until at last I looked at my watch, and, observing the time, remarked to O'Neill that he was too late to attend mass and be there at its most solemn portion, because communion time had passed. Satisfying himself on this point, and expressing his regret that he had been cajoled into delaying his pious purpose,

O'Neill got into the carriage with Avery and myself. As we started off Avery said to him-' John, you seem to stick as loyally to your religious platform as you do to your political platform.' 'Bedad, that's thrue, Gin'l,' he replied, like a flash. 'Ye know, they're both built t' git in on!' Coming back from the house," continued the narrator, "O'Neill told a number of his inimitable stories, and one, I remember, was particularly good and timely. 'The lasht bill Prisidint Harrison signed,' he said, 'was one grantin' a pinshun to an old lady in St. Louis whose son had been drowned durin' th' war in that very moat around Fort Monroe there. He was on sentry duty an' had fell in th' wather. I had worked on that bill harder thin I had on anny measure, I reckin, in me congressional career, an' it was passed at th' very lasht minute. Whin I reached th' Prisidint in the Prisidint's room at th' Sinate Mr. Harrison had t'rown down his pin an' declared he would sign no more. I told him this bill was for a soljer's mother, an' he pickt up his pin an' signed it. Whin I wint back t' St. Louis I met th' ole lady an' told her what a toime I'd had gettin' her pinshun fer her. "Ye did nobly, Jawn," she said; "an' now, Jawn, how about th' back pinshun?"' "

A bright daughter of Erin was soliciting custom for milk from the passengers on board a liner which had just arrived at Queenstown from Canada. "And what sort o' milk might it be?" asked a passenger familiarly. "Skim milk, to be sure," said the girl. "Skim milk! Why, we give that to the pigs in my country." "Indade!" replied the milkmaid simply, "but we sell it to them here."

An Irishman named Casey was offered an appointment under the Government at Ottawa. The position technically needed to be filled by a member of the legal profession, which Casev was not. The Government then intimated to the benchers of the law society of Ontario that they would take it as a favour if they called Mr. Casey to the bar. The benchers thereupon met and appointed one of their number, a learned lawyer, by the name of Wolcott, a special examiner to examine Mr. Casev as to his knowledge of law and report to them, with the understanding that he was to make it easy for him, so that Mr. Casey would be called without having to go through the long course and stiff examinations usually requisite. Mr. Casev having come up from Ottawa, Mr. Wolcott, who was, by the way, a great friend of Casev's, drove to the session house in a cab, so that he might take his friend to Osgoode Hall, where he was to be called. On the way Wolcott asked Casey-"Well, Casey, what do you know about law, anyway?" "To tell you the truth, Wolcott, I don't know a single thing." On arriving at Osgoode Hall, Mr. Wolcott made his report, and, in his affidavit, stated "that he had examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of law, and to the best of his information and belief he had answered the questions that he put to him correctly." Mr. Casey was thereupon duly called to the bar.

Mr. Chauncey Depew tells how, after the Pawnee Indians had exterminated the Crows, when he was a boy he journeyed from Peekskill to New York to see the great Pawnee war chief, who was exhibited at Barnum's. "It happened to be the 17th of March," says Depew, "and as the parade passed the museum the band played 'The Wearing of the Green.' The great Pawnee chief rushed to the window, and exclaimed to his medicine man:— 'Bedad, Moike, I'll see that procession if I lose my job.'"

The risks and dangers which fifty years ago emigrants underwent on landing in America are not to-day, for now every boy and every girl coming from Ireland has before him or her a brother or a sister, a cousin or an intimate friend who meets and looks after the emigrant. And this is a very necessary thing, for the simplicity which prevails among very many of those who come from remote and mountainous parts of Ireland is astonishing, and would render them an easy prey for the sharper and the hoodlum. A friend told me that an Irish girl in his employ (now smart and clever), whom he engaged at Castle Garden several years ago, would only consent to descend the stairs, which were a novelty to her, backward.

A priest who works in the Irish tenement district related an incident illustrative of this simplicity which occurred quite recently. A Galway boy arrived in New York. He had not troubled to keep the address of the friend to whom he was going, as he considered his cousin Phelim should, of course, be as well known in New York as in his own countryside. He started up one street and down another, at every door inquiring where Phelim lived. The ignorance of New Yorkers tried Barney not a little, but the piercing cold of a raw March day was still worse, for he at length dropped down upon the footpath close to Father —'s residence, and by some charitable ones was carried in there benumbed, When Father — had thawed him out and straightened him and given him a good meal he looked up this friend's name in the directory and took the boy straight to Phelim's house, to the astonishment of Barney, who was as pleased as he was proud to find a book of such size-bigger than the biggest Bible at home—devoted to all the particulars about his cousin Phelim.

We never hear an American boasting of his country's greatness without thinking of the Irishman at the Falls of Niagara. "There," cried Jonathan to a newly-arrived Paddy, as he waved his hand in the direction of Horseshoe Fall, "there now; is not that wonderful?" "Wonderful!" replied Pat. "What's wonderful?" "Why, to see all that water

come thundering over them rocks?" "Faix, then, to tell ye the honest thruth," was the response, "I can't see anything very wonderful in that. Why, what the divil is there to hinther it from coming over? If it stopped on the top that'd be something wontherful."

Mr. Joseph Jefferson once played "Rip Van Winkle" in a Western town in America. In a hotel where he stayed was an Irishman who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee, and proprietor rolled into one. At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping at his door. When he struggled into consciousness, and realised that he had left no word at the office to be called, he was indignant. His sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon appeared before the clerk. "See here!" he demanded. "Why was I called at this unearthly hour?" "I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike." He summoned the Irishman, and said to him, "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?" Taking the clerk to one side, the Irishman said in a whisper—"He was snorin' like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heard the b'ys say he were oncet afther shleepin' twinty years. So i says to mesilf, says Oi, 'Mike, it's a-comni' onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the man out o' yer house this instant."

A further good lesson that our people have learned from the Yankees, writes MacManus, is that of independence and democratic equality. Two decades ago, it was a rare treat to observe the returned one pass his landlord on the road with chin in air, a look of calm indifference in his eye, and his hat seemingly glued to his head; now a mere stay-at-home can act the part as nonchalantly. He has learned well the lessons that it should be in Ireland as it has always been in America, where "one man is as good as another, and a d-d sight better." Finally, the steady, heavy drain of emigration, which went on unceasingly for forty years, relieved the congestion of the country, and left more ease and elbow room for those at home. Where formerly the parent had to divide his already too small patch of farm land among three or four sons, he later needed to divide it between two only; the others had gone to the States, and since their father had paid their passage money and thrown them in the teeth of fortune, they could not think of holding claim on the land at home. and were far from grudging the farm to the less lucky brothers who remained behind. The altered state of things in Ireland was brought forcibly home to the casual observer when, a year or two ago, our Registrar-General's returns showed for the first time in fifty years a positive increase in the population of the Emerald Isle. Later returns have likewise been cheery, for, whilst emigration has very materially decreased, the reflux from America has increased. To the heart of every Irishman this information was glad tidings, showing that the turn of the tide, which had been bearing the heart and hope away from Ireland, had at length set in; that the era of prosperity was well begun, and giving good promise that at length the time had been reached when the Irishman could remain in Ireland for a better reason than that he had not the wherewithal to leave it.

Mr. Labouchere was once an attache of the British Legation at Washington. On one occasion the genial editor of "Truth" was sent to Boston to "keep an eve on the Irish patriots." Unfortunately, his funds ran out, and he had to wire to Washington for more money; but while awaiting its arrival his funds ran lower and lower, and on one occasion while eating in a cheap restaurant he found he had not enough to meet his bill. While considering his dilemma, he noticed that the waiters, all of whom were Irish, watched him with great interest. Finally one of them approached him with an astonishing show of reverence. "Excuse me, sir," whispered the waiter, "but aren't you Meagher, the pathriot?" The question was just the cue that Labouchere needed. "S-s-sh!" he whispered, placing a finger on his lips. And the waiter retreated to inform the other employees of the establishment that their original surmise was correct, for Labouchere did look a great

deal like a noted exile. When the meal was finished the diner walked to the cashier, and made a pretence of reaching for his wallet. The cashier stopped him. "Not a cent, sir!" she said. "We are honoured to have a man like you eat here. May I shake hands with a brother pathriot of Ireland?" Gravely Mr. Labouchere shook, and gravely he stalked out of the restaurant, followed by the admiring glances of the entire staff.

Pat had gone to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for someone to pick it up. Of course, he soon became disillusioned, and was always glad to get hold of odd jobs which would get him a little something to help him to keep body and soul together. Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all, and was very industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord came in on him. After watching him curiously for a few moments, he asked—"What's up, Pat? What are you trying to do?" "Troyin' to choke meself, av coorse," was Pat's answer. "Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck." "Sure, an' I tried thot, but I couldn't breathe."

The subject of immigration and naturalisation was being discussed at Republican state headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Charles A. Hall, of Wellsville, told this yarn—"There was an Irishman named Linahan, who came to Wellsville, and, after

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN. ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

deal like a noted exilt. When the continuous discontinuous 
The continue of the street of

The subject of immigration and naturalisation was being discussed at Republican state headquarters in the Fifth Amount Hotel, where Charles A. Hall, of Wellsville, what this yarn—"There was an Irishman started Limitan, who came to Wellsville, and, after





short residence, made application to be naturalised. One of the questions which is asked of applicants for citizenship is, 'Have you read the Constitution of the United States?' When this question was asked of Linahan, he replied—'No, your honour, I have not, but me friend, Dennis M'Carthy, read to me, and it's mighty well pleased I wuz with it.' He got his papers."

Two Irishmen, Mike and Pat, went to Derbyshire to seek work in a coal mine. Mike was set to work at cleaning coal on the bank, and Pat was given a job in the pit. Pat had never been down a pit before, and, seeing a prop supporting the roof of the stall, he asked what it was for. The chargeman told him it was to hold the roof up. Just then Pat caught sight of five or six more props, and asked what they were for. The stall man told him they were for the same purpose, when, to his great surprise, Pat suddenly bolted to the shaft, and in a fright demanded to be taken up to the top. This wish was complied with, and no sooner was he up than he ran to where his friend was working, and shouted out-"Run, Mike, run; shure, the earth's just standing on sticks."

An Irishman who had just landed in New York was strolling round the city, taking in the sights. In the course of his walk he came across Battery Park and, seeing a bench unoccupied near the water font, sat down. It was just about sunset, and as he gazed

across the water at Governor's Island, the big guns at that place boomed, announcing sunset. Now, this noise was new to the Irishman, and he said to a policeman who was passing by—"Phat's thot noise fur?" "Aw, it's the sun goin' down," replied the officer. "Begobs," remarked the Celt, "the sun nivir went down that hard in Ireland."

Two Irishmen, very verdant, were busily engaged in the study of a time-table on a railway platform at Liverpool. Mike was puzzled by the mysterious letters p.m. and a.m. which headed certain columns, and he mentioned the difficulty to his mate. In his most condescending tone Pat informed him that "p.m. is a penny a mile, and a.m. is 'a'penny a mile, of course."

"Is this the roight side for the Manchester train?" queried an Irishman of a railway porter. "Yes," was the reply. "And is this the roight side for third-class passengers?" pursued the Celt.

In Montserrat the population, although darkskinned, speak with a brogue. This has been a Hibernian island ever since Cromwell used it as a place of exile for rebels. The exiles followed the fashion of the time in forcing the populace into slavery, and the descendants of these slaves, who are, of course, free, are now engaged in making lime juice and talking Irish. A sailor from Cork landed one day at the principal port, and fell into conversation with a particularly black longshoreman. The newcomer was filled with astonishment at the familiar speech. "An' how long have yez been in this place?" he asked the negro. "Sure an' it's two months since I came over," said the other, meaning since he had crossed from the other side of the island. "Well," replied the Irishman, "if it makes a dacint man look like you in two months, here's who's goin' back to ould Oireland be the next ship!"

"Your majesty," said the cook of the king of the cannibal islands, "how will you have the latest captive prepared?" "I always like to cook my game in some way appropriate to their national characteristics," replied the king. "Of what nation is the captive?" "He is an Irishman, your majesty. Is it your pleasure that he be done into an Irish stew?" "Oh, no. You may make soup of him." "But is that characteristic of the Irish, your majesty?" asked the chef politely. "Certainly it is. That is the way they cook young men themselves in Ireland." "I beg your pardon, sire, but I never heard of it." "That, my dear sir, is because you have not had so much time to read as I have. I, sir, have often met, in my reading about Irishmen, with the expression, 'a broth of a boy.' "

## XII.—PADDY.

N our previous chapters we have sketched what may be called the individual Irishman as he exists in anecdote and story, that is, the Irishman as priest and as doctor, as soldier and as emigrant, as lawyer and as jarvey. Here we deal with the Celt in general in his everyday life. In this chapter we have collected a few of the numberless anecdotes which do not allow of any very distinct classification.

An association was formed in Edinburgh early in 1903 to foster a bond of union amongst Irish students there, and at the inaugural meeting Professor Butcher delivered the opening address, taking, appropriately enough, as his subject, "Irish Character."

The professor said that he hailed with delight the formation of that society. Often had we wished in Ireland itself that the circumstances of the country would allow the young men who were to be thrown together in after-life in various professions and various callings to meet together at school and at college, to get to know one another, to rub down their

differences by friendship, by the kind of friendship which college life fostered, and to feel that whatever their politics, whatever their religion, they belonged to one country, and must work together for its good. Unfortunately traditions, which one need not enter into, had prevented the realisation of that to a very great extent in Ireland, and it was, therefore, the more gratifying to find that when they met across the Channel those so-called difficulties and impossibilities vanished. He found in that class-room a spontaneous warmth of feeling which reminded him, he must say, of what he had felt at Boards of Guardians in the south of Ireland, only that the warmth here was dissociated from some of the unpleasant consequences which sometimes arose from the inflammable atmosphere of such Boards.

They, Irishmen, were the most mysterious, the most romantic, the most domestic, high-spirited, and also the most melancholy of all men. They could not indeed claim perhaps to have the lofty dignity of the Englishman, or even the canny, he might almost say the truthful, qualities of the Scotsman. But still they had certain graces and virtues of their own, which even the most favoured nation of the world might envy. First of all, they lived by the imagination. By that he meant they refused to be bound by hard and strict facts. Perhaps some of them would remember there was a saying about Homer "that he

knew how to tell lies well in the proper manner." Irishmen knew also how to tell lies well in the proper manner. By that he meant the art of artistic fiction. All an Irishman desired was to escape from the thraldom of prosaic reality, and to soar into the more airy regions of the poetic imagination. The fact was that in very many ways Irishmen lived on sentiment, possibly too much, but he thought it was far better to live on sentiment than to have no sentiment at all. He had a far-off feeling about things connected with the country's past. He lived very much in a past that never was a present, and a good many Irishmen, he thought, were inclined to live in a future that never would be a present. He maintained with an old Ochil man that the girls of Ireland were better for wives, mothers and daughters than any other they could find anywhere else. Another thing which was quite peculiar to the Irish among the nations of the world, they had been able to cast their spell over every stranger that had touched their shores.

Having dwelt on some phases of the Celtic movements, Professor Butcher closed with a reference to the Irish land question. He owned that, although there were certain conditions which were unsatisfactory in parts of Ireland, yet looking round the country as a whole, and having spoken to a great many landlords and tenants the previous summer, he had the firm conviction that there were growing signs among men on both sides that they must terminate this long and desolate warfare. He thought at last they had begun to see the light. The great fact which must be brought home both to England and to Scotland was this, that the land purchase experiments that had been made in Ireland, beginning with the year 1885, had been the only experiments, pretty nearly, in Irish legislation about which all parties were agreed that they were fully successful.

And now for anecdote and story. A man addicted to walking in his sleep awoke one night to find himself in the street in the grasp of an Irish policeman. "Hold on! Hold on!" he cried. "You mustn't arrest me—I'm a somnambulist!" "I don't care whether you are a somnambulist or an un-nitarian," said the policeman—"you can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt!"

A solemn-looking man entered a business house, and, walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floor, asked—"Is dere anny chanst fer a mon t' get a job av wu'rk here?" "I don't know," answered the man addressed; "you'll have to see Mr. Hobart." "An' phwere is he?" asked the man. "Up on the second floor," was the answer. "Shall Oi walk up an' talk t' him?" queried the seeker after employment. "No need of that," replied the man; "just

whistle in that tube and he'll speak to you," pointing at the same time to a speaking tube. The old man walked over to the tube and blew a mighty blast in it. Mr. Hobart heard the whistle, came to the tube, and inquired—"What's wanted down there?" "'Tis Oi, Paddy Flynn," answered the man. "Ar' ye th' boss?" "I am," replied Mr. Hobart. "Well, thin," yelled Flynn, "stick yer head out av th' second-storey windy whoile Oi step out on th' footpath. Oi want t' talk t' ye."

A woman who lives in a cottage away upon a high moorland in Ireland, with a cow and a calf and a young collie for company, said to a bright, fair young Manchester girl one day—"I hope ye'll come back, God bless ye; and when ye do, shure I'll pray it'll be on your honeycomb!" It was some time before the mystery of the wish was solved, and then the girl was well chaffed about the novel experience before her.

Among the stories told of Charles Lever, the witty novelist, is one which concerns the days when he was British Consul at Trieste. He had accompanied his daughter to London for a little social enjoyment, and had neglected to go through the formality of asking for leave of absence. On his arrival in London he was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton, who was delighted to see him. When he arrived at Lord Lytton's house, his host said, "I'm so glad you could

come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon"—the minister of foreign affairs. The novelist, much embarrassed, began to give reasons why he must tear himself away, but before he could make his escape, Lord Clarendon was announced, and almost at once espied him. "Ah, Mr. Lever," he said, blandly, "I didn't know you were in England; in fact I was not even aware that you had asked for leave from Trieste." "No-o, my lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that; "no, my lord; I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship for me to come and ask for it in person!"

"Why do thim false eyes be made of glass, now?" asked Mike. "Sure, an' how else could they say throo' 'em, ye thickhead?" answered Pat.

Michael Flannigan—"Phwat's become of Pathrick Dolan?" Police Inspector—"Who's Patrick Dolan?" Michael Flannigan—"Begorrah, an' don't yez knew Pathrick? OOIZ was his number, shure. He's from Dublin, and is a broth of a bhoy." Police Inspector—"Oh! it's ZOOI you're asking about! Well, too many cooks spoilt the broth, and he was dismissed the force." Michael Flannigan—"Too many pwhat?" Police Inspector—"Cooks! He married two at once, and was sent to prison for bigamy." Michael Flannigan—"Shure, an' Oi know Emmie,

big or little, wasn't worth goin' to prison for. But it's the same ould failin'. Oi remimber whin he was a bhoy he wint to gaol for ringing area bells."

Pat is a "bhoy" for reasoning, but he does not take logic very seriously at all, at all. "Phat a blessing it is," said Pat, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is all toired out, and he could not work any more, at all, at all, even if it was morning!"

"Where are you going with that mortar?" shouted a bricklayer to O'Murphy, who had just reached the fifth storey of a six storey building. "Oi'm taking it down again, Oi am, av coorse. It's dinner time, and nivver a bit av wur-r-k Oi do afther the bell goes!"

A man who had a pig was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to perfection one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied—"Och, sure! and isn't it this I like—to have bacon with a strake av fat and a strake av lane aqualy one afther t'other?"

A man who was leaving his employer asked for a character, which was freely given him. He gave it a somewhat long perusal, with a look of perplexity on his countenance. "Well, Pat," said the master, "what is the matter with it?" "Well, sor, you have not made any mention as to sobriety." "But, you know, I could not conscientiously say you were a

sober man." "Arrah, now, but couldn't you say is was frequently sober?" observed Pat. "Well, I shall write you a fresh one. How will this do?— 'The bearer, Pat Houligan, has been in my employment for over three years, during which time he has been frequently sober.' "Thank ye, sor; that will do much better than the other one," said Pat.

Pat was no astronomer, but next to his pipe, he loved to be "up-to-date." A friend had been telling him about an approaching eclipse of the sun. That night Pat sat on his door-step, patiently puffing away at his old pipe. He would light a match, pull at the pipe, and then, as the match burned out, try another. This he did till the ground was littered with burnt matchwood. "Come to supper, Pat!" called his wife from the kitchen. "Faith, an' Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Moike has been a-tellin' me that if Oi smoked a bit av glass, sure I could see the shpots on the sun. Oi don't know whether Moike's been a-foolin' me, or whether Oi'm smoking the wrong kind o' glass."

Colonel Sanderson's charge against the Irish was equalled by the smart Conservative agent during the 1892 election. This enterprising young man adopted the electioneering plan of entering pubs. apparently as a customer and haranguing the loungers. One night, thinking he had his hearers well in hand, he

exclaimed—"Show me an Irishman, and I will show you a coward." This roused a big navvy who had sat in the corner. Rising, he shouted—"I am an Oirishman." The agent opening the door, cried—"I am a coward."

An astronomer was once trying to explain to an Irishman that the earth was round, but Pat would not believe it. After some discussion the astronomer said—"Now, where does the sun rise?" "In the east," said Pat. "And where does it set?" "Sure, sir, in the west." "Then how does the sun manage to get back to the east?" Pat scratched his head for a few seconds, and looked perplexed. At last his face lighted up, and he shouted triumphantly—"Sure, sir, it slips back in the dark."

Whoever has an Irish side to his tongue is insured against monotony of speech. The dead level is always more or less broken by hummocks and hillocks and bogs of the language, where an unwary enemy fumbles and flounders.

I live out on the "edge," says a recent writer, and a good many tramps come to the door in the course of the year to ask for victuals or old clothes, or so on. A sociological student would get many points from them, but I am satisfied with a little entertainment. One day last week a middle-aged man, an Irishman, cheerful-faced and fairly decent in dress,

applied at the rear for old clothes. I heard the maid parleying with him, and went to her assistance. I found that the man had asked for a hat, and noticing that the one which he wore was in pretty good condition, I said to him-"That's a good hat that you have on." He took it off and looked at it for a few moments. It was a brown Derby, of good shape, and only slightly faded. "Yes," he said, looking up at me with a bright slyness in his eyes. "Yes, it is that-a good hat. But, you see, it don't become me!" Two days after that we fed a second Irish humourist, who thanked me in the following manner as he set down the plate from which he had eaten a lunch of baked beans and a cheese sandwich-"Thank ye, kind lady, so far as it goes—so far as it goes."

Over on the west side, continues the writer, a certain large apartment house faces a corner where a tumble-down frame house squats in the middle of the lot, and roofs in Jimmy M'Murty and his family. We may call the apartment-house the Ruskin. Those who lived in it last summer wondered why M'Murty's corner was not sold to the ragman, for it was clothed in rags from hide to heel. There was no fence, but plenty of tall weeds and scrubby bushes, and these caught every rag and paper and string that came around the block, and never hauled down a flag once it was up. On that lot there were samples of wrap-

ping paper from every department house in the city. cast-off corsets, old aprons, dishcloths, newspapers, blood-stained papers that had wrapped fresh meat, and bushels of strings and tags and bobtails. One day some women who lived in the Ruskin had a meeting and talked up a plan for getting the M'Murty corner cleaned. Enough money was subscribed to have it done, but who would bell the cat? Who would go over and ask permission of M'Murty to invade the sanctity of his private premises? Jimmy was known to have a temper, and two sides to his Irish tongue. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Johns drew the black beans, and at once went and laid the case before the head of the M'Murty family. first Jimmy vielded to the smooth persuasiveness of the women ("I am always that soft with the wimmin, I am"), but pretty soon the gist of the thing got into his stomach, and he grew a little red in the face and stood up a little higher over his collar. "Ladies," he said, clearing his throat, haughtily; "ladies, I have lived in this warrud twinty-wan years, and niver wance have I tuk help from man, woman or goat. I conthract me own debts, and pay for me own bills. Niver wance have I asked for drink, or clothes, or bed quilts. I am a self-made man, and me children are self-made children, and the equals of enny kids that attind to the MacMasters School. We tidies up our bit yarrud whin the day comes, and excipt no

intherferin' from people that live up an elevator, where the only yarrud there is, is the dirt they carry up on their feet. Go home and swape under the beds," said he, "and I'll arrange my own premises. Will ye look at the dirty rag on that bush? That's the best curtain from one o' the parlour windows of the Rusking, got loose and blowed over here this mornin'. Mrs. M'Murty would scorn it for a dish-clout. We intind to have it picked off, for we wouldn't touch it with a poker, for fear o' blackin' it up. Go home and swape under——" But the women had gone, and the M'Murty father lit his pipe and sat down on the doorstep.

The foreman on the "job" had given the latest importation from the Emerald Isle charge of a lock-cart, and instructed him to drive away several heaps of earth and empty them into a disused quarry, which was half full of water, some quarter of a mile off. He afterwards noticed that Pat took rather longer than was necessary to accomplish the distance, and on paying him a visit was surprised to find the Hibernian shovelling out his load, instead of dumping it. "That's not the way to go about your work," said the enraged gaffer, adding a few stronger words by way of emphasis. "Next time you come back, tilt the cart over." Pat said not a word, but being a conscientious worker he fulfilled his instructions to the letter, and backed in both cart and horse. As

he watched the frantic struggles of the animal in the water, the honest man's face assumed a rueful expression, and he was heard to remark, "Troth, an' it is a quick way of emptying the cart, but it's moighty thrying on the poor baste."

Civil service examinations, as given in San Francisco, have not yet passed the burlesque stage They are funnier than a farce comedy. Some dramatist should base a laughable play on their ridiculous features. One day they were examining labourers at the City Hall, and as is customary in these amusing tests of knowledge, questions were being propounded by well known citizens versed in the subjects under consideration. Mr. Flynn, a prominent contractor, had the centre of the stage, and threw the following question at Mr. Tim Murphy, a candidate for a job under the Board of Public Works. "How many feet of paving would you consider a good day's work, Murphy?" "Do you mane for vourself or for the city, Mr. Flynn?" Staggered, but not quite knocked out, Mr. Flynn replied, with a gurgle in his voice—"Well, ah—a good day's work for anyone, Mr. Murphy." "Hm -well, Misther Flynn, I would say a good day's work for yez would be 1800 feet, an' for the city 180."

In a remote district in the north-west the railway company appointed a new stationmaster named Flannigan. Some time after this appointment there occurred an accident in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Flannigan sent in to headquarters a very elaborate report, covering the causes and consequences of the accident. Headquarters in due course acknowledged receipt of the report, coupling with it a mild hint that the new stationmaster might be less elaborate and more concise in future in making out reports. Unfortunately, a few weeks later, an engine went off the lines near the same station, and after matters had been set right, Mr. Flannigan proceeded, as in duty bound, to report to headquarters, and wrote as follows: — "Engine off again — on again. — Flannigan."

A man who is a contractor in a provincial town employs a large number of navvies. On Saturdays the men assemble at the yard where the working plant is kept, to be paid. One Saturday, when the men were assembled as usual, waiting for their wages, the foreman reported to the master that a barrow was missing. So the master told the foreman to lock the gates and "search every man to see who had stolen it."

"Hello, Paddy, how is it you're not working at Cramps' any more?" asked a Kensington butcher. "Oi shtruck," was the reply. "What did you strike for?" asked the butcher. "Well, it was loike this," explained Pat. "Wan wake ago cum day after tomorry noight, Oi was put ter work amongst a gang

of Oitalions, all biler-makers loike mesilf. Well, begorry, ivery moother's son of thim dagoes ate aboot half-a-dozen big onions ivery dinner, an' all the rist of the day th' odor of thim onions got inter me eyes, so thot instead of drivin' bolts, Oi'd be thumpin' me fingers. Well, th' climax cum wan afthernoon phin me eyes were thot full of water thot instid of puttin' a bolt in a hole, Oi put me finger in' an' th' feller hon th' inside of th' biler put a washer over th' ind of it an' hit it such a clip that begorry they had ter take th' biler apart t' git th' hole away frum around me finger. It was thin Oi shtruck."

Pat was new at the plough, and the first attempt was anything but successful. "Look here," said the farmer, "that kind of thing won't do. The corn will be dizzy that grows in a furrow so crooked as that. Fix your eye on something across the field, and head straight for it. That cow there by the gate is right opposite us. Aim at her, and you'll do pretty well." "All right," said Pat, and just then the farmer was called away to the barn. Ten minutes later he returned, and was horrified to see that the plough had been wandering in a zig-zag course over all the field. "Hold on there!" he shouted. "Hold on! What are you up to?" "And sure, sir," said Pat, "I did what you told me. I worked straight for the cow, but the crayture wouldn't kape still."

While touring one summer in the West of Ire-

land a tourist put up one night at a small hotel. When he retired for the night he placed his boots outside the bedroom door. Next morning he found, to his great indignation, that the boots had not been cleaned. He went downstairs vowing vengeance on the landlord. "Look here!" he said indignantly. "I left my boots outside my door last night, and they were not taken away." "Faith, sor," returned the host, "you might have left your watch and chain there too, and the sorra a wan 'ud touch them. We're all honest people here."

Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season, and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered. "Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?" "The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick complacently. "Sure, an' it's Misther Jones that has the pound weight." "Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? I thought that the pound weight stayed in the store. How did Mr. Jones get it?" "An' shure, didn't yez tell me to be perlite to the regular customers?" "Of course." "Well, thin. Misther Jones comes in to the store for a pound of tay. An'.

says he, whin I axed him what quality of tay he wud have—'Whatever yez give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlite like, an' it's himself that's gone with it."

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to a man he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," says Pat. "How could I hould it an' two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the craytures, and I'll hould it for ye."

A farmer who had engaged the services of a man sent him out one morning to harrow a plot of ground. He had not worked very long before nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Presently the farmer went into the field to note the man's progress, and asked how he liked the work. "Oh," he replied, "shure an' it goes a bit smoother since the pegs have come out!"

A labourer who was working on the roof of a house was surprised upon looking round to find that his mates had all disappeared. After about an hour's searching about for means of escape he spied one of his chums across the road. After a deal of exertion, Pat managed to draw his attention, and begged of him to bring a ladder by which he could get down. "Sure," says Mike, "there is no ladder within two miles, so jump and I'll catch you." After careful consideration, Pat decided to jump, but came a hard cropper on the flags below. After regaining con-

sciousness, Pat inquired why he had not been caught. "Sure," says Mike, "I was waiting till you bounced."

One night M'Nab treated some of his friends to a selection on the bagpipes. After an hour of hard playing he turned to his friends and exclaimed, "Hech, sirs, but that is very difficult." "Difficult, d'ye call it?" said Pat Hogan, who had been an impatient listener. "Bejabers! I wish it had been impossible."

A good story is told of a certain close-fisted north country man, who killed a pig and wished to avoid the customary division with his neighbours, and consulted an Irishman on the subject. "Pat," said he, "if I give a piece of pork to all those who have done the same to me there'll be very little of my pig left." "Faith, sor," returned Pat, "the pig's your ownye're not forced to divoide it, are yez?" "Well, how am I to avoid doing so?" "Aisy enough, sor. When the crathur's dead, be afther hangin' him up outside the door so that every mother's son av 'em will see it. Lave it there till mornin', an' before anywan else is about, take in the pig an' hide. Then, when the grady naybors come, tell 'em the pig was sthole."-"Capital idea!" remarked the owner of the pig. "By George, I'll do it." The pig was duly hung up and admired by the "grady naybors." Some hours after, under cover of darkness, Pat crept round the corner of the house, seized the carcass, and made off with it. Next morning he called pretty early on the late

owner of the pig, who was stamping about in a terrible rage. "Top o' the marnin' to yer, sor," he began; then, with a knowing wink, "An' how's the pig?" "I wish the pig was stuck in the throat of the man who stole it," roared the other. "Faith, that's as natural as if ye'd really lost the—"
"But I have lost the pig," yelled the other. "Some greedy, mean hound has stolen it in reality." Pat pushed his hat to the back of his head and gazed admiringly at the other. "Bejabers!" he ejaculated, "ye do it to the loife! Kape it up, an' ye're bound to save your bacon." Pat's companion did "kape it up" to some tune; nevertheless he failed to save his bacon.

A gentleman who was in the habit of dining daily at a certain restaurant, said to the waiter who attended him—"Instead of tipping you every day, Pat, I'll give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the month." "Wud ye moind payin' me in advance, sorr?" asked the waiter. "Well, that's rather a strange request," remarked the gentleman. "However, if you are in want of some money now, here's half-a-crown for you. But did you distrust me, that you asked for payment now?" "Oh, no, sorr," grinned Pat, pocketing the half-crown, "but Oi'm after lavin' here to-morrow."

Pat went to a racecourse and fell in with a number of sporting friends who were betting on the races. Pat was urged to bet, but steadfastly refused until he saw two of his friends win a large sum on one race. Finally, after much urging, he put half-a-crown on a horse, from which moment he became deeply interested. As the horses came past the judge's box, Pat's fingers clutched the back of the seat and his eyes were wide with excitement. The horse on which he had bet finished sixth. Pat, without a word, but with a look of deep disgust, got up and hurried down to the paddock where the jockeys were. Calling the youngster who had ridden that particular horse aside, Pat inquired in deeply injured tones—"In hivin's name, young man, phwat detained you?"

"So yez t'ink Friday is an unlucky day?" asked Doolan. "Oi know it," replied Hooligan. "Oi lost me purse wid tin shillin's in it on a Friday. Don't yez call thot bad luck?" "Yis; bad luck fer you, but foine luck fer the felly that found it."

The Dublin gallery boy is always a source of terror to actors, and many are the stories told of the quaint suggestions hurled by the gamins to the stage below. On one occasion, in a melodrama, Charles Fechter was slowly paying over a sum of money to the villain. Everything depended on whether he had sufficient money for the purpose, and the paying out was most deliberate—so deliberate indeed that a boy in the gallery, wearying of the scene, enlivened the proceedings by shouting—"Say, Mr. Fechter, give him a cheque!"

On another occasion, when the play was "Monte

Christo," the hour twelve-thirty, and the end not yet in sight, the curtain rose, discovering Fechter in an attitude of contemplation. Not a movement, not a sound broke the silence. Suddenly a small but clear voice in the gallery remarked, in tones of anxiety—"I hope we are not keeping you up, sir?"

"He wor a great mon," said Patrick. "Who wor?" asked Mrs. Murphy. "The mon I met to-night. Oi wor in Casey's when he said to me—'Oi'll bet yez the drinks an' a half-crown thot Oi can guess your name in three guesses.' Done,' sez I. 'Oi'll draw up an agreement so thot there won't be any mistake,' sez he. 'All roight,' sez Oi. He done ut, an' we both signed. 'Me fir-st guess is Jones,' sez he. 'Wrong,' sez Oi. 'Me second guess is M'Intosh,' sez he. 'Tis not,' sez Oi. 'Oi have one more guess comin',' sez he. 'Yez have,' sez Oi. 'Me last guess is Murphy,' sez he. 'Bedad, you're roight!' said Oi." "Oi wonder how he told," said Mrs. Murphy. "He wor a great moind reader. He told me so himself. Ut wor worth the money!"

A misconception on the part of a stage attendant was once the cause of a number of valuable lithographs being destroyed. A certain theatrical manager had printed a collection of beautiful and costly lithographs. Being busy behind the scenes when they were brought to him, he called a stage attendant and ordered him to place them in the foyer (lobby). On entering the theatre in the evening he noticed

that the lithographs were not visible. He sent for the attendant, and asked where they were. "Shure I burnt them, sorr!" "Burn them, you idiot? What did you do that for?" "Bekase ye told me to! Ye told me to put them in the foire, and I went roight off an' put them in the stove beyant."

The following story was told in Dublin shortly after the visit to that city of Queen Victoria. The then Lord Mayor, Mr.—now Sir Thomas—Pile, is a fishmonger, and the Sheriff, Mr.—now Sir Joseph—Downes, is a baker. Two working men were discussing the honours which had been conferred upon them. "It's a quare world," said one; "many's the time Mr. Pile's served fish to me over the counter, and now he's Sir Thomas." "Yes," said the other, "and I've often bought bread from Mr. Downes, and now he's Sir Joseph." "Bedad, it's a miracle!" said the first. "Faith, it is then!" said the second. "It's the miracle of the loaves and fishes."

"Oi must confess," said Mr. Rafferty, "that it ain't clear to me what's meant by arbithration." "It's a great t'ing," replied Mr. Dolan. "Oi'll explain it till yez. S'pose two people hev a quar'l—" "Which is li'ble to happen any day." "They call in three or four other people to take a hand and ixpriss an opinion, an' the result is absolute peace or a general free fight."

Two men, who used to be very intimate friends, were observed to be passing one another without the

slightest sign of an exchange of greeting. A few observant onlookers took note of the extraordinary occurrence. "Why, O'Brien," exclaimed a friend of one of the men concerned, "can it be that you and Mulhooly have really quarrelled?" "An' sure," was the guarded reply, "why did ye ask such a question?" "Well," explained the friend, "there no doubt seemed to be a coolness between you both when you passed just now." "Ah, but," declared O'Brien, "that is nothing less than the insurance of our friendship." "I never heard of such a thing," said the other. "Do you mean to tell me that men can pass one another as though they were the biggest strangers on the face of the earth and then say anything about friendship?" "Sure, now, it's just like this," responded O'Brien. "Mulhooly an' I are so devoted to wan another that we can't bear the thought of a quarrel, an' as we are both quick-tempered we've resolved not to shpake to one another at all."

"Come here," said a jovial stockbroker to a friend, detaining him by the lapel of his coat. "I want to tell you a story about a friend of mine. "Some time ago he was travelling, and he had to stop at a small town. He went to the best hotel in the place, but it was not brilliant. It consisted principally of the bar. Well, my friend walked into the bar and noticed a sign on the wall bearing these words—'M'Ginnis M. M'Ginnis.' 'Is that your name?' my friend said to the proprietor, who was serving.

'Sure it is,' was the reply. 'Pardon my curiosity,' said my friend, 'but I should like to know what that M. stands for.' 'No offence, sor. It stands for M'Ginnis!' 'Then your name is M'Ginnis M'Ginnis M'Ginnis?' 'Indeed, it's jest thot.' 'Then you'll excuse me if I observe,' my friend continued, 'that you are probably of Irish extraction?'"

"Oi hov found the man that hit me wid the brick," said Hogan. "Are yez goin' to get even?" enquired his companion. "Oi am not. 'Twas all a mistake. The man was only doin' his jotty. He mistook me for a tax-collector."

The Irishman who went up in a hotel lift without knowing what it was did not recover easily from the surprise. He relates the story in this way—"I wint to the hotel, and says I, 'Is Misther Smith in?' 'Yes,' says the man with the sojer cap. 'Will yez step in?' So I steps into the closet, and all of a suddint he pulls the rope, and—it's the truth I'se telling yez-the walls of the building began running down to the cellar. 'Och, murther!' says I, 'what'll become of Bridget and the children which was left below there?' Says the sojer cap man, 'Be aisy, sorr; they'll be all right when vez comes down.' 'Come down, is it,' says I. 'And it is no closet at all but a haythenish balloon that vez got me in! And wid that the walls stood stock still. and he opened the door, and there I was wid the

roof just over my head. And, begorra, that's what saved me from goin' up to the hevings intirely!"

A tramp, in search of employment, applied at some works for a job. To get to the office, he was taken up by the elevator, which left him at the door on which the office was situated, afterwards proceeding higher up. On coming out of the office he went to where he had got off the elevator, stepped out, and fell to the bottom, luckily, however, escaping with nothing worse than a slight shock. When recovered from his surprise he went to the men who were working in the yard, and exclaimed—"Faith, I've only a half-crown left, but I will give it to the first man that will tell me who took that staircase away."

"Phwat koind uv a job have yez now, O'Hara?" asked his friend O'Mulligan. "Sure it's an aisy job I have now, Dinny," was the reply. "I stand on the corner wid wan sign hung on the front av me and wan sign hung on the back av me, and, begorra, between the two I git me livin'."

A man with an Irish brogue entered a newsagent's shop in London, where a poster was exhibited with the words—"Situation in the Transvaal." Entering the shop, the man said—"Shure I've come about that situation ye're advertisin'?" "What situation do you mean?" inquired the newsagent. "This is the one," said the man, pointing to the poster, "in the Transvaal, I am after." "Pooh!" replied the agent, "that's on the state of affairs." "Begorra!" ex-

claimed the man, "I don't care whose estate it's on; begorra! I'll take it!"

Some years ago a famous pianist was giving recitals in an Irish city. He invariably took a piano with him to the different towns where he performed. This was not the instrument made use of at public performances, but was one on which the pianist practised at his hotel, and was a valuable instrument of which he was particularly fond. One night, after the conclusion of a recital, the musician was alarmed to learn that his hotel was on fire and likely to be completely destroyed. In the greatest anxiety he questioned the messenger as to the fate of his beloved instrument, and eagerly asked if it had been removed from the burning building. The messenger replied that an attempt had been made to get it out, but this was not successful. Noticing the crestfallen look in the face of his questioner, the man hastened to add— "But make yer mind aisy, yer honour. Sure the pianner will be quite safe, for as I was leavin' the hose was playin' on it."

You cannot get ahead of the average newsboy. A little boy with marks like the Lake of Killarney over his face, jumped aboard a car the other day. He yelled out, "Hextry Speshul. Five hundred souls lost in a shoe factory." A passenger grabbed the paper at once and handed him a penny. While waiting for the change the buyer glanced quickly to see where the catastrophe had occurred. There was

nothing in the paper, and he said—"Say, boy, where is that fire in a shoe factory?" "Ah, gwan, who said anything about a fire? I said five hundred soles lost in a shoe factory. Get up! Want any ice, old Methusaleh?"

A short time ago a corporation acquired a plot of land with the avowed most laudable intention of converting it into a "children's play-ground." As the work proceeded it was noticed that so much of the ground had been used for flower-beds, and so on, that very little indeed remained for the children-save the gravelled paths. One morning a fussy little member of the city council was looking over the place when a labourer—who happened to be one of his constituents—addressed him. "Sure, an' it's a moighty foine playground ve're afther making, Mr. X-... "Yes," returned the councillor. "It will be one of the prettiest spots in the city." "Thrue for ye," was the rejoinder. "Oi was a little puzzled wid the thing at first, but Oi see the idea now. The children'll have to play outsoide, Oi reckon, an' come in here for a rest loike, when they're toired! An' bejabers," he added before the councillor could get in a word, "Oi'm thinking the little darlints'll have to come in wan at a toime, or it's crowded out entoirely they'll be!"

"Come along wid me to the hall," said Mr. Herlihy to his neighbour, Mr. Nolan. "There's going to be a free lecture, and the subject is, 'The Fall of Man;'

it's free to ivery wan." "I dunno as I care to lave me own home the night," said Mr. Nolan, who sat gloomily nursing a bandaged arm. "If it's falls from horses he's talking about, I'm niver likely co have wan, for lack of money; and if it's falls from anything else, from bicycles to ladders, I don't need to go near him to learn about thim. Me last was down the cellar stairs, and I'm thinking I'll kape to home while ricollection is frish in me mind!"

The foreman of a labouring squad had taken ill, and Pat was duly promoted to the post for one day. On the foreman's return the following day he found only Pat at work, and interrogated him as to the absence of the others. "Where are they?" Pat replies. "Shure they're sacked, every man of them. It's not often I've a chance of showing my authority; but, bedad, I made the most of my opportunity yesterday."

"Where's your daughter Mary living now, Mrs. Herlihy?" inquired one of the neighbours, who had dropped in after an absence of some months. "Her hoosband's got a foine job on the 'Toimes,' reporting accidents," said Mrs. Herlihy, proudly, "and the two av thim and little Moike is living in a suit uptown." "What's a suit?" inquired the neighbour, curiosity having got the better of a desire to appear well-informed on all points. "A suit," said Mrs. Herlihy, slowly, "is one o' thim places where the parloor is the bedroom, and the bedroom is the

kitchen, and the closets is down in the cellar, and the beds is pianny—or organs, and—well, it's one o' thim places where iverything is something else," concluded Mrs. Herlihy.

A poor man, who did any odd job to earn a few pence, was out walking, when a man asked him if he would whitewash the ceiling of a room for him. Pat said he would, and, on his way home thought of the things he would want to use for the job. Having an old whitewash brush at home, with the hairs almost worn away, and not having enough money to buy a new one, he wondered what he should do about it. After pondering some time, a smile suddenly flitted across his face, and he said—"Ah, begorrah! I've got sum hair restorer at hum, and I'll be after a-puttin' sum on the brush."

"And now let me show you the germinating house," said a florist, after taking an Irish visitor through his collection of plants and various hothouses. "The German ating-house, is it?" rejoined the son of Erin. "Do yer plaze, couldn't yet give us a sight av an Irish drinking-house hereabouts, if it's all the same to yees?"

"Will you have a piece of apple-pie?" asked the landlady of the Irish boarder. "Is it afther bein' houlsome?" asked Pat. "To be sure it is," she replied. "Why should you think it otherwise?" "Faith, an' Oi had an uncle wanst who doied av

apple-plexy, an' Oi thought this moight be somethin' av th' same koind."

An Englishman was boasting about the big policemen they had in England, and said they were so tall they could light their pipes at the street lamps. "Oh, that's naething to the bobbies ower in Scotland," said Scotty, "they are so big yonder they can look ower a land o' hooses." "Is that all the size of 'em?" said Pat. "Shure them would be called kids of policemen over in Ireland. Ours are so big they have to stand in a coal pit before they can get their hair cut."

"Well, Pat, have you learned to ride that bicycle yet?" "Sorra a bit, sor. Sure Oi can't aven balance mesilf standin' still."

"I don't know that you're the man whose name is on this cheque," said the bank cashier. "You'll have to be identified before I can give you the money." "Oidentifoyed, is it?" replied Pat. "Sure, thin, cast yer eye on this bit of fotygraf, an' ye'll see it's meself entoirely."

"Why did you leave your last place?" said a country squire to an Irish applicant for the post of valet. "Because the man av the house was no gintleman!" was the reply. "What did he do?" said the squire. "He locked me out av me room, an' t'rowed me clothes out av the windy, an' called in an officer an' put me out av the house by main force, an',

begorry, Oi left an' niver wint back!" replied the Irishman.

"Why do you think this man who almost drove over you is Irish?" "Because I threatened to lick him." "Well?" "Well, instead of driving on about his business he got down from his cart and wanted to fight."

A coachman had once been suddenly raised to the post of waiter at a dinner party, when sudden resignation had left the place vacant within an hour of the assembling of the guests, and was greatly delighted when the host found an old dress coat and vest that would fit him. Ten minutes were spent in acquainting the servant with the usages of polite society at a dinner. Among other things, the host told the coachman that he was on no account to ask any of the guests to be helped a second time to soup. The guests took their places at table, and the soup was served quite creditably; when the coachman observed that one gentleman pushed his plate of soup away from him. He leaned over and drew the plate back in front of the guest, who in turn pushed it from him again. This displeased the coachman. He thought he saw a breach of decorum in the action. "Ate your soup, sorr," said he in trumpet tones. "Yez'll get no more."

"Pfwat wud yez do if Casey called you a liar?" asked Paddy Brannigan of Joe Murphy. "Pfwhich

Casey?" enquired Joe cautiously, "the big wan or the little wan?"

"I hear you want to sell your dog, Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree?" "Shure, an' Oi niver noticed it, sor. Anyhow, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an' Oi'm thinkin' as how he'll be afther out-growin' it, sor."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr. ——?" asked one Irishman of another. "Faith, and I will, with all my heart." "Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm askin' you to." "And what for not—a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?" "Och, nothing uncommon! An elegant piece of corn beef and potatoes." "By the powers, that beats the world! Jist my dinner to a hair—barring the beef!"

An Irishman who had taken a seat in a theatre other than the one his reserved ticket called for was remonstrated with by the attendant, who insisted on his getting up and giving his seat to the rightful purchaser. "G'wan wid ye," excitedly retorted the Celt; "the sate is moine, an' Oi'll shtand up for me roights ef I hev to sit here all noight."

Two gunners, one a young Irishman unaccustomed to handling a fowling-piece, the other a sharpshooter, were in quest of ducks. They had floated their decoys and were patiently awaiting the coming of the game when, on a sudden impulse, the disciple of the shamrock put gun to shoulder and fired both barrels into the midst of the floating flock of mimic ducks. In answer to an expostulation from his companion the offender replied—"It's yureself that hoz no sagacity at all. Faith, when th' birds see what a d— bad shot I am they'll think you're no betther, an' it's a boatload ov ducks we'll be afther takin' home, d' y' moind?"

In a collection of Irish stories may be mentioned an amusing conversation about Irish affairs in which the disputants got very hot. "The only way to govern Ireland," said the first, "would be to bring Cromwell back from hell to do it." "Shure," was the reply, "do you think he'd come? Isn't be aisier where he is?"

"My friend," said a phrenologist, "I find you have a most remarkable memory." "Profissor," said the man under examination, "wud yez moind puttin' thot down on a bit o' paper so's Oi won't fergit it?"

An Irishman in gaol, not being satisfied with his dinner, made an application to see the Governor. Brought before that gentleman the next day, he laid down a long story about the quality, quantity, etc. To finish up with he shouted—"And if there isn't an alteration I will have to lift my time." In an instant he saw his mistake, and, covered with blushes, made for the door.

Two poor down-trodden peasants, who fancied they had a grievance against their landlord, were waiting behind a hedge by the roadside, with their guns loaded, murder in their hearts, and fully determined to have a shot at the tyrant. The time at which he was expected to come along passed. Still they waited and waited until the village church clock struck three, and at length they become uneasy. "Bedad, Pat," said Mike, "I do hope nothin' has happened to the poor ould gintleman!"

Here is the story of an incident that occurred in a Scottish post office. An Irish harvester expected a letter from home, and called at the nearest post office, when the following conversation took place; -Pat (to postmaster)-"Shure and isn't there a letter for me?" "Who are you, my good sir?" "I'm myself, shure, now, and that's who I am." "Well, but what is your name?" "And what do you want wid my name? Shure, now, my name will be on the letter if there is one." "Oh, yes, but you must give me your name so that I can find the letter if there is one for you." "Well, then, Pat Murphy, if you will have it." "No, sir, there is none for Pat Murphy." "If I could get round the counter, shure, I'd teach ve better manners than to insist on a gentleman's name. But shure and ye's didn't get it, after all, so I'm even with ve. Not one bit is my name Pat Murphy, avther."

There is a newsman on Kingstown pier well known to all travellers across the channel. It seems that when Queen Victoria was in Ireland he had the honour of supplying her with morning papers. Accordingly, when the Queen re-visited forty-nine years later, Dave Stevens presented himself with a formidable array of journals, for his stock-in-trade had increased enormously in the meantime. One of the gentlemen in attendance reminded Her Majesty of the circumstance, and she sent for a morning paper, inclosing a sovereign, with a message to the effect that David might keep the rest for himself. "And which newspaper did she buy?" asked the newsman's interviewer. "I'm like a lawyer, sur; all that takes place between my customers an' myself is a secret, an' I wouldn't tell ye for a handful o' soverins—but that would surprise ye if ye knew." The interviewer's curiosity is still unsatiated.

Implicit obedience to a lady dispenser's instructions supplies the point of this anecdote:—Said an old woman, "I was tuk that bad last night I thought the life 'ud lave me." After due inquiry into her symptoms she was given a packet of arrowroot, with minute directions how to prepare it. As she scarcely seemed to take them in, a happy thought struck the lady. "You know how to make starch, don't you?" she asked. "Yes," Biddy said, she did. "Then make it just like that," said her friend, "and add a little sugar to it." Biddy departed, to return next day with the information that "she was like to die afther atin' what Miss Norah gave her, and with all due respect to her, she couldn't get it all down, it wint so aginst her." She was requested to bring what

remained for inspection, which revealed that the directions as to starch had been literally carried out. She had put blue in it.

"I should like to show you, madam, this patent bag to hold clothes pegs," said an agent. "It costs only a shilling, and, as you see, slips along the line, making it much easier to get at than to stoop to the basket every time." "An' phat's the matter wid me mout' that costs not a ha'penny an' always wid me, I'd like to know," demanded the thrifty housewife. "It's mesilf that can howld a dozen o' pegs an' be sociable like over the fence to Mrs. O'Toole, with the same breat', begorra!"

When Queen Victoria visited Ireland in 1848 there was one attempt made to disturb the order of the proceedings for controversial purposes. Half-way up Parkgate Street, Dublin, Mr. Nugent, a then wellknown public man in Dublin, forced his way through the guard and caught at the Royal carriage, while he appealed to the Queen to pardon Smith O'Brien. He was put aside in a moment by Lord Clarendon. who was in attendance, and the incident terminated almost before anyone realised what was happening. Another incident of the procession—characteristically Irish—was the salute of a spectator in Circular Road. "Arrah! Victoria, will you stand up and let's have a look at ye?" he roared out at the top of his voice. The Queen heard it, and rose at once and bowed and smiled at him. "God bless ye for that, my darling,"

he responded, to the great amusement of the crowd, while Her Majesty resumed her seat and laughed heartily with Prince Albert at the incident.

"Phwat is your son doin' now, Mrs. O'Rafferty?" asked a neighbour. "Sure he's adopted th' stage as a profession. He do be a light comedian." "A loight comedian, is it?" "Yis. He stands beyant the black curtain, wid his mouth to a hole forninst a candle, an' whin Pawnee Ike shoots at the candle, he blows it out."

"Is your master a good farmer, Pat?" "Bedad, an' he is that; he makes two crops in one year." "How does he manage that?" "Well, he sells all his hay in the autumn an' makes money once, thin in the spring he sells the hides of the cattle who died from want of the hay, an' so makes money twice, begorrah."

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien. "And phwat's ancisters?" "Why, people you sphrung from." "Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively. "I come from the rale sthock av Donahues thot sphring from nobody. They sphring at thim!"

It is not often that natural processes take their cue from police regulations, yet this would seem to be the case in the North of Ireland, where the following police notice, "in view of the earlier approach of darkness," was being widely posted recently:—"Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

in preparated, to the great amusement of the conand Her Mijerty resurred her rest not trainful laurie with Prince Albert at the last on

"The est is your son doin' new, Mexico National isked a neighbour. "Sure he's adopted to the asa profession. He do be a beht conserved a loicht conadian is 172" "Vis. He and a contra the black current of the mouth to a hole foreignt a carding to the state at the capdle, he

"How their be execute that he "Well, he william! his hay in the actumb at makes narray once, thin in the spring he gells thoogs would be cattle who died from want of the hay, an' so makes money twice, becorrah."

AND LOCAL PERSKINE INCOUR RISA CONTROL O'faien Taud severa munitari? "Who ample you splanned you!" "I have some the for higher? said Mr. Kelle ingerseen to the limit the rale stanck as I because a test aptrong from nobody. They spliring at thim!"

It is not often that natural processes take their one from police regulations, yet this would seem to be the case in the North of Ireland, where the following police notice, "in view of the earlier approach of income was being widely posted recently I me more rotice every vehicle must carry a hear





when darkness begins. Darkness always begins as soon as the lamps are lit."

"Was there anything to lead you to believe that the deceased was non compos mentis when he took his life?" queried the coroner of a witness. "Would ye moind axin' me that question in English?" asked the witness. "Well, do you think he was suffering from temporary insanity?" "Faith, 'twas jist th' opposite av temperance insanity, bein' that crazy wid drink he was."

Not a thousand miles from Dublin lives a sturdy. big-muscled, appallingly healthy, good-natured son of Erin, with the brogue of the Bog of Allen on his tongue, and in present possession of all the wheedling, coaxing ways which many years ago won to him his comely wife, Mary. Pat went home one evening feeling out of sorts and somewhat depressed. He complained to Mary of a pain in his stomach, a "feelin'" in his head, a dimness of sight, and concomitant ailments. He had a bad night, and next morning informed his wife that he was going "sure to die." A big Irishman, especially if of the peasant class, is like a Dutchman in at least one respect he is normally healthy. He has not, as an institution, to go through life enumerating his physical ailments, his doctors, or his favourite medicines. Therefore, when he does stump his toe or play hideand-seek with his internal arrangements, the shock is so great that he begins to believe with all the

earnestness of a convert to a new religion that the end has come or is coming instanter. Pat was "thataway." So sure was he that he was going to die that he scoffed at food, scorned the suggestion of a doctor, and expressed a desire to see God's good physician-at-large, the priest. But Mary had no idea of disturbing his reverence. She knew Pat. She knew what ailed him. She loved him, she sympathised with him-and she wanted to feed him. "Mary," cried Pat in that strong, great voice that the masculine alleged sick sometimes use when they are fooling their loved ones-though they be not conscious or really guilty of any intent at such fooling-"won't you plaze see that I have a dacent funeral. Blank, the undertaker, is an ould friend of mine, and ought to get the job. Anyhow, don't forget to ask Patsy Kennedy and Mike O'Donnell and Jerry Kilrush and 'Spot' Murphy and Billy Delaney and 'Policy' Daly and Dutchy Guggenheimer and Dago Brosciosi and English Lang and Scotchy Pike and Jimmy O'Neill and Pete Dugan and Steve Sullivan-" "Pat, darlin'," said Mary, "what do ye want of all thim?" "Why, to be me honourable pall-bearers, av coorse," answered Pat. "Get out wid ye," said Mary; "don't ye remimber that at the O'Hagan's funeral—the ould man's—a funeral that extinded four blocks, they had only eight av thim honourable pall-bearers, and how can we, wid no 'pull,' an' only money enough comin' from the

society to get three carriages an' wan hearse, have the presumption to have more pall-bearers than the O'Hagans, who kep' a public-house an' a grocery, an' owned a horse? I'm thinkin', faith, that three av thim honourable friends will be enough to ax to carry ye to the cimitery. The others can come anyway, if they want to." "Sure, yer right, Maryye always are," said Pat. "But it strikes me," averred Mary, solemnly, "that if ye will only ate somethin'-get a bite on ver stomach-that ve'll be all right to-morrow. Plaze thry it, Pat, just fer the sake av ver own Mary, who never neglected ye nor desarted ye. Won't ye ate, Pat?" "No, Mary acushla," said Pat; "I won't ate. What's the use av atin' anyhow? I'm goin' to die, I know I am, an' it's no use thryin' to put off the inivitable, as Father Tom says." "But if ye'd drink somethin', darlint, it might help ye out—an' ye know that Ted Murphy has been after yer job, an' he'll get it if ye don't see the boss to-morrow." "What," said Pat, jumping up with a vell; "that little red-headed, bandy-legged, crooked-mouth tarrier—he get me job. Why, he's as wake as a dago and can't fight wid his fists." "But if ye'd drink somethin' warm, Pat, dear, Pat me pride, ye could fool Murphy—ye could down yer inimies, Pat alanna." "Well, now," said Pat; "I'll tell ve what ve might do, Mary, me sloe-eved birdy ye moight get wan av thim big tumblers off the top shelf in the kitchen. Wait, Mary, me thrush, sure

there's only wan big wan—that fellow wid no leg." "Well, Pat, love?" "Get that big tumbler, Mary, me sweet pansy blossom, an' fill it wid hot water. While th' hot water is warmin' the tumbler, Mary, me apple flower, just sind wee Tommy over to Casey's fer a helf-pint av his best. Tell him to get it out av that bottle wid the green picture on it—the same wan that Brady imptied last Saturday whin he got drunk. Casey'll know. Have ye seen Brady lately, Mary?" "No," said Mary, brightening up to see Pat like his old self. "Poor Brady," soliloguized Pat, "what a thump he hit that copper! Well," he resumed, after he dealt the pillow a resounding whack in imitation of Brady's good right hand, "whin Tommy comes back wid the licker, Mary, me fairy bell, wid the goblins dancin' on ver eve-lashes, just impty the water out uv the tumbler—that big tumbler wid no legs—an' put the licker in, not all av it, but nearly all. In the meantime, Mary, me love, wid the dew av hevin on yer rosy lips, that dew that'd make a man ashamed to accipt St. Peter's invitation to wet his whistle, ve have-knowin' me-let three limps of sugar come slowly together in hot water. Now, me Mary av the curlin' hair, jest set the big tumbler that has the whisky in it into the kittle that is warm on the hob, so that the glasses may not get cowld it'll just set into the rim av the kittle-and then into that tumbler drap yer dissoluted sugar. Stir nicely, me Mary av the dawn's brightness an' the angel's whiteness-stir nicely fer a few minutes. Thin pour in more boilin' water, keepin' a-stirrin' all the time until the tumbler is full. After that, cut a limon, squeeze the juice av a quarter av it into the tumbler, thin add a piece av the peel. Stir agin, darlint, an' bring up to me wid a cloth 'round where the leg should be so that it won't burn yer handsyer lilly-white hands. An', Mary av the snowy breast an' tinder heart, if I refuse to take it, plaze coax me. Fer hevin's sake, don't take it away if I don't want it, but coax me hard, Mary, ye lump av sweet sugar, coax me-won't ye coax me?" "Arrah, hould yer whisht," said Mary, as she adjusted the pillow tenderly. "It isn't to coax ye that ye want me to do; it's to make ye, an' faith I will." "Blessin's on ye, Mary, me ray o' sunlight," called Pat to his wife, who went to the kitchen to follow the recipe, softly murmuring to herself—"Poor Pat. God bless him. He was always thataway. But that settles cowardly Ted Murphy, who'd take the bread out av a dacent man's mouth."

The philosophy of the Irish nature is somewhat well illustrated by a little story concerning the temptation to become a gambler that came to a humble toiler who lives near the navy yard. One Saturday night he had drawn his hard-earned week's salary, which, at 5s a day, amounted to 3os. Mike was a good man to his family, and always brought his wages home, his wife invariably handing him

back 2s for Sunday pocket money. This Saturday night, however, he wandered away from the pay office with a friend, and as it was hot he thought he might just as well spent his 2s in advance for the foaming glass and in the enjoyment of cheerful companionship. But he was tempted, and he fell. The friend got into "a little game." Mike refused to join, saying he would just look on. Surely a dangerous position for an Irishman! The play progressed, the friend was winning, Mike got uneasy, not because of the luck of his companion, but that he himself feared the tempter. Then he fancied that luck might come his way also, and the baby needed new shoes when school opened, so he got into the game. Of course, he lost every penny, but he was cheerful. He never thought of the broiling days and the long hours during which he had toiled—that might come later; but he turned to the crowd with a laugh, and said, "All over boys. It comes aisy-it goes aisy. There's more where it came from. An' I'm in luck, for I've got a car ticket."

Travellers in America know that time changes at Pittsburg from Eastern to Central standard—that is, going west you leave Pittsburg by the railway clocks one hour earlier than you arrive. Both times operate at the Pittsburg Union Station. At the Erie depot, across the river, the clocks tell Central time only. Good Catholics do not eat flesh meat on Friday, as everybody knows. Flannagin was a good Irishman

and a good Catholic also, and he lived up to the regulation. But one night he was waiting for a beefsteak, to be garnished with onions. This was at a restaurant on Fifth Avenue, frequented by all Pittsburg newspapermen. Near a group of these writers Flannagin was sitting, when a friend joined him. "What are you waiting for, Tim?" the friend was heard to ask. Tim explained. "Why, ye heathen," said the friend; "don't you know that it's 12 o'clock, and so it's Friday morning in a minute?" "Begorry, so it is," said Flannagin. "Well, it doesn't matter. I'll take a car over to the Erie daypo. It's only 11 o'clock there."

A story is told of a pompous member of Parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late, and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd. Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded—"Make way there." "Garn, who are ye pushin'?" was the unexpected response. "Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M.P. "I am a representative of the people." "Yah," growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin' people themselves."

Patrick is a big policeman whose good humour and promptness in emergencies have endeared him to the people in the suburban ward over which he is guardian angel. One day he noticed that a street workman was leaving an unsightly pile of dirt and gravel at the side of the road. "Come, now, you can't leave that heap there!" said Patrick, sternly. "Well, I've no place to put it," said the workman. "You can't leave it there!" persisted Patrick. "What'll I do with it, then?" asked the workman, sullenly. "Do with it!" echoed Patrick. "Dig a hole in the road, to be sure, man, and bury it!"

"Oi'd like a job wid ye, sor," said an Irishman to the foreman in a factory. "Well, I don't know. There isn't much doing just at present. I don't think I could keep you busy," said the foreman. "Indade, sor," answered Pat, in a reassuring tone,

"it 'ull take very little to kape me busy."

A political candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the peasant class, was very pleased, but somewhat surprised, on hearing from the elector that he would support him. "Glad to hear it," said the candidate; "I thought you were against me." "Shure I was at first," rejoined the peasant. "Whin, the other day, ye called here, and stood by that pig-sty, and talked for half-an-hour, ye didn't budge me an inch. But after ye had gone away, sor, I got to thinkin' how ye'd reached your hand over the rail and rubbed the pig's back till he lay down wid the pleasure of it. I made up my mind thin that whin a man was so

sociable as that wid a poor fellow-crachure I wasn't the bhoy who was goin' to vote agin him."

An Irishman was one day observing to a friend that he had an excellent telescope. "Do you see yonder church?" said he. "Although it is scarcely discernible with the naked eye, when I look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close I can hear the organ playing."

"Sure, sor," said Mrs. O'Mara, "an' yez towld me this clock was Frinch." "Isn't it?" queried the jeweller. "Thin how the divil can Pat understand the toime from it?" asked the woman.

"Well, Pat," said a tourist, "this is a grand-looking clock; but shoot me if I can tell the right time by it!" "Well, your honour, it's like this," answered Pat, "when the big hand points to six and the little hand to seven, and it strikes five times, then you know it's half-past six o'clock!"

At a well-known mill not a hundred miles from Coatbridge, a Scotsman and an Irishman were employed carrying bags of flour. Each had to carry three dozen bags and then get a short spell. The Scotsman, working harder than the Irishman, got through with his three dozen first, and, of course, had a rest. While sitting, the Irishman came along, and exclaimed—"You haven't carried three dozen yet." "Ay," says the Scotsman, "sax (sacks) times sax (sacks) is thirty-six (sacks)." "Bejabers," says

Pat, "you moight as well say bags times bags is thirty bags."

It is not so long since the densest ignorance prevailed amongst Englishmen regarding Ireland. The following is a good story regarding this. It may be apocryphal, but it is ben trovato all the same. A reverend gentleman was lecturing to a large audience at Exeter Hall, London. The subject was foreign missions, and the good man was endeavouring to extract money by his perfervid eloquence. His peroration was as follows: - "Think of it, my brethren, think of the millions of mortal men who live in darkness and ignorance. The cannibals of the Congo, the earth-eating Hottentot, the Australian aborigine. And you can save them, my brethrenthere are none too blinded but can be saved. Even, if we come nearer home, even in that benighted island across the sea, where dwells the wild Irishman, jumping from tree to tree-even he, I say, has an immortal soul."

A prominent member of the Upper House engaged a wild Irish youth from Connemara as footman. "Pat," said his lordship one morning, "see if your mistress is 'at home' to-day." "That she is, your lordship; sure Oi jist saw her go into the dhrawin'-room," said Pat, who was ignorant of the ways of high society. "You misunderstand me, Pat," said his lordship; "go and ask your mistress if she is 'at home' to-day." "Well," muttered Pat, as he

obeyed, "if his lordship ain't quare! Shure Oi jist saw her ladyship in the dhrawin'-room, an' the masther asks is she at home! An' now Oi've got to ask her that same, an' she in the house all the toime!" "Are yez at home, me lady?" he asked, thrusting his head into the drawing-room. "No, Patrick!" replied his mistress. Pat stared in stupefaction a minute, then slowly retired. "Well, well! Phwere does she think she is, poor sowl? Sure it's mad she is, an' the masther, too! More's the pity!" he exclaimed.

"Thot fool av a Kelly must read the comic papers," said Cassidy. "Phwat makes yez think so?" asked O'Brien. "Oi heard him say 'Bejabers' the other day," replied Cassidy.

One day an Irishman went to a fair which was being held in his village, and got mixed up in a free fight. Shortly after hostilities commenced he was knocked senseless by a blow from a thick blackthorn. He was then carried to the local hospital, where, on examination, it was found he had sustained injuries so serious that he would be laid up for several weeks. After his discharge from the hospital he met a friend, who expressed his sympathy for the bad luck he had had. "Yes," replied Pat, regretfully, "the fun had only just commenced whin I had ma sinses knocked out o' me, but," and here he brightened up, "faith, it was an illigant smack."

An Irishman having placed a new chimney on his

cottage, called one of his neighbours to show him his handiwork. "Now, what do yez think to it?" said Mike to his neighbour. "Begorra!" said that worthy, "but the chimney is leaning to the left." "An' bedad!" replied Mike, "if you wuz to go round to the backyard an' look at it you'd sae it wuz laneing to the roight, so sure it must be stroight."

"Why don't ye pump faster? Ye won't get the tub full av ye're going to work at that rate," asked Mrs O'Finnegan. "D'ye suppose I want to pump the cistern dhry fillin' yer measely tub?" queried her husband.

Two Irishmen went out hunting. They became separated, and one of them, hearing a succession of howls and a fearful scratching and hissing, ran toward his companion, whom he discovered with his arms around a tree, wrestling with a wild cat. "Pat, will I come to ye and help ye to hould on to the baste?" "No," replied Pat, "come to me and help me to let go av him."

"Phoy is O'Grady carrying his head so hoight? Hos somebody towld him his veins flow wid genteel blood?" asked Larry Donohue. "It's worse thon thot," was the reply. "Th' ither day, the foremon told him to bank up th' clay, an' iver since he's bin callin' himsilf a banker."

An assessor of property one day entered a cellar, and asked who lived there. The woman did not at first appear to understand him, having round her a whole tribe of squalling children. "Who resides here, I say?" demanded the assessor. "An' plase yer honour, I hardy knows," replied the woman. "Larry O'Rake, that's me husband, occupies this corner with me; Looney, the gravedigger, with his family, live in that corner; O'Hone, the rat-catcher, in the other; and Judy M'Mulligan in the other." "How many of you are there altogether?" asked the assessor. "Forty-two," answered the woman; "and we might do well enough did not Judy M'Mulligan take in boarders."

"I have no sympathy wid a strike," said Mike. "But you don't blame folks for not workin'," protested Pat. "Ye can't strike unless ye've got a job, kin ye?" was the withering rejoinder. "They had no business goin' to work in the first place."

"Does thot look annyt'ing loike me late laminted Dinnis, Mrs. O'Toole?" asked the Widow Clincy, pointing to a lithographed portrait which she had recently hung on the wall. "Tell me, d'yez detict anny resimblance at ahl?" "Oi do not!" truthfully replied the visitor, who had dropped in for a chat, somewhat surprised at the question. "Av me oyes don't desave me, thot is a picture av thot illigant mon, Lord Roberts." "Yis, 'tis thot," said the widow. "But, phwisper, whin Con Duffy, dhe soignpainter, slips in an' paints a plug-hat upon its head, a Saint Patherick's Day smoile on its face, an' a grane sash across its chist, tell me now, d'yez t'ink

ut would fool that foine, fore-handed widower, Phalim M'Larrity, who has wake oyes, into belavin' that av he wins me he'll be marryin' a lady that is proud av a good husband whin she has wan?"

A certain Irishman, having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion. His antagonist, a lame man, got to the appointed meeting-place on crutches. The lame man's second asked that he should be allowed to lean against a milestone which happened to stand there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand. The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon, one hundred feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man-"I've a small favour to ask of ve. sor." "What is it?" asked the cripple. Pat answered-"I told ye that ye might lean agin the mile-post, and now I would like the privilege of leanin' agin the next one." The laugh that followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.

Lord March (afterwards Earl of Queensberry) was on one occasion challenged to fight by an Irish sportsman. Lord March appeared on the ground accompanied by a second, surgeon, and other witnesses. Great, however, was his surprise to see his opponent appear with a like retinue to his own, but increased by a third person who staggered under the weight of

a polished oak coffin, which he deposited on the ground, end up, with its lid facing Lord March and his party. Surprise gave place to terror when his lordship read the inscription plate, engraved with his own name and title, and the date and year of demise, which was the actual day as yet scarcely The earl at once approached his facetious antagonist and upbraided him for so unseemly a joke, to which the Irishman replied-"Why, my dear fellow, you are, of course, aware that I never miss my man, and as I find myself in excellent trim for sport this morning, I have not a shadow of doubt upon my mind that this open box will shortly be better calculated for you than your present dress." Lord March was so impressed by his antagonist's confident manner that a peace was patched up between them.

One of the best of the many good stories which Justin M'Carthy tells in his "Reminiscences" concerns Prince Napoleon and a visit he made to Mr. M'Carthy's native city. When Prince Napoleon put into the port of Cork, so runs the story, the city was presided over by a chief magistrate who was especially proud of his knowledge of French. Indeed, it was said that this respectable mayor had a way of oppressing his less highly cultured fellowtownsmen by an anxiety to parade his mastery of the French of Paris. The mayor suggested that a public reception should be given to Prince Napoleon, in

order to testify the sympathy which true Irishmen ought to have with the people of France and the house of Bonaparte. The proposal was eagerly adopted, and the mayor, as was to be expected, undertook to deliver the address. The ceremony was duly arranged, and Prince Napoleon appeared at the right time. Then his worship the mayor stepped forward and delivered a long and eloquent address, spoken without the help of any manuscript, in what the bystanders assumed to be the native tongue of the illustrious visitor. Prince Napoleon listened with what Hans Breitman calls "a beautiful, solemn smile" on his face, and when the address was over he delivered his reply in the most correct and fluent English. In his opening sentences he thanked the meeting for the generous reception given to him, and the mayor of Cork for the speech to which he had just listened. He felt sure, he said, that that speech expressed the most kindly and generous sentiments of welcome; but he added his deep regret that, as he never had had any opportunity of studying the noble Irish language, he was not able to follow the words of the worthy chief magistrate. From that day, concludes Mr M'Carthy, the citizens of Cork were no longer oppressed by the mayor's assumption of superiority as a master of the French language.

An English lady and her little boy were one day looking over some apartments in Limerick prior to

engaging them. As they were going upstairs, the little boy espied some cobwebs on the ceiling. "Oh! mamma," he cried, "look at the kibwobs!" "Shure, my dear," said the Irish landlady, "that's what we call the Irish drapery."

"Nora, me jewel, Oi hov wan for yez. If a man is born in Lapland, lives in Finland, an' dies in Poland, phwot is he?" asked Paddy O'Doolan. "A car-r-rrpse," promptly answered his wife. "Begorra, somebody must hov told yez," said Paddy in disgust.

A well-known actor was once shooting with a friend in Ireland. They had very little sport, so Mr. B- said, "I'll ask this countryman whether there are any birds about here." "No use to ask him." said the actor. "He'll only tell you lies." "I'll ask him at all events," said Mr. B---. "My good man. are there any birds about here?" "Lots of birds, yer honour." "Tell me what sorts of birds?" "Well, now, yer honour, there's grouses, and woodcocks, and snipes, and ducks, and all sorts of birds." "Ask him," whispered the actor, "whether there are thermometers." "Tell me," said Mr. B-, "do you ever see any thermometers about here?" "Well, now, yer honour," said the man, nothing daunted, "if there was a nice sharp frost the place would be alive with 'em."

A curious circumstance took place between two Irish labourers. One of them was boasting of the steadiness with which he carried a load to any height. The conversation ended in a bet made by the one that the other could not carry him in his hod up a ladder to the top of the building on which they were employed. Pat placed himself in the hod, and his comrade, after a great deal of care and exertion, succeeded in taking him up and bringing him down safely. Without any reflection on the danger he had escaped, the fellow who had been carried paid the money, observing that, "to be sure, he had lost; but," added he, "don't you remember, about the third storey you made a slip, and then I was in hopes."

A Scottish mason and an Irish labourer often met in the early morning going opposite ways to their work. Pat was always the first to hail his fellowworkman with—"The top ov the mornin' to yez, me bhoy," leaving Sandy a very lame reply or a nod. Thinking to be upsides with Pat, Sandy one morning took the first word and shouted out—"The top of the morning to you, Pat." "Ach, shure," said Pat, "the rest ov the day to yoursilf, me bhoy."

An Irishman was working on a new railway, and one day he said to the ganger—"Do you want any more hands, sir, for I've a brother at home that wants a job of wurrak?" The ganger asked him what sort of a workman his brother was. "Faith, sorr," Pat replied, "he's as good a man as myself." "All right," said the ganger, "tell him to come and start on Monday." "Whoile I'm axing you for my

brother, there's the poor old father at home wants a job at the same time, yer honour." "Well, what sort of a man is your father, Pat?" "Bejabers, sor, he's as good a man as the two of us." "Oh, well," said the ganger, "tell your father to come, and you and your brother can stay away."

George Borrow learned from his friends the gipsies how to tame savage horses by whispered words in their ears, and on more than one occasion he put his knowledge to good use while wandering over Spain. In chapter 13 of "Lavengro," Borrow relates a very remarkable incident that occurred to him when he was a boy in Ireland. A pony he was riding cast a shoe, and he took it to a smithy, where it was shod. the ill-conditioned smith inflicting as much pain as he could, which made the poor brute frantic. How the same man "tamed" it is thus related by Borrow: -"Can you do this, agrah?" said the smith. "What is it?" said I, retreating. "I never saw the horse so before." "Go between his legs, agrah," said the smith, "his hinder legs," and he showed his fang. "I dare not," said I, "he would kill me." "He would kill ye! And how do you know that, agrah?" "I feel he would," said I. "Something tells me so." "And it tells ye true, agrah; but it's a fine beast, and it's a pity to see him in such a state. Is agam an't leigeas," and here he uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but sweet, and almost plaintive. The effect of it was as instantaneous as that of the other, but how different. The animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. The smith went up to it, coaxed and patted it, making use of various sounds of equal endearment. Then, turning to me, and holding out once more the grimy hand, he said, "And now ye will be giving me the Sassenach tenpence, agrah?"

"'Tis a fine picther you have of the ould man, it is?" said an Irishwoman to a neighbour who had just been left a widow. "Isn't it now?" replied the widow. "It is thot natural yez can almost hear him swearin'."

"An honest man is the noblest work av God!" said Pat. "Thrue fer ye!" answered his companion. "But there's lots av honest men that wouldn't be so honest if they would only tell the truth about thimsilves!"

At a Cork election, some fair Corkonians were replenishing themselves in the nearest public-house with a "sup o' porther." Mr. Moriarty, their favourite candidate, entered and said—"Well, ladies, did ye all vote for me?" "Sure, an' we did, darlin', every wan ov us." "Good for yees. Have somethin' with me." Later on Moriarty, who was propping up a wall, the picture of despair, remarked, to a sympathising friend—"Bad luck to thim women votes. Sure, they all put a cross against me name—mainin' that was for me to be elected—an' it meant a vote against me ivery time!"

A boots, knocking at the bedroom door of Irish traveller making his first trip from home, enquired—"Did you put your boots outside last night, Sir Irishman?" "No! faith," replied the Celt, "they are under my pillow, and there they stop. I know too much for the likes of you."

Outside an Irish inn a cyclist one day left his bicycle leaning against the wall while he ate his lunch, and through the open window heard a group of natives descanting upon the machine from a scientific point of view. "I tell ye, bhoys," one man was assuring the rest, "'tis all a matter of electricity. He shteers wid his feet, and he houlds on wid his hands, but 'tis electricity makes him go." There was a murmur of dissent, but the village scientist continued-"'Tis like this," he said. "Ye've seen telegrapht wires? Well, on a telegrapht wire the electricity shtarts from one place, and runs along quick and aisy till it gets to another. But here in the wheel of a bicycle the telegrapht wire is all crisscrossed insoide uf a frame, and the electricity can't get out at all, at all. And so it just runs round and round, like a shquirrel in a whirlgig, widout getting anywhere-but it takes the wheel along wid it." This characteristically Hibernian elucidation evidently satisfied the audience.

In a country town in Ireland a new post office was in progress of erection. A poor man, coming into town to post his Christmas letters, and learning the nature of the new building, exclaimed:—"Faith, it's glad I am to hear that same, for not a shop of the kind was there in the town but the one, and the thunderin' villains used to charge what they liked for thim stamps! But now there'll be someone to compate with them."

The following was overheard in a Dublin street on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland. The speaker was a young Irish girl:—"An' is that her, the highest lady in the land? 'Pon me word she minds me of nothing so much as old mither when she's mortal plazed. The size of her now, sittin' in that grand carriage, no bigger than me Biddy, who turned twelve last Ballinasloe fair. Musha, musha, to see her sittin' there as quiet as can be, the quietest lady goin'—who'd ha' thought it? And her all in black, wid dresses covered wid jewels hangin' up one behind the ither at home."

A show proprietor said to Pat, who was looking at a cinematograph—"How do you like the fight?" "Oi've only one objection, sor," said Pat. "What is it?" asked the proprietor. "Just that Oi can't get in it," was the answer.

Occasionally the typical Pat has a brilliant afterthought; sometimes it is not so luminous as he fancies. "Are you going to move the well, sorr?" inquired a man-of-all-work, whose employer had announced his intention of building a new house in a new and more convenient spot. "No," answered the gentleman, briefly, his mind full of his own plans. "Now that was a foolish question for me to be axin' sorr," said Pat, after a few moments' reflection. "Sure, and why didn't I think. Av coorse, ivery drap of water would run out and go to waste whiles you were moving it! It's nothing but a blundering goose I am!"

"What are you waiting here for?" asked a kindly policeman of an old Irish woman the other evening. "You have been waiting outside this Post Office since early morn." "Shure, sir, I have. I sent a letter to my son, Pat, this morn, wot 'as gone to the Transvaal, and he said he's be sure and roite by return post. So, you see, I'm waiting for the letter."

An old Irish labourer walked into the luxurious studio of a famous artist, and asked for money to obtain a meal. He explained that he had just been discharged from the county hospital, and was too weak to work. The artist gave him a shilling and he departed. One of four young ladies, art students, who were present, said—"Mr. Longhair, can't we hire the old man and sketch him?" The artist ran out and caught him, and said—"If you can't work, and want to earn five shillings, come back to my rooms. The young ladies want to paint you." The old fellow hesitated, so the artist remarked—"It won't take long, and it's an easy way to make five shillings." "I know that," was the reply, "but I

was a-wunderin' how I'd get the paint off afterwards."

One day, chatting with a big Tipperary policeman in Phœnix Park, a visitor remarked that theirs must be a healthy life, and that this was evidenced in their appearance. "Ah," said he, "God give ye wit! It's all ye know about it. If ye were after standin' at a good, airy corner for a handful of hours of a February day, an' all the winds of the world blowin' through and through ye, like a sieve, an' you soakin' the rains like a sponge, an' the rheumatism would begin shootin 'an' the lungs begin throublin', ye'd stir yer taycup to another tune. Lungs! Och, may God be with the counthry where we hadn't any lungs an' didn't need them!"

An Irishman was seen one day industriously pumping away on a small bellows with the nozzle stuck into a stream of water. Upon being asked why he was blowing air into the water, he exclaimed—"Faith, Oi've noticed that fish can't live in the air, so Oi thought Oi'd give them some air in the water, and when they dies and comes to the top Oi can ketch them. Yet see, it's much aysier than fishin'."

During a storm the lightning struck a telegraph pole and ran along the wire into a suburban office in the Cork postal district, when the operator, seated at the instrument, excitedly telegraphed back—"Hold hard! don't send so fast."

"Oi did not mind the threats av 'im," Mr. Hogan

explained, "as much as th' insultin' sthyle av his remarks." "And fwhat did he say?" asked Mr. Grogan. "He says to me, 'Hogan,' says he, ''tis a great notion Oi have to jump on you and knock your face into shape.'"

The editor of a well-known daily paper is very fond of a joke, and has the good sense to appreciate one at his own expense. A few weeks ago he was walking with a friend, and at the corner of a busy thoroughfare he saw a very dilapidated-looking Hibernian standing at the opposite corner, gazing listlessly into vacancy. "Watch me surprise this old fellow," said he to his friend. "Look right into his face and see if it won't be a study." A second later they were abreast of the son of Erin, and the editor pulled out a silver coin, and said, as he thrust it into the man's hand—"Here's that half-crown I owed you; now don't go round any more telling people that I don't pay my debts." For a second the man's face was a study. He was amazed at the unlooked-for kindness, and then, as its purport dawned on him, he raised his hat, and said—"Heaven bless yer anner! I'll niver say another word agin ye. But," and here his eyes twinkled merrily, "are ye sure it wasn't a crown yez owed me?" The friend roared, and, as the editor reddened to the roots of his hair, exclaimed— "Oh, pay the man in full; don't try to beat him out of a paltry half-crown." The Irishman got his crown, but the editor no longer pays his debts at sight unless demanded.

Pat was reading the "Evening Shouter," and exclaimed—"Sure an' the War Office is always making fresh Ginerals; I see there is another new wan in London." "An' who might he be," asked Mike. "Sure, they call him Gineral Jubilation," said Pat. "Arah, man," retorted Mike, "don't be showing your ig'orance; sure, the name might tell you that he is wan of them Dootchmen that's been captured, and sent home for a curiosity."

"The New Cure for 'Pindycutis,' " was the subject of a laughable dialogue in an American newspaper. "You'll be like the Irishman that drank out o' the fountain of everlastin' youth," says Rafferty to Madden. "Where was that?" asked Madden. "'Twas in the Vale of Avoca. Paddy Flaherty was walkin' along in the vale wan day jist for divarshun, whin he came to a beautiful fountain, bubblin' up out o' the ground and all covered wid rainbows. 'Twas a hot day and Paddy was thirsty, so he got down on his hands and knees and drank about a pint o' the wather, and it tasted like dew from the heather mountain at Killarney. Goin' home he noticed that he had no pain from the rheumatiz in his ankle, and all the grey hairs were dhroppin' from his head and chin. His red nose turned white wanst more, his eyes shone like stars, and his voice was soft as a silver flute. Begorra, whin he opened the door o'

the shanty his wife didn't know him. 'What can I do for you, sir?' says Biddy to him, as polite as ye plaze, as he went in. 'Ye can give me, me supper, Biddy,' says Paddy, not knowin' the differ the wather made in him. 'But who ar-re ye?' says Biddy. 'Who am I? Is it crazy you ar-re?' says Paddy. 'Don't ye see I'm your husband?' 'Faith, and if you are, you're thirty years younger nor you were this mornin', 'says she, 'Usha, I'm thinkin' you're right,' said Paddy, lookin' in the glass. 'Run, Biddy, run down to the spring in the valley beyant, and take a sup o' the wather. Sure you'll get a new set o' teeth and your cock eye'll be cured. Hurry, woman, hurry.' So Biddy ran as if the divvil was after her, and Paddy sat down and lighted his pipe, waitin' for her to come back. Well, if he waited an hour, he waited two, whin he began to get onaisy and started out to find her. Well, whin he got near the fountain, what should he see sitting agin' the wall but a little girl babby about a year old, cryin' as if 'twould burst wid grief. 'What happened you, acushla?' said Paddy, takin' the child in his arrums. 'Don't you know me?' says the child, wringing her hands. 'Faith, I don't,' says Paddy. 'Who ar-re you?' 'I'm your wife,' says the child. 'My wife!' says Paddy. 'Yis,' says the child. 'I'm after drinkin' too much o' the wather!' "

Mr. Murphy undertook to tell how many were at the party. "The two Crogans was one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and who the mischief was four? Let me see"—counting his fingers—"the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, and myself was three—and, bedad, there was four of us! But St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now it's meself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the Crogans was two, and meself was three, and—and, be the powers, I think there was but three of us after all!"

"Well, my man," said a visitor, to an angler at an Irish seaside pier, "what sort of fish do you catch here?" "Well, to tell you the truth, you niver can tell till you pull 'em up," was the answer.

True, unselfishness is a rare virtue, but is by no means an extinct one, as the following incident will testify: A burly Irishman was one day at work on a roof removing the slates. His position was a dangerous one, but this did not seem to give him so much uneasiness as did the temerity of pedestrians, who persisted in passing below close to the building. The warnings of the men who were guarding the dangerous section of the pavement were repeatedly disregarded, and the Irishman, at length becoming thoroughly exasperated at this continual display of their foolhardiness, shouted from his lofty perch: "If I drop on the heads of some of ye, ye'll just wish ye'd kept out o' that."

A well-known writer, speaking of individual interpretations of general rules, says that, in going the rounds one night with the officer on guard at one of the British dockyards, he heard the original views of the Irish sentry on this point. "If you see a convict escaping," said the officer, "what is it your duty to do?" "Sure, sir, and I'm not to fire till the last extremity." "Quite right. But what would you consider the last extremity to be?" "Just round the corner of the dockyard there, sir," was the man's practical reply.

One evening Pat went to a friend's house to dine. During the course of the evening the rain poured in torrents, and did not seem likely to abate. Pat's friend insisted upon his staying all night, to which he agreed. All went well for a time till one of the friends missed Pat, and inquired what had become of him. Great consternation ensued, till at last Pat appeared upon the threshold with a bundle under his arm, drenched to the skin. "Where have you been?" cried one. "Sure and bedad, I've been home to get my nightshirt," was the reply.

Mr. Doolan and Mrs. Doolan were standing in astonishment before the giraffe's cage in a travelling menagerie. "Be the powers, Biddy, but that baste must come from a counthry phwere the sun be moighty shtrong and hot." "What dae yez mean, Felix?" "Be the saints, just look at the size of his freckles."

"Is your master in?" asked the visitor. "He is not, sorr," responded the Irish servitor. "Shure

he won't be back till eleven o'clock." "Where is he gone?" "He's out having a ride in his interim." "In his what?" "In his interim, sorr. Sorra a bit of me knowes what it manes, but it's the fashionable name for a carriage. Half-an-hour ago he says to me-' Michael,' says he, 'I am expecting a friend here, but he won't be along for some time yet, so I'll just go down in the interim,' and wid that, sorr, he drew off in the carriage, sorr."

"What time does the half-past eleven train start, Paddy?" asked a Saxon tourist at an Irish railway station. "At thurrty minutes to twilve, sharrup, sor," replied the porter.

"He's the luckiest mon that iver was born," said Pat, speaking of a friend. "Phwat!" exclaimed Mike. "Shure, mon alive, he jist had wan av his legs cut off." "Av coorse," said Pat. "Thot's phwot Oi mane. He'll only hov t' pay half as much fur shoes now."

Once, says a writer, a poor man whose struggle for existence was sore, wished some help from his son in Georgia, if the boy could spare it. "There's another year's rent comin' due," said he, "so I'll have to let him know that the yella cow died last Sunday night." "But," I said, "didn't some one tell me that you sold the other cow on the Fairday of Donegal?" "So I did-so I did. I had to"-and the poor fellow's eyes were suffused. "Then you have not a cow at all left?" "Och, I know that, thank

God. But ye needn't tell Neil that-don't mention it, plaise." "Don't mention it!" said I severely. "Oh, no; oh, no," the poor man pleaded; "that would be putting it too bare!" All the world's heroes are not killed in battle.

A novel and ingenious explanation of the cause of a singer's cough was recently given by a warmhearted Milesian. "And how is Misther Brown?" he inquired of one of the singer's friends. "I was hoping he'd be giving a concert in the town hall whilst he was here, so Mrs. Casey and me could be favoured to hear some more of his foine songs." "He has a bad cough just now," said the friend. "Oh, now, that's too bad," said Mr. Casey, with feeling; "but it's no wonder, all the same. That sthrong voice he has, pressing on his loongs, would be apt to give him a cough now and then, it's loikely."

"No, sure!" exclaimed Cassidy. "It's no aisy job t' be a millionaire." "Is it just crazy talk ye're makin'?" asked Mulligan. "No, sur. I mane it. Shure, if ve're a millionaire an' don't give all yer money away they call ye a sthingy ould thafe; an' if ve do, they'll say ve had t' do it t' square versel' wid the Lord. No, sure: I'd not be a millionaire fur a thousan' pounds!"

On old Carlisle Bridge, in Dublin, there used to be a fruit-stall kept by Biddy, the apple-woman, who was a well-known figure to all passers-by. She had a ready tongue, and never did a verbal opponent retire with all the honours. An American visitor, who had heard rumours of her skill at fence, one day took up a water-melon displayed for sale, and said gravely—"You grow pretty small apples over here. In America we have them twice this size." Bridget looked up, coolly surveyed the joker from head to heels, and replied in a tone of pity—"Ah, what for should I be wasting my breath to talk to wan that takes our gooseberries for apples!"

Mr. Michael Davitt is fond of telling his friends of an incident which occurred many years ago at a meeting of the United Irish League, where he was one of the speakers. He sat down by an old lady, who, not knowing him, asked him to point out Mr. Davitt. Being in a mischievous mood, Mr. Davitt pointed to one of his colleagues, saying—"There he is—that man yonder; uglier than myself," and the old lady, wishing to be polite to Mr. Davitt, observed, "Ah, sure, sir, that's impossible!"

An Irishman was employed lately doing some work on one of the railway bridges on one of our main lines. He had occasion to climb up one of the iron pillars that supported the bridge to do some work, and, just as the engineer, who was superintending the job, happened to be walking underneath, down came Paddy flop on his shoulder, sending him sprawling. As soon as the engineer regained his feet he

ejaculated: "Hullo, Pat! where did you come from?"
"From the North of Oirland, sur," replied Pat.

Two Irishmen got a job to clean some lofty windows. Having no ladder, however, that would reach the windows, they were rather puzzled how to get to them. "Pat," said Mike, "I have it. Get a plank, put it through the window. Oi'll sit on the plank outside, and you sit on the plank inside." "All right," replied Pat. All went well until Mike at the outside cried out, "Oi let the window-leather fall." "All right," again replied Pat; "stop where yez are, and Oi'll git it." Away went Pat downstairs, and getting into the street, exclaimed: "Bejabers, Mike, you're here first. Which way did you come?"

A captain engaging his crew rejected an Irishman who applied, because he had no testimonials to produce. But he of the distressful country, standing aside, and observing that the next applicant was taken on without any question, remarked to the skipper, "You engaged that man without a character, sir." "True," said the captain, "but he's a Scotsman. However, I'll give you a trial, as you seem so anxious to come." It happened on the voyage, during a storm, that the Scottish sailor, while carrying a pail of water along the deck was washed overboard, whereupon the Irishman ran and knocked at the captain's cabin door. Being questioned as to what he wanted, he replied, "I just came to tell you,

sir, that the Scotsman you took without a character is gone off with one of your buckets."

"Now, the divil take me if yez hasn't lost your sinces entirely—hanging yer new crayon portrait onto the outside of the house," said Mrs. O'Brien. "Mary Ellen," replied O'Brien, "has ye forgot that we are havin' a christenin' party this evening, an' does yez think I'd lave anything as life-like as that hangin' in the parlour to get the face knocked off it?"

"Norah hung her jersey jacket over th' sthove an' it wuz scorched. Did ye hear about it, Dinny?" "Oi did; an' Oi also hur-rd thot it changed th' jacket complately." "How phas thot?" "Well, ye sae, it phas a jersey jacket whin shae hung it thoo, but, faith, after it wuz scorched it phas a smoking jacket."

"What do you wish, ma'am?" said a shopman to a customer. "Oi want to sae some mirrors fit to give as a Christmas gift." "Hand mirrors?" asked the shopman. "No; some thot ye kin sae yer face in."

An Irishman was recently asked by a friend—"Why don't you stop the leaks in your house, Pat?"
"Ye wouldn't have me go out in the rain to do it, would ye?" "No, but why don't you stop them when it don't rain?" "Oh, they don't leak then, so what's the use?"

We must not omit to record a dream that came to pass. Asked by a fellow-countryman if he believed in dreams, Mike replied—"Faith, an' I do! Last night I dremt I was awake, an' in the mornin' my dream kem thrue."

"Yours is a poor country," said a kilted Scot to a Celt. "Well, sor," replied Paddy, "we can afford to wear breeches, anyhow!"

"Are there any lobsters in Ireland, Pat?" asked a visitor. "Yis, sor. The brooks is red with 'em!"

"Can't prove Mickey a schoundril?" asked Mr. Hogan, when a friend's character was under consideration. "An' the divil, isn't it mysilf that's repeatedly met him in places where no dacent man would be seen?"

"I should like a room with an iron bedstead," said a tourist to a hotel proprietor in the west. "Sorr, Oi haven't an iron bedstead in the place; they're all soft wool. But you'll foind the mattresses noice and hard, sorr."

An Irish landlord, against whom a writ had been issued, kept himself closely confined to his house. He went abroad only on Sunday, on which day service was not legal. It used to be said of him in the district, "Faix, he's so pious that he never stirs out only on Sunday!"

"Iv ye was to pe stung by a wasp, Pat, phat would ye do first?" asked Mrs. Murphy. "Howl, bedad!" was Pat's laconic reply.

"Shure an' these hair resthorers are fakes!" said an Irishman to a friend. "Oi've poured mor'n a bottle over this camel's hair brush, an' divil a bit has it hilped th' bald sphots!"

"Was Hogan talking about me behind my back?" asked Dennis. "No," said Pat; "but he was talking about you behind yer barn."

"Doolan offered to prove to me in black an' white that Oi war a fool," said Casey. "Phwat happened thin?" "Oi proved to him in black an' blue thot he war a liar."

Some gentlemen fishing off the west coast of Ireland encountered heavy rains, and, consequently, kept their bad weather oil-suits in readiness. One day, after a sudden shower, one of them had occasion to go to the neighbouring village. On the way it cleared up, and the sun came out in all its glory and the gentleman regretted having kept on his surtout. His chagrin changed to amusement when a beggar by the wayside accosted him with—"The Lord protect your honour from the weather ye look like."

Some years ago a worthy Irish couple resided in the Trongate, Glasgow, directly opposite the statue of King William, which, on a fine 12th July morning, had been decorated with an orange sash and fancy-coloured ribbons, in honour of the annual demonstration. In the early morning, Bridget having occasion to look out of the window, and perceiving the usually unattractive statue arrayed in many colours, cried excitedly to her husband—"Pat, Pat! me bhoy, shure Orange Billy himsilf's going to walk to-day!" "Who tould you that?" asked Pat, be-wildered. "Luk out the winder an' see for yersilf," said excited Biddy. On reaching the window, Pat gazed with astonishment at the bronze horseman for a moment or two, then vehemently exclaimed—"Troth! an' it's for walkin' he is! The ould fool!"

"The great trouble with us," said the president of the Pick-pockets' Club, "is that we are inclined to take things too seriously." "Ist thot so?" yelled the policeman, who had managed to slip in unobserved; "Oi t'ought the main throuble wid yez was that yez took things too aisy. Come on, now! None av that, or Oi'll smash in your tinpannum!"

"Niver say a word whin ye foind yer gittin' angry," said Mr. Dolan. "Remember, silence is golden." "It's the good rule," answered Mr. Rafferty. "Waste no words: smash 'im."

He was an Irish pilot, and the skipper felt rather doubtful as to his ability to navigate the vessel out to sea. "Are you sure you know all the rocks in the river?" he asked for the second time, as the ship gathered speed. "Sure an' I do, yer 'anner," said the pilot, "ivery wan of them. That's wan now!" as, with a loud crash, the Mary Jane ran hard and fast aground.

Two Irishmen came over from the "Ould Country," and were walking through a large village in the Midlands, when they saw a blacksmith shoe-

ing a horse at his forge. They had never seen the like before, and stood staring and wondering. Presently Pat turned to Mike and said—"Shure, Moike, an' me puir ould mither be roight again, as she allus was. She tould me I'd niver be ter ould fer larnin', an' 'tis meself as allus did winder wer hosses cum fram, an', begorra, er's th' plaize were they make 'um. 'Thur jist—nailin' on the feet."

An Irishman seeing a fine parrot in a bird fancier's shop bought one of its eggs and had it hatched out. To his bewilderment the outcome was a duck! He hastened back to the proprietor, and said angrily—"Whin I buy a crown's worth o' parrot egg I want wan you kin give a characther wid. See?"

"Now is the time for Irishmen to strike for Ireland!" exclaimed an Irish agitator. "Shure and Oi'd sooner shtrike for higher pay!" replied Pat.

"And so Phelim is proud av his descint, is he?"
"Yis; he is terribly stuck up about it." "Well, begorra, Oi've a bit av a descint meself to boast about. Oi descinded four storeys wanst whin the ladder broke and niver sphilled a brick!"

"How ye hur-rud about me old mon hoving th' liver complaint?" "Nivir a wur-rd! Phere did he conthract it?" "He used to wur'rk in a livery stabble."

An Irish waiter at a London hotel had charge of the hats of the guests who went there to dine. His accuracy and promptness in giving every man his own headgear as he came out of the dining-room excited one inquisitive gentleman's curiosity. "How did you know so well this was my hat?" he asked. A smile lighted up the waiter's good-natured face as he bowed politely. "Sorr," he said, "Oi didn't know it was yours, but it's the one ye giv me!"

An Irishman, once travelling by train, in his eagerness to see the passing country, had his hat blown from his head by the rush of air. He immediately pulled out a big jack knife and made a great notch in the window sash. His fellow-travellers, wondering, asked him his reason for so doing. "Begorra," replied Pat, with great assurance, "so that I shall know the place where it fell out."

A very eloquent stump speaker in America was addressing a meeting where it was a great point to catch the Irish vote, and, after flattering the Irish as a people, he inquired—"Who dig our canals? Irishmen. Who build our railroads? Irishmen. (Great applause.) Who build all our gaols? Irishmen. (Still greater applause.) Who fill all our gaols? Irishmen." This capping climax, if it did not bring down the house, brought down the Irish in a rush for the platform. The speaker did not wait to receive them.

"Did you ever save a penny?" "Never!" answered Mike. "Did you ever do a day's work?"

"Never!" "Why not?" "Mister, you're an intelligent man, and you can see that these discussions between capital and labour is bound to continue. What I'm aimin' at is to keep me mind perfectly free from prejudice on either side, so's to be ready when they want someone to do a good job of arbitratin'."

A good story is told of three shipmates—English, Scottish, and Irish—who were once rambling along a street and looking in at the shop windows. Through one window they observed a charming girl behind the counter, and expressed their admiration of her. "Let's go in and buy something," said the Englishman. "Toots," said the thrifty Sandy, "nae need o' that. Let's gang in and ask if she can change a saxpence for us." The Irishman, however, rose to the occasion in splendid style. "Let's go in," he exclaimed, "and ask if she'll let us light our pipes by the light of her beautiful eyes."

That it is well-nigh impossible to out-distance Pat in the art of making compliments is generally admitted, and another clever saying of this kind deserves to be recorded. A very pretty lady hired a car to take her from the centre of Dublin to the out-skirts of the city. It was quite obvious from her speech that she was not a native, but she chatted away gaily to the jarvey, and he never failed to point out the various places of interest as they passed. At length they reached the end of the journey, and the lady asked her fare. "Five shillin', ma'am,"

was the reply; "but there will be the exthry for me goin' back." "Now, that is nonsense, you know," was the response, "for it will not be so heavy a burden on your animal since I have got out." "Thrue, ma'am, thrue," was Pat's gallant rejoinder; "but, ma'am, 'twill be a very lonely journey for the baste and me."

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of look-out man for a gang of railway platelayers. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him, and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated. "In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm. "Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust mesilf to remimber to wave a red flat when there was a green wan handy."

Many amusing stories have been told about the shifts to which Irish innkeepers have been driven in order to provide suitable entertainment for their guests. Lady Grove, in an article on "Social Solecisms," tells another, which is one of the best yet related. She states that one of her friends had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady call him at eight. At six, however, next morning she knocked at his door. "Ye've to git up," she

said. "What o'clock is it?" "Six, surr." "Go away, I am not going to get up till eight." At seven she reappeared. "Indade and ye must get up now, it's seven." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said, "Git up, there's a sweet gintleman; there's two commercial gintleman waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honour's top sheet."

Lord Dufferin used to tell a creepy ghost story. which, he averred, was absolutely true. He was staving at a country house in Ireland. While dressing for dinner one evening he heard wheels on the gravel, and looking through the window he saw a hearse drive up to the front door. He was struck by the face of the driver—a fat, unpleasant, saturnine face. Assuming that a servant had died in the house. Lord Dufferin mentioned the matter to his host, who informed him that there had been no death, and that the hearse was the ghost of the house. Its appearance was supposed to be a warning of danger to the man who saw it. A little while later Lord Dufferin went to Paris for the Exhibition, and staved at the Grand Hotel. Entering the lift, he saw, with a shock of alarm, that the attendant had the face of the man on the hearse. He got out and walked downstairs, and immediately afterwards the lift smashed, and all the occupants were killed. The attendant was never identified. He had entered the service of the hotel only that morning, and nobody claimed his body.

An Irishman had run up a small bill at the village shop, and went in to pay it, first asking for a receipt. The proprietor grumbled and said it was too much trouble to give receipts for such small amounts—it did just as well to cross the account off, and he drew a diagonal pencil line across the book. "Does that settle it?" asked the customer. "Certainly!" "An' ye'll never be asking for it again?" "Certainly not!" "Faith, thin," said the Irishman coolly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it yet!" "Well," was the retort, "I can rub that out." "I thought so," said the persistent customer drily. "Maybe you'll give me a receipt now. Here's the money!"

A Chicago restaurant boasts of an Irish Munchausen who acts in the humble capacity of waiter and adds much to the entertainment of customers. Some of these gentlemen had been spinning some good yarns one evening. One of them, on being served with a small lobster, asked—"Do you call that a lobster, Mike?" "Faix, I do believe they do be callin' thim lobsters here, surr! We call 'em crabs at home!" "Oh," said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland?" "Is it lobsters? Begorra, the creeks is full of 'em! Many a toime have I seen 'em whin I've leaped over the strames!" "How large do lobsters grow in Ireland?" "Well," said

Mike thoughtfully, "to shpake widin bounds, surr, I'd say a matter of five or six feet." "What! Five or six feet? How do they turn round in those creeks?" "Bedad, surr, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide!" said the unabashed Mike. "But," said the persistent inquirer, "you said you had seen 'em when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea?" "'Deed I did, surr! We are powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the say, surr, I've seen it red with 'em!" look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, "lobsters are not red until they are boiled." "Don't I know that?" said Mike reproachfully. "But there are hot springs in the ould counthry, an' they shwim troo 'em and come out rady for ye to crack open and ate!" —and Mike walked calmly off to wait upon the next guest.

It was evident that something of more moment than usual was weighing on the small boy's mind. Three times he passed the door of the house and peered through the window before he dared to enter. Then he made his appearance with an air that dozens of broken windows or bushels of stolen apples could not have given him. "Mrs. Murphy, little Mickey's new tin whistle's all broke." "And how did that happen, dear?" "Well, Mickey was playing on it when the stame-roller wint over it."

A striking illustration of how Mr. Parnell could

detach his thoughts from important and momentous events is told by Mr. Henniker-Heaton in the following paragraph, which also reveals to us the fact that the famous Irish leader was an able metallurgist and assavist. Mr. Heaton says-He came into the House of Commons one afternoon when the fiercest excitement prevailed regarding the publication by "The Times" of the forged letters. He, in a short speech, denied the authorship of the letters, and then walked into the lobby and engaged me in earnest conversation. Everybody thought he was telling me of the awful political event then stirring men's minds. This is what he said to me-"I have just read in the afternoon paper that a mountain of gold has been discovered in Western Australia, and that some tons of the specimens have been sent home to you." I replied that it was true, and that I had in my locker in the House some of the crushed specimens. We proceeded to get them, and I gave him about a wine-glassful of the "crushing." He took it away with him, and to the bewilderment of his party no one saw him for a week, and very few indeed knew his address. On that day week, almost at the same hour, he again appeared in the lobby. Walking up to me, he said, smilingly, "I have analysed the specimens, and they go thirty-two ounces of gold to the ton." I said he was wrong. He then took from his pocket a scrap of paper and read, "Twentyseven ounces of gold and five ounces of silver." I

replied that this was indeed remarkable, for it exactly coincided with the analysis of Messrs Johnson, Matthey & Co., the famous metallurgists. Parnell then showed me the small pin's point of gold he had obtained. I expressed surprise at his work. He said, "The fact is, I take an interest in the matter. I have a small workshop to test the minerals in the mountains of Wicklow, some portion of which I own." The astonishing thing is that, while his hundreds of thousands of adherents were fulminating against "The Times," he was quietly working away testing minerals in his laboratory.

A lady who is a district visitor became much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish. Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:—"Your neighbours seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you." "They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran. "Do they ask you about it?" "Indade they do, ma'am." "And do you tell them?" "Faith, thin, an' Oi do not." "What do you tell them?" "Oi just tell thim," was the calm reply, "that you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."

Derrigan lived in a ramshackle shanty which stood in a field near the main highway. The foundations of the house were lower than the road, through which ran a great water-main. As the living floor of the house was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, there was a large cellar underneath, where Derrigan kept a dozen hens. One day the watermain burst, flooded the cellar, and drowned the Derrigan immediately put in a claim for damages. After a long delay and much trouble, influential friends assisted the old man to get thirty shillings in settlement of his claim. That evening he saw Mrs. Cassidy, his next-door neighbour, sitting on her back steps. "I got me money from the city!" he called to her. "Did ye, then, Mr. Derrigan? It's glad I am. How much did ye get?" "Thirty shillings." "Glory be! An' hov ye the money?" "I how not; but I had it." "What did ye do wid it?" "Sure, I bought thirty shillings' worth of ducks wid it!"

During the agrarian disturbances in Ireland an Irish squire was honoured with the attentions of Moonlighters. They wished the squire no harm, for he was a good landlord, but they had to obey the commands of the secret brotherhood. Accordingly, when they fired through his window one night, they first carefully reconnoitred the room from outside, so that the bullets should not hit any of the occupants. Again, when they ambushed the squire from behind a hedge, they succeeded in hitting their real target—a wood some distance beyond the squire.

But he openly defied the secret society, the unknown heads of which, as a last effort at intimidation. ordered the local members to dig a grave at night on the squire's lawn. The squire was doing a little private sentry-go and witnessed unseen the digging of the grave. Stealing back to the house, with the assistance of his gardener, by dawn he made a big wooden headstone. When the midnight gravediggers strolled casually past the house next morning to see what effect their work had had upon the squire's household, they found, to their unspeakable amazement and awe, a huge six feet high headstone fixed in position at the head of the grave. Lounging by its side, one arm resting easily on the stone and the other hand grasping a cocked revolver, was the squire, a sardonic smile on his face, while painted in large black letters on the headstone was this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of-." That was all, but it was more than enough, for the attempts to intimidate the squire were given up in despair, and he was thereafter left in peace.

A cyclist while wheeling through some of the rural "out-of-the-ways" in Ireland had cause to pull up at a humble shanty one day to make inquiries as to his whereabouts. Entering the cabin, he was at once struck with the poverty of the furniture and surroundings, and curiously so with what evidently answered the purpose of a sideboard—a rough plank, supported at either end by three bricks. In the

"DID IT POUT WID IT'S BIDDY"?

BY

ERSKINE NICOL. R.S.A.

But he epenly defied the secret scarcia, the controver heads of which, as a last effort at inti- and ordered the local members to dig a grave at the ordered the squire's lawn. The squire was title private sentry-go and witnessed unsten to the ang of the grave. Stealing back to the house, and the assistance of his gardener, by dawn he made a big wooden head when the midnight grave chagers a live post the house next morning to be the few their work had had upon the source and support rand, to their unspeakable amazeigent und ame, a hage six felt high headstone fixed in position at the head of the grow. Lean Sun by its sale, one arm resting easily on the stone and the other hand grasping a cocked sovelers, was the squire, a sardonic smile on his face, while painted in large black letters on the hyadstone was this inscription . "Sacred to E.S INDOING BRISSHE - That was all, but it was more than enough for the attents to inhmidate the squire were press up in become, and he was thereafter life by prairie

A cyclist while whereing through some of the rural "out-of-the-ways" in Ireland had cause to pull up at a humble shanty one day to make inquiries as to his whereabouts. Entering the cabin, he was at once struck with the poverty of the furniture and surroundings, and curiously so with what evidently as verial the purpose of a sideboard—a rough plank, and private at either end by three bricks. In the





middle was half an old brick, and on it a tiny faded flower. After making the necessary inquiries as to his whereabouts, the stranger asked what the brick might be. "Shure, and the brick is it ye're wantin' to know about? Ye see this big hole at the back of my ear? Shure, it was made entoirely wid that brick!" "An' the flower?" "Ah, shure now, that is a flower off the man's grave that threw the brick!"

Pat the Irishman and Hans the German were on tour together. A farmer, at whose house they called, refused them food, but kindly allowed them to sleep in the scullery. About two in the morning the pangs of hunger were too much for Hans, and he announced his intention of getting some supper, but to reach the larder he had to pass through the farmer's bedroom. Presently he returned beaming, and said he had had a good supper. "But how did you manage it?" queried Pat. "Vell, I shoost step quiet across de room, and vhen de ole man vake up he say, 'Who's dere?' I shoost say, 'Meaow, meaow!' and he say, 'Boder dat cat!' and go ter sleep." "Faix," said Pat, "it's a grand trick, I'll try it mesel'." Off he started, but he fell over the farmer's boots with an awful clatter and woke their owner up. "Who's there?" he shouted. "Lie still, and be aisy, now. Oi'm the cat."

"Hallo, Pat, I hear your dog is dead?" "It is."
"Was it a lap dog?" "Yes; it would lap anything."
"What did it die of?" "It died of a Tuesday." "I

mean, how did it die?" "It died on its back." "I mean, how did the dog meet its death?" "It didn't meet its death. Its death overtook it." "I want to know what was the complaint?" "No complaint. Everyone for miles round appeared to be satisfied." "I wish to know how did it occur?" "The dog was no cur; he was a thoroughbred animal." "Tell me what disease did the dog die of?" "He went to fight a circular saw." "What was the result?" "The dog only lasted one round."

An Irishman made his way to a country gaol, and asked to be allowed to see the governor. On being ushered into that functionary's presence, he begged for the favour of an interview with a prisoner who was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law in the course of the morning. "No, my man," said the governor, on being appealed to, "you cannot see the prisoner. He is to be executed in half-an-hour's time, and it is not allowed for visitors to see a prisoner on the day of execution. But what might be your business with him?" "Shure, sorr," answered Pat, "it's his birthday, and I was afther wishing him many happy returns."

A man was waiting his turn to be served in a Dublin fishmonger's while a little, weasened old gentleman priced every fish in the shop. "How much is this—and this—and this—and this?" he asked. At last the exasperated shopwoman ex-

claimed, "Ah go on out of that wid ye! It isn't fish ye want, but information!"

In conversation with a friend, a writer chanced to remark that, wherever he might be, it was extremely difficult for a Yorkshireman to hide the fact that he was born in the broad-acred shire. "I've been in nearly every corner of the kingdom," he added, "and in all sorts of odd places I've been met with the query, 'You're a Yorkshireman, are you not?'" "Och, thin," remarked the writer's friend, "it's moighty careless ve've bin entoirely. Sure, it's as aisy as gettin' kilt to desave ivery wan! Look at me, now! Oi've been all over the warruld. Oi've bin taken for a German, a Frinchman, a Roosian, a Greek, a Yankee, a Portugese, a havthun Chinee, a Turkee, an' even an Oirishman; but niver a wan av me friends iver looked me in the ove an' sid, 'Tim O'Rourke, ve're a Yorkshireman!' It's the dialect that gave vez away. Dhrop it, me bhoy, dhrop it!"

In his amusing autobiography, the author of "Father O'Flynn" tells this anecdote as an instance of the bliss of ignorance—We had an old farm servant of the name of Fanny Downey, generally known as old Fanny, but she preferred to call herself by her maiden name, Fanny Sullivan, reverting thereto after the loss of her husband and children. She was a very faithful servant and very hard-working, but strangely simple in her ways. She was an old woman-of-all-work, now carrying the post-bag to the

village two miles away, now in the hay-field, now at the turf-rick, now again, as the sequel will show, carrying basketfuls of seaweed from the beach to manure the potato garden. One day, as she passed the open drawing-room on her way from the kitchen to one of the bedrooms, she espied a little aquarium upon the table full of delicate seaweeds, and thereupon, raising her eyes and hands, exclaimed—"I never thought to see the mannyure growing on the drawing-room table!"

"Talking about jumping" said an Irishman, "I've got a brother can beat any record. Only a month ago Patsy Flaherty challenged the whole world for £1,000 a side. It was to be a jump off the highest building in Dublin, and my brother Moike took him on. Thure, I shall niver forget as long as I remember: for when I come on the scene there was Moike on the top of the building ready to jump, and some of Patsy Flaherty's pals down below (who was bitter against Moike) with a lot of broken bottles, so that when he come down he'd be cut to pieces. I saw it in a moment, and, just as the word was given to 'go,' Moike came half-way down, when I called out to him, 'Moike, don't come any further; they've put a lot of broken glass under you!' And, would you believe it. Moike actually turned round and jumped back again!"

A steam "navvy" at work had attracted a large number of spectators, including two Irishmen, who, judging by their appearance, were toilers temporarily out of employment. As the big shovel at a single lick scooped up half a ton of dirt and dumped it upon a cart, one of the Irishmen remarked—"What a shame, to think of them digging up dirt in that way!" "What do ye mane?" asked his companion. "Well," said the other, "that machane is taking the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of labourers who could do the work with their picks and shovels." "Right you are, Barney," said the other fellow. Just then a man who had been looking on, and who had overheard the conversation, remarked-"Look here, you fellows, if that digging would give work to a hundred men with shovels and picks, why not get a thousand men, and give them teaspoons to do the job?" The Irishmen, to their credit, saw the force of the remark as well as the humour of the situation, and joined heartily in the laugh that followed.

Patrick Murphy was conspicuous for a very homely face. He used to say that it seemed like "an offince to the landscape," a conclusion in which his acquaintances fully concurred; and he was as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbour met him and said—"And how are ye, Pat?" "Mighty bad," was the reply. "It's shtarvation that is starin' me in the face." "If that is so," said his neighbour, "sure and it can't be very pleasant for aither of ye!"

An Irishman was very proud of a huge brindle bulldog which he possessed, and which was his constant companion. One day a friend met him without the dog, and looking very disconsolate. "Well, Pat, and how is that bull-pup of yours doing?" "Oh, bejabers, he's dead! The illigant baste wint an' swallowed a tape-measure!" "Oh, I see! He died by inches, then?" "No, begorra, he didn't! He wint round to the back of the house an' died by the yard!"

The Hibernian gift for courteous speech was seldom better displayed than by a certain Irish boarder. His landlady, a "pleasant-spoken" body, had poured him a cup of tea, and presently inquired if it was all right? "It is jist to my taste, Mrs. Hallakan," said the boarder; "wake and cowld, jist as I loike it."

An American and Irishman were riding together when they came across an old gallows by the way-side. "You see that, I cal'clate," said Jonathan. "Now, where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone," said Paddy.

Nearly everyone knows that Mr. Timothy Healy possesses a keen sense of humour, and that it is but seldom, when the necessity arises, that he fails to come off with an exceedingly witty rejoinder. On one occasion, however, his accomplishment in the art of repartee altogether failed him. The man who was the hero of this exceptional exploit was Mr. Seymour Bushe, K.C. A case was being heard in the Dublin Recorder's Court on one occasion, and during the proceedings the Testament on which

witnesses are usually sworn was found to be mysteriously missing. A search was made for the required book, but for a little time without result. At last, Mr. Bushe happened to notice that Mr. Healy had taken possession of the volume, and was busily engaged in reading it, quite oblivious of the consternation which its disappearance was creating. "I think, sir," said Mr. Bushe, turning, with a mischievous expression, towards the Recorder, "that Mr. Healy has taken possession of the Testament." As soon as he caught the sound of his name, Mr. Healy glanced up, and then, realising what had taken place, with many apologies, handed over the volume. "You see, sir," added Mr. Bushe, "Mr. Healy was so greatly interested in it that he didn't know of our loss; he took it for a new publication." When the laugh had subsided, Mr. Healy, for once, had no reply to make.

There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from a race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and three men scrambled in. In the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath one said:—"Pat, have you got th' tickets?" "What tickets? I've got me loife: I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?" "Oi, begorrah, I haven't." "Oh, we're all done for, thin," said the

third. "They'll charge us roight from the other soide of Oireland." The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said—"You are quite safe, gintlemen; wait till we get to the next station." They all three looked at each other. "Bedad, he's a director; we're done for now, intoirely." But as soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and soon came back with three first-class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers he said:—"Whist, I'll tell ye how I did it. I went along the thrain: 'Tickets, plaze! tickets, plaze!' I called, and these belong to three Saxon tourists in another carriage."

A new Irish brakesman had been hired by a North-Western railroad, and was set at work on a construction train at three cents a mile for wages. One day, says the man who tells the story, the train got away on a mountain grade and went flying down the track at about sixty miles an hour. I twisted the brakes hard along the tops. Pretty soon I saw Mike crawling along one of the cars on all fours, his face the colour of milk. I thought he was getting ready to jump. "Mike," I yelled, "for goodness' sake, don't jump!" He clamped his fingers on the running-board to give him a chance to turn round, and looking at me contemptuously, answered—"Jump, is it? D'ye think I'd be jumpin' an' me makin' three cints a moile?"

Shortly after Mr. Wilson Barrett had joined the

theatrical profession he became a member of a company performing at the old Theatre Royal, Dublin. His part naturally was a small one, and Mr. Barrett had no expectation whatever of receiving any sign of approval from the audience. Greatly to his surprise, however, his first small speech was greeted with a round of applause. This unlooked-for tribute quite elated the young actor, and he exerted himself to the utmost in the endeavour to sustain the good impression he appeared to have made. He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Everything he said or did was rapturously applauded, and the principal performers were thrown completely into the shade. The "stars" were of course disgusted. and the rest of the company lost in amazementnone more so than young Barrett himself. He scarcely supposed that he quite deserved such an ovation, but with the natural vanity of youth he considered that these Dublin folk showed a rare appreciation of budding merit. Just as he was leaving the theatre, however, one of the scene-shifters accosted him. "Sure ye wor cock o' the walk to-night, sir!" "Well, yes, Mickey," returned the actor, with pardonable pride-"I think I knocked 'em a biteh?" "Och, sir," said Mickey, "sure it wasn't that at all, at all! But it's got about among the bhoys that ye're a brother o' the man that was hung this morning!" A Fenian named Barrett had that morning paid the extreme penalty of the law.

The late Lord Dufferin always said the happiest years of his long official life were those spent at Calcutta. He revelled in the sunshine. A friend one day expostulated with him for his reckless exposure of himself to the weather. "Well, you see," said the Viceroy, "they've always sent me to cold places. They sent me as Viceroy to Canada, where one must live two-thirds of the year in buffalo furs. They sent me to St. Petersburg, where one has to hibernate like a bear. So, when they ordered me to India, I rubbed my hands and said to myself, 'Now I can hang myself up to dry.'"

A thorough Irishman, warm-hearted, generous almost to the verge of lavishness, and unselfish, Lord Dufferin went through life with a disregard for economy which often alarmed his friends. A trivial but amusing example of this trait is the following. He was driving once in a hansom with a friend from Hyde Park Corner to St. James's Street. When they reached the Club Lord Dufferin gave the cabman half-a-crown. "What on earth did you do that for?" asked his astonished friend; "it's only a shilling fare." "Oh! I would never think of giving a cabman less than half-a-crown. Would you?" replied Lord Dufferin, as if the correct fare were an economy unthinkable.

After much brain-racking, Pat had invented what he described as "a stame snowplough." "What's the motive power?" asked a waggish acquaintance.

"Horses," responded Pat promptly. "Four av 'em." "Then why call it a steam plough?" Pat was puzzled, and reflected a moment before replying. "Arrar!" he remarked, brightening up. "Oi've thought of that same. Av ye saw the machine an' know the weight av it, ye'd onderstand as the horses'll do the staming whin they git to worruk wid it." "Granted," said the friend. "But where are you going to find the horses capable of dragging such a machine through, say, three feet of snow?" "Howld a minute," said Pat, after another thoughtful pause. "They won't have to face it. Sure, Oi'll make both inds av the jigger alike, so the horses can pull it aythur way." "But there's still the snow to face." "Sorra a bit av it. Oi've arranged all that. Bedad, Oi'll have a gang of men to clear the strate for the horses." "Then of what use is the plough?" "That's where the beauty av the thing comes in," said Pat. "Whin there's no snow to shift Oi've arranged matters so that the machine can be converted into a beautiful milk cart. An' wheer's ver objections now, for, begorra, a milk cart's always useful annyway. An' av yez are not satisfied now invint wan for versilf!"

It was in the West of Ireland. The cabin was of the usual pattern, with cattle stalls to the left as you entered, an open chimney, a round table, one chair, a big box, and one bed to the right. The legs of the bedstead, an old four-poster, had sunk into the earthen floor. "How many of you sleep there, little girl?" asked the tourist. "Feyther and mother, myself an' me foive brothers and sisters," answered Biddy, who was about twelve years old. "Oh, but there's not room for eight of you." "But there is, sorr. Four sleep at the top an' four at the bottom," chimed in the child. "Still, even four abreast could not manage. There would be no room to turn." "We don't turn, yer honour. When feyther wants to turn he ses, 'Turn!' an' we all turns."

An Irish M.P., more noted for his wit than for the depths of his purse, was travelling by the County Council omnibus to Westminster, and at the request of a lady said, "Conductor, put this lady off at the next corner." The conductor, who was a new man, failed to understand, and said, "Excuse me, sir, seems as how she's a behavin' of herself; don't seem no occasion for proceedin' to extremes." The little red-haired M.P. was too astonished to reply, and got off himself to avoid an explanation.

The tragic times in Ireland, when peasant was at open war with landlord and all were at war with English rule, are relieved by many good stories. The mercurial Celt is whimsical even in time of trouble.

When Mr. A. J. Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he met Father Healy at a dinner in Dublin. "Tell me, Father Healy," said Mr. Balfour, "is it

true the people of Ireland hate me as much as the Nationalist newspapers represent?" "Hate you!" replied the priest. "If they hated evil as they hate you, Mr. Balfour, my occupation would be gone."

Yet it was Mr. Balfour who a few years later had accomplished much toward the pacification of Ireland. His name became amusingly prominent in Irish families. A gentleman driving into the town of Westport, County Mayo, was stopped by a pig which ran in front of his horse. An old peasant shouted across the ditch to a boy who was watching the pig stupidly: "Arrah, Mick, will ye stir yerself? Don't ye see Arthur James runnin' away?" Struck by the name, the gentleman asked the old man about it, and found that in gratitude to Mr. Balfour, who had been the means of getting them the pig, the peasant had given the animal his name.

A man went to his next-door neighbour's house early one morning in a state of alarm to inquire if he and his family were well. On being told that they were, he exclaimed, in a tone of intense relief, "I'm glad to hear it; I feared ye were all dead, for I couldn't hear any of ye fightin' last night."

"Jerry," said Flaherty, "why is it ye're gittin' so proud since ye're gittin' a bit o' money put by?"
"Me b'y, 'tis loike that wid all th' rich," said Jerry.
"'Tis a measure of protiction ag'in me poor relations."

One moonlight evening two Irishmen stood on the

banks of a lake arguing whether it was the sun or the moon that was shining on the lake. After a while they agreed to ask the first person that came that way. In a few minutes a young man came along, and they asked him whether it was the sun or the moon. "I cannot tell you," said the man. "I am quite a stranger to this part of the country."

Poor old Paddy Rourke had been looking for work for a long time without success. But at last a brighter day dawned, and he got an offer of a job as a diver. They fitted him out with a suit and gave him instructions tenderly as to a little child. He was told that if he wanted to come up out of the water he was to give the tube which is attached to the head-covering a sharp pull. Next day was the great day, and Paddy started with joy in his heart. He was lowered into the water, but lo! scarcely had he been down two minutes before he was pulling the tube to be brought up. They pulled him up like lightning. "What's up-what's up?" queried the master. "Oh, begorra!" said Paddy, "I'm up, an' I intind to remain up! I couldn't find the place where ye get your breath from. How far is it from this?"

"How many ducks did you kill, Pat?" "Faith, an' Oi didn't get a chance to shoot at thim." "Found none at all, eh?" "Oi found plinty. That's the throuble—there wor too manny." "Too many? Why, how's that?" "Sure, iv'ry toime Oi took aim

at wan, three or four more of the cratures would come shwimmin' in between and shpoil it."

Two Irishmen were discussing various books they had read. "Have you read 'The Eternal City?'"
"I have." "Have you read Marie Corelli's works?"
"I have that." "Have you read 'Looking Backwards?'" "How the divil could I do that?"

The same two Irishmen were arguing who was the cleverer. "Well," said Pat, "I'll bet you can't tell me what keeps bricks together." "Shure," said Mike, "it's mortar." "No," said Pat, "you are wrong; that keeps them apart."

"When do you go on?" asked the saucy soubrette at the music hall. "Immediately after the trained donkeys," replied the Irish comedian. "Good gracious! It's a wonder the stage-manager doesn't try and break the monotony more than he does."

Like the majority of Irishmen, Edmund Burke was ever ready with his retort, and on one occasion at least he scored heavily. He had been attacking the Government one night in the House of Commons very fiercely for a policy which, it was well known, was strongly advocated and approved by no less a personage than the King himself. Stung by Burke's biting sarcasm, George Onslow, a supporter of the Government, rose and said that the hon. member really had gone too far; he had deliberately insulted the Sovereign. Burke listened to this with due reverence, and then gravely addressed the Speaker—

"Sir, the hon. member has exhibited much ardour but little discretion. He should know that, however I may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined, to extend that reverence to his ministers. I may honour His Majesty, but, sir, I see no possible reason for honouring"—and he glanced round the Treasury bench—"His Majesty's man-servant and maid-servant, his ox or his ass!"

Pat was going out to see the races, and Bridget was giving him the finishing touch with the clothes brush. "Pat," said she, "an' it's yerself that'll be took for a jintleman." "Thin, bejabers," said Pat, "if it's pick-pockets that does they'll find I'm poor Pat wid wan bob in my pooch."

The foreman of a Sheffield cutlery works reprimanded an Irishman for coming late to work. "How is it, Pat, you did not get to work this morning before nine o'clock?" "Shure, sir, I dramed last night I was at the football match, which ended in a draw, and the referee ordered an extra half-hour to be played, and, begorra, I only stopped to see the finish."

At the Irish International football match a man was sitting beside a Hibernian, who shouted—"Bowld fellow, Barney Pyper, me lad, ye'll be afther showin' thim Irish." "But," the man remonstrated, "that's kicking the man, not the ball." Taking the cork out of a half-mutchkin bottle, Paddy gazed at his neighbour in a benevolent manner, wiped his mouth

with the back of his hand, winked, and raised the bottle. The rapidity with which the contents sank showed he was an expert. Replacing the cork, he said—"Me young friend, whin ye be done with cuttin' yer wisdim teeth ye'll undherstand there be more ways than wan of playin' football. In Oirland there is three ways—Rugby, Association, an' Celtic. Now, me friend, in Rugby you kick the ball, in Association you kick the man if ye can't kick the ball, and in Celtic ye kick the ball if ye can't kick the man. The lasht same is what they do be playin'." As he was a big, powerful man the other fellow thought his argument was unanswerable.

One day a traveller, while passing a farm in Dublin, entered into conversation with an old Irishman who was engaged in the business of poultry-rearing. He expressed surprise at the use of so much meal at feeding time, and suggested that it should be mixed with sawdust, insisting that the fowls would not know the difference. A few months later the traveller was again in the district, and he asked the Irishman if the new diet had been tried, and what the result had been. "It works beautifully," was the reply. "See that old yellow hen? Well, I tried her on half-and-half, and she liked it so well I changed it to all sawdust, and the last time she hatched three of the chickens had wooden legs, and a fourth was a woodpecker!"

A gentleman had engaged an Irishman as a

gardener. One day when the gentleman came out Pat was hard at work raking leaves in front of the house. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and Pat, instead of raking in the direction the wind was blowing, raked against it, with the result that the leaves were all blown back again. The gentleman remonstrated with Pat, and told him he ought to rake the leaves with the wind, meaning, of course, in the direction the wind was blowing. "Bejabers," replied Pat, "I always rake leaves with a rake."

A commercial traveller sauntered into a clothier's shop, and finding the proprietor busy with a customer, leaned against a pile of clothing and waited. Suddenly the pile toppled over and fell to the floor. He hastily began to rearrange the goods, remarking, as he did so: "Well, Mr. Smith, you see clothing has had quite a fall." As Mr. Smith kept on working, he added, "And my business is picking up." Commonplace as the remark was, it made a great impression upon an Irishman who happened to be standing by. "Begorra," he muttered, "that's a foine joke. Oi'll get that off on some one before night." With the joke still fresh in his mind he sauntered over to the shop of a Mr. Levy, also a clothier, chuckling as he went along. "Aha, Mr. Levy, it's a foine joke Oi do be after hearing," he said; "wait till Oi show yez." Seizing a pile of fine goods he threw them on the floor, which was none of the cleanest. Levy became indignant. "Vot's der

matter wid you, anyhow? Vos you grazy?" he shouted. "No; it's a joke Oi'd be after illusthratin', but Oi'll be blessed if it ain't clean escaped me." Levy piled the goods laboriously upon the table, grumbling all the time, while Pat stood cogniting. Suddenly he cried: "Bejabers, Oi hev it now!" With a vigorous push he sent the goods to the floor a second time, crying: "Oi hev it! Clothing's cheaper than it used ter be, and business is getting a site better. How's that for a joke?" Pat wondered why he was ejected with such rapidity, and Levy hasn't seen the point of the joke to this day.

An English sportsman was invited by an Irish friend to visit the land of the shamrock for a few days' shooting. The gun-room was short of an attendant, and a man-of-all-work was deputed to load for the newcomer. The latter, with his first shot, hit a bird on the wing, which fell at the attendant's feet. "Faith," he exclaimed, "yer might have saved yer honour's powder an' shot!" "Why so?" asked the Englishman. "Sure," replied the attendant, "a fall like that wud kill the biggest burd alive!"

"Your wife is always hard at work, and you seem to be always idling. Do you ever do anything to support your home?" asked a lady who was district visiting. "Yus, Qi leans agin it!" was the reply.

The party in the smoking-room of the steamer was talking of Irish wit and the quickness thereof. Several gave personal experiences, and one man, to his sorrow, tried to use an old story. Then spoke the agent for an exporting house. "I was coming up the South American coast on a sailing ship last winter," he said, "when this happened. There was a Norwegian in the crew who was absolutely fearless aloft. He did a number of tricks for us one afternoon, and as a grand finale stood on his head on the top of the mainmast. We held our breaths until he swung himself back into the rigging. 'I would like to see any of you do that,' he boasted when he reached the deck. 'I can do it,' said a little Irishman, one of the kind who will never be 'stumped.' 'I can do it,' and forthwith he started up the mast. We could see from the way he climbed that he knew nothing of moving about aloft, and the captain velled at him through the megaphone to come down before he killed himself. He howled back that he was going to stand on his head first. He reached the crosstrees, and was actually putting his heels into the air when the ship rolled and down he came. We held our breaths again. Fortunately, he struck in the sag of a loose sail, bounded off, and reached the deck on his feet. 'I'd like to see any of you do that!' he cried, even before he had recovered from the shock. 'I'd like to see you!'"

An Irishman said to some friends who had been asking conundrums—"What burrud is it that has a long beak, stands first on one leg and then on the other, has a neck like an ostrich—and—and—and

barks like a dog?" They all thought, but finally gave it up, one of them saying—"A stork is something like that, but—" "That's it. That's it!" said Pat. "But a stork doesn't bark like a dog," they declared. "I know it," exclaimed Pat. "I put that in so that it would be harder."

"The Finnigans must hov had a grand toime at th' parthy lasht noight," said Mrs. Grogan to her neighbour. "Did Bridget Finnigan tell ye so?" asked the neighbour. "Nivir a whisper," was the reply; "but she sint over this marnin' early t' borry th' loan av me bottle of arnicky."

"An' how did ye injoy St. Patrick's Day?" queried Muldoon of his friend. "Foine," was the answer. "We cracked Casey's skull in th' marnin', an' attinded his wake in th' avenin'."

An Englishman was rowing against an Irishman in a sculling race at Yarmouth Regatta. The Englishman was winning so easily that he stopped two or three times and shouted to Paddy to come along. After the race everyone was chaffing Paddy on the beating he had received from the Englishman, but he simply shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "If I had had as many rests as he had I could have beat him quite easily."

A certain football club, with one win to its credit as the result of a season's work, found itself in financial difficulties. In order if possible to reduce the club's indebtedness the committee organised a "grand carnival," as the bills had it. A cycle procession round the streets was followed by various sports on the football field. In connection with the latter an amusing incident occurred. The interval between a couple of events on the programme was enlivened by the sudden appearance of an Irishman. a well-known supporter of the club. Spick and span in national costume, Pat sat in a low buggy behind a couple of donkeys, driving tandem. Pat bore a lot of good-humoured chaff, but the captain of the football team went a step too far. "You're in good company, Pat," he shouted. "Three of a tribe!" "Thrue for yez," instantly returned Pat. "Sure Oi've long wanted to see a good team on this field. an', bejabers, Oi've had to bring wan mesilf at the finish!"

The loss by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland of his Viceregal dignity and honours from the very moment that he sets foot in England was amusingly illustrated on one occasion when Lord Crewe, while Viceroy of Ireland, found himself a fellow-passenger with the Duchess of Devonshire on the trip from Kingstown to Holyhead. Lord Crewe was seated on a reserved portion of the deck between the two paddle-boxes when he caught sight of the duchess, and, with a condescending wave of the hand, signed to her that she might take a vacant chair beside him. The duchess, who had known him since he was a little boy, remembered that while in Irish waters,

and even as long as he trod the decks of the Irish mail steamer, he remained Viceroy, and was entitled to Royal honours. Indeed, she was quite deferential to him throughout the trip across; and it was only when they reached Holyhead, and that they were going down the gang-plank of the steamer together, that she suddenly exclaimed, in a very sharp and peremptory tone, as if she were talking to a lad of no consequence: "And now, Bobbie, just take hold of this bag, run on as fast as you can ahead, like a good boy, and see that I have a compartment reserved for me!"

"Brace up, man!" said Mooney to his friend Hogan. "Troth, ye luk as if ye didn't hov a fri'nd in th' whole wur'rld." "Oi hovn't," replied Hogan. "G'wan," said Rooney. "If it ain't money ye want t' borry Oi'm as good a fri'nd as iver ye had."

An Irishman while walking with a friend passed a jeweller's shop where there was a lot of precious stones in the window. "Would you not like to have your pick?" asked Pat. "Not me pick, but me shovel," said Mike.

"I notice you don't have as many fights with Orangemen on St. Patrick's Day as you used to," said an observant Englishman to O'Hoolihan. "No, sorr," replied O'Hoolihan. "We hov plinty to do now foightin' among oursilves."

An Irish labourer, who was "touring" the country, picking up a job here and there to enable him "to

pay for his bed," as he expressed it, one day called at a farmhouse to see if he could get employment. The farmer surveyed his man all over, being a bit doubtful of his farming abilities, then asked him if he had ever done any work on a farm. "Yis, bejabers!" "Can you make a drill?" "Drill, be hanged! Do you think Oi've been in the militia for three years without having learnt to drill?"

There was an Irishman who, on going to America, was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the ould sod he grew especially roseate, and said—"Why, the baze in that counthry is twice as big as in this, bedade. Indade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this counthry!" "Bees as big as sheep!" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of hives do they have to keep them in?" "No bigger than the ones in this counthry," was the reply. "Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked. "Well," replied the Irishman, "that's there own lookout!"

"I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you," said the parson when he called to see a man who had been worsted in a melee. "Mebbe yer riv-rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well, an' then pray for Casey," replied the patient.

"So ye wur foined £1 fur assaultin' Clanty," re-

marked Mr. Rafferty. "I wor," replied Mr. Dolan; "an' it wor a proud moment when I heard the sintince." "For what rayson?" "It showed beyond a doubt which man had the best iv the contest."

"Well, Pat, did you fight that duel with Simpson that you threatened?" inquired Frisbie. "Oi did not, sorr," replied Patrick. "You weren't afraid, were you?" "Oi wuz not, sorr; but, ye see, Oi am a portly mon an' Simpson is thin." "Well?" "Well, sorr, Oi thought it would only be fair fer me t' shtand nearer t' him than him t' me whoile we wuz shootin', sorr; but the second wouldn't listen to it, an' so there wuz no duel."

"I hear your son Mike has gone into literature," said Mrs. Casey to her neighbour. "So he has. He's got a job as doorkeeper in a library," replied Mrs. Clancy, proudly.

The world was ringing with the news of the wonderful Land Bill, and what it was going to do for the Irish peasantry; but still poor old Michael O'Rooney smiled not as he surveyed his almost hopelessly waterlogged fields, for which recent heavy rains had done their worst. Presently his landlord came riding past. "Well, Mike," said he, "you will soon be rid of me altogether now that you are to have the Land Bill. I suppose you are delighted?" But Michael said never a word. "Why, don't you approve of the idea?" continued the landowner. "Surely you don't see anything wrong with it?"

"Nothing much, sir," the man answered, casting a patient eye over his submerged acres—"nothing much, except the title." "The title!" the landlord exclaimed. "Why, what's wrong with that?" "Well, yer honour," replied Mike, "so far as my holding goes, I'd as lief call it a 'Water Bill!'"

A Dublin firm once advertised for a commercial traveller, and, out of the numerous applicants for the post, selected an individual who had plenty of confidence but very little experience. He started out on his journeyings, and nothing was heard of him for a week. Then a letter came: "I have not succeeded in obtaining any orders yet, but have had a long interview with the principal of Messrs. Brown Bros. This, I flatter myself, is a feather in my cap. as he is a very difficult man to get at." Three days passed, no order came, but another in which the ambassador of commerce "plumed" himself on the fact that he had talked to the secretary of a large company for two hours. Yet another week rolled by, and the traveller wrote claiming another feather in his cap on the strength of an interview with the managing director of a syndicate, and asking for more cash. The firm wrote him as follows: "Dear Sir.—We have received your letter, and note your request for money. We are not enclosing any, but, noting that you have a good many feathers in your cap, we should advise you to make them into a pair of white wings, and fly home."

It was at a small school in Kilkenny, and the village pedagogue was doing his best to elicit the meaning of the word "conscience" from his attentive but somewhat dull-headed pupils. "Now, boys," said the genial old master, "suppose one of you stole a piece of sugar from the basin and popped it in your mouth, and mother came in, what would happen?" Small boy: "Get a lickin', sorr." "Yes, I suppose so. But your face would become red, wouldn't it?" Chorus: "Yis, sorr." "And what is it that makes your face turn red?" queried the master, thinking he had gained his point. But the small boy answered with a solemn look: "Troyin' to shwallow the sugar quick, sorr."

After a recent International match at Cardiff between Ireland and Wales, when Wales won by 18 points to 0, a street urchin met one of the Irish players, and asked him if he would buy a mourning band for poor Old Ireland. "No, thanks," was the reply, "I have just come from the funeral."

Billings was spending his holidays in rest and quiet at a little Irish town boarding-house. He was peaceful and happy, but much tormented by flies when he sought repose out of doors. "What do you mean," he demanded, "by stretching your hammock in that fly-haunted field of torture you call a lawn?" "Oi'm sorry!" answered Michael, who was the manof-all-work. "But ye ought to use the hammock durin' the hammock hours, and you'd have no

throuble from the floies." "What are hammock hours?" "From noon till two be the clock." "Why are there no flies around the hammock between twelve and two?" "Och!" rejoined Mike. "Shure, at that toime they're all busy in the doinin'-room!"

An Irishman in low circumstances having had £5 bequeathed him by a deceased relative, and the amount being to him considerable, decided for safety to place it in the savings bank. When leaving after depositing the money he collided with a young man entering, who, raising his hat, said politely—"I beg your pardon, sir." "Arrah," said Pat, "don't apologise. Man, sure, I was poor meself once."

The contractor of a large building in course of erection in Edinburgh, while making a round of inspection one morning, suddenly came upon a brick-layer's labourer comfortably seated on a barrel, smoking a very black short pipe with evident enjoyment. "Here, my man," exclaimed the contractor, "why are you putting off your time in this way?" "Oi'm kapein' a lookout fur that spalpeen of a gaffer, whilst Oi get a whiff," replied the man. "But don't you know I'm master on this job?" asked the contractor. "By me sowl an' I didn't, but now that I do, shure it's yerself will be another of thim I shall have to be afther watchin'," said Pat, resuming his hod-carrying operations.

"So yo're goin' to make yer b'y a musician," said Mrs. Rafferty. "I am," answered Mr. Dolan. "I'm goin' ty have 'm learnt ty play the clar'net." "Why don't yez learn 'im the vi'lin? It's the graand insthrument it is." "Because I want 'im ty have every advantage. A vi'lin's a graand insthrument and makes fine music; but a clar'net is a heap more ty be depinded on in a scrimmage."

There had been a slight shock of earthquake, and Mr. Dooley and Mr. Dolan had both felt it. "Tim," said Mr. Dolan solemnly, "what did you think whin firrst the ground began to trimble?" "Think!" echoed his friend scornfully. "What man that had the use av his legs to run and his loongs to roar would waste his toime thinkin'? Tell me thot!"

"If I were not an Englishman," said Smith patronisingly, "I should wish to be an Irishman." "Indade?" exclaimed O'Brien. "Faith, if Oi was not an Irishman, Oi'd wish Oi was one."

Captain Williams, a jovial Irishman, known everywhere as "Bob," used to be a favourite in certain circles. His stories were famous. Give him an incident, and he would set it out to the general admiration. One evening he began telling the true tale of rescuing a lady and her daughters from a dangerous situation, into which their spirited horses had brought them. "I quieted the ladies," said he, "and I quieted the horses. And the gratitude of the ladies! Me boys, I shouldn't be surprised if her ladyship left me—" At that moment a little Irish page in livery appeared. "Sir," said he, "Lady

A—— says she lost her purse when ye helped her out of the carriage; and, plaze, she says, do yez know anything about it?" The captain's story was never finished.

Two gentlemen, neighbours, on the morning of St. Patrick's Day were giving their reasons for wearing the shamrock. "I am wearin' it," said one, a true son of Erin, "in honour of St. Patrick and the land that gave me birth." "Well, I'm not an Irishman," responded the other, "and I wear the shamrock merely to show that I appreciate the gallant deeds of plucky Irishmen." At that moment the last speaker's little son put in an appearance with a sprig of shamrock in his buttonhole. "Hullo, Johnny!" remarked his father, "and why are you wearing the shamrock?" "Because Micky M——" (the son of the neighbour present) "said he'd break my head if I didn't!" was Johnny's unexpected reply.

Some time ago, while on a holiday, cycling in Ireland, a young man saw a curious sight. Turning a bend in the road, he saw a collection of household furniture scattered in every direction outside the door of a small cabin. In the midst of this scene of disorder sat an old woman. It led him to believe that an eviction had taken place. Full of sympathy, he dismounted, and, placing a few silver coins in her hand, asked why she was evicted. "Ah, shure, sir," said she, after pocketing the money, "Pat is whitewashin' to-day!"

Everybody had enjoyed themselves at the party, for, like every Irish festive gathering, it had ended, according to the decrees of conventionality, in a fight, and the sequel was now being fought out before a magistrate. The witness for the prosecution, who had a lump over one eye, a black and blue spot under the other, a nose that pointed decidedly awry, and various strips of courtplaster on his face, evidently arranged without any regard to their artistic effect. testified that the defendant had knocked him senseless and then kicked him in the head and face for several minutes. "If he knocked you senseless," asked the magistrate, "how do you know he kicked you after you were down?" The witness scratched his jaw and reflected. "I know it, ver honour," he replied, "'cause that's what I'd 'a' done to him, the playbhov, if I'd got him down, an' I'm sure he'd sarve me the same way entoirely!"

Pat had come over from the "old counthry" to make his fortune, as so many of his compatriots had done before him. He had read all about Dick Whittington, Carnegie, P. Morgan, and others, who had climbed the ladders to fame and wealth from the bottom rung, and had set his heart on doing likewise. Still, he was not too ambitious. Two thousand pounds was the sum fixed upon as the summit of his aspirations. Therefore, after having been told that he could "start" on a job the following Monday morning as a hodman, he mused somewhat

as follows: "There's two ways of doin' it if I'd loike to see me two thousand pounds. I must lay by two hundred pounds a year for ten years, or I must put away twenty pounds a year for wan hundred years! Now, which shall I do?"

A grimy working-man entered a small railway station in Ireland and hammered industriously for some minutes at what he took to be the ticket-hole of the booking-office. But the train rumbled in, though still the ticket-clerk did not appear; and the workman commenced to make a noise. "Hallo! and fer whoi are yez making yer row, anyway?" inquired a porter who was passing. "Shure haven't I been waitin' here tin minutes for a ticket, and I haven't got it yet!" growled the workman. "Troth, an' you'd betther go to the bookin'-office, hadn't you? You can't get a ticket here, me bhoy. This is the stationmaster's dove-cote!"

An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later, while conversing with a friend in his office, he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout stick. "You rascal," he yelled, springing towards the agent, "you want to cheat me!" Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully-built man. "Let me git at the spalpeen!" shouted the Irishman. "Think of it—chargin' me a pound for insuring me ole woman agin

accidents, an' she jest broke her leg a-fallin' down-stairs! What's the good of the ticket, anyhow?"

An Irish gentleman's servant, who was very hard to please, called at the village grocer's one day to choose a piece of cheese for the kitchen. With an air of some importance, she asked to taste some cheese. First one and then another were brought forward, until she had tasted half-a-dozen different sorts, but she liked none of them. At length the shopman, fairly ruffled, could stand it no longer, so putting his iron into a bar of mottled soap which was under the counter, he, with all the politeness at his command, offered a piece to her, remarking, "This is the best I can do for you." She took a sharp chew at it, and with a frown she made for the door. The orders for cheese are now sent by post.

"Come home an' teck supper wid me, Flannigan," said Mr. Brannigan to his companion. "Shure," replied the companion, "it's past yer supper time, now; yer wife'll be mad as a hatter." "That's jist it," replied Brannigan; "she can't lick the two of us."

A certain Irish sailor, who had been employed for many years on a coasting "tramp," found that he was out of work on one occasion, and so he toured the rural parts of Connemara to find if anyone would employ him. At length, in sheer despair, he accosted a farmer, and begged him to give him anything in the way of a job. "But," said the farmer, "phwat can yez do on a farm?" "Och," replied the man, "I'm a handy sort of a chap. I can do a hand's turn at anything. Just thry me, and see." The farmer, being a kindly soul, had pity on him. "D'ye see them sheep in that field? Well, if ye bring them all up inside this walled place I will pay yez a good round sum." The sailor set to work with a will. and the farmer, returning a couple of hours afterwards, found to his pleasant surprise that all the sheep were safely enfolded, but that the sailor was leaning wearily against the wall, wiping the heavy perspiration from his brow. "Yez did it well," said the farmer. "But why on earth have ye put that hare with the sheep?" "A hare is it? Is that what you call the little spalpeen? I can tell you that he gev me more throuble gettin' him inside than all the rest of the bigger things put together!"

It was one of those country funerals in Scotland where most of the males in the district, attired in sombre black, tile hat, and white tie, had turned out to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased. As the cortege wended their way to the place of interment they were met by a group of Hibernians newly over for the harvest operations (one evidently for the first time). These ranged themselves by the wayside, respectfully doffing their caps. Just as the mourners had passed them, those in the rear visibly relaxed their features as they overheard one

remark, "Well, now did yez ever in all your life see a funeral wid so many clargy?"

A lady who had been travelling abroad was describing an Irishwoman whom she met. "She was so refined, so well educated!" she said. "Why, she was so careful in avoiding all temptations to brogue that she invariably called the crater of Mount Vesuvius 'the creature!'"

An Irishman wanted to sell a dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious, and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell. "You see," he said, "I bought the dog and thrained him meself. I got him so he'd bark all the toime if a person stepped inside the gate, and thought I was safe from burglars. Then me woife wanted me to thrain him to carry bundles-and I did. If you put anything into his mouth the spalpeen'd keep it there till someone took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard someone in the next room. I got up an' grabbed me gun. They were there, three of the blaygards and the dog." "Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man. "Sorra a bark, he was too busy." "Busy! What doing?" "Carrying the lanthern for the burglars!"

A passenger in a Belfast tramcar, feeling that one of his boots troubled him a great deal, took it off and sat in his stocking-foot. This gave umbrage to an old swell sitting opposite, who complained of the offence it was to the ladies in the car. The boot,

however, was not replaced, and nothing more was said on either side. But when the remonstrant quitted the car, he contrived to pick up the boot and carry it away with him unperceived of his victim, who, when he got ready in turn to leave the car, looked for his boot in vain. The last that was seen of him, as the car passed on, was him hopping on one foot across the muddy street, uttering language which, though fully equal to the occasion, was somewhat too objurgatory for repetition in print. The other passengers were divided in opinion as to whether it was a kindness or not to carry off a boot which was too tight for its wearer.

An Irishwoman was looking at refrigerators in a house-furnishing establishment. After inquiring into the merits and qualities of a number of them, she purchased the one that the salesman assured her would keep food the best. Some days afterwards the woman called and requested them to take that refrigerator back, as it would not keep anything better than in the old-fashioned meat safe in the larder. The salesman mildly suggested that possibly she had not put enough ice in it to keep the things cold. "Enough ice in it? Why, is it crazy, yez arre? I didn't put anny ice in it. Shure anything will keep cowld if you put ice in it. I bought the refrigerator so as I wouldn't need the ice."

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Flannigan, "me husband's a wonderful man indade. Sure, he can do anything

yez like, and can mend clocks better than any of yer jewellers. There's a man for ye!" "Mend clocks, can he?" interjected Mrs. O'Dougald. "Sure, I didn't know that." "Bedad, I should think he could!" continued Mrs. O'Flannigan. "Sure, Mrs. O'Brien, didn't he mend your cuckoo clock so that it keeps beautiful time now?" "That he did, Mrs. O'Flannigan," said Mrs. O'Brien. "He mended it till its got only one single fault now; sure it 'oos' before it 'cucks.'"

In connection with the motor race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup a good tale is told of an Irish jarvey's gratitude. A visitor was informed that no tip, however large, would be considered enough. To make the test thorough he gave the man a sovereign. "That's for yourself," he said, "to buy a drink." The jarvey looked at it pathetically and said nothing. "Isn't it enough?" asked the visitor, and then the jarvey's gratitude broke out. "'Twould be a shame," he said, "to break upon that bonny piece for the price of a dhrink! Maybe ye've as many coppers about ye as 'ull pay for a glass for me?"

A clever ruse adopted by a Dublin newspaper boy in order to secure a speedy sale of his papers is described in a letter a Scotsman received from a friend residing in that city. A short time after the termination of the great motor race a crowd might have been seen standing around this newspaper vendor gazing somewhat ruefully at a bill affixed to the pavement announcing the victory of the German. Owing to that fact trade was a trifle depressed, and in order to arouse the curiosity of the onlookers somewhat the lad remarked—"Shure, and the Germans are goin' to get into a foine row over this race. They placed somethin' on the road that preventit the rest of them from winnin'." "What was that?" excitedly asked the crowd in a chorus. "Shure an' it'll tell yez all about it in here," said the young Hibernian slyly, indicating his bundle of unsold papers. In about as short a time as it takes to tell it his stock was exhausted; and during the ensuing search he discreetly withdrew. The search to find the startling piece of information hinted at was short, and evidently unsatisfactory. "You young scamp," shouted one of the victims after the retreating figure, "there's no word here of anything being placed on the road to keep the others from winning." "Bedad, an' it's there all roight," was the response; "it wor that German chap on his motor caur I was manin' all the toime."

"Stand up, M'Nutty," said the police magistrate.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, an' it's mesilf as can't tell thot till Oi hear th' ividence," replied M'Nutty. After the evidence had been led M'Nutty said—"If you please, your hanner, Oi wud like to withdraw my plea of 'Not guilty' an' put in a plea of 'Guilty.'" "Then why didn't you plead 'Guilty' in the first place and save all this trouble?"

queried the judge. "Sure, your hanner," said the prisoner, "Oi had not heard the ividence!"

In Dublin Police Court, the magistrate, addressing the prisoner, said: "What are you?" "Dhock labourer," was the reply. "Whoi," exclaimed a constable, "he's scarcely ever out of prison, your hanner." "Hould yer tongue!" said the prisoner. "Oi'm always sintenced ter hard labour in this dhock! So, begorra, if Oi ain't a dhock labourer, what am Oi, shure?"

"What's the charge, constable?" queried the magistrate. "Attimpted suicide, sor," was the reply. "State the particulars," said the judge. "Well, he wanted to foight me, sor," replied the constable.

"Is the man dangerously wounded?" asked the police-sergeant. "Two of the wounds are mortal," replied the surgeon, "but the third can be cured, provided the man keeps strictly quiet for at least six weeks."

Senator Mason tells this story: "Out in Chicago we have a police justice who was formerly a bartender. Mary Mulcahy was up before him for drunkenness on the occasion of his first appearance on the bench. The justice looked at her for a minute, and then said, sternly: 'Well, what are you here for?' 'Plase, yer honor,' said Mary, 'the copper pulled me, sayin' as how I was drunk. An' yer honor, I don't drink, I don't drink.' 'All right,'

said the justice, unconsciously dropping into his old habits. 'All right, Mary; have a cigar.'"

A lawyer was instructed by an Irishman to recover a debt of £30. He charged £15 for his services, and, on handing the remaining £15 to Pat, said—"I am your friend; I cannot charge you my full fee. I knew your father well." Pat, heaving a sigh as he pocketed the £15, replied, "How fortunate you didn't know my grandfather."

It was out in the Far West. John Connor had just received a missive summoning him before the local judicial luminary for assaulting one Pete Havnes. He was in a quandary, and, being so, thought he would consult Mr. Tirell, the only lawyer the district could boast. Fortunately the man of law was at home, but, unfortunately, he had to act in an important case at a town some distance away on the day when Mr. Connor would be arraigned. "But what am I to do, sur?" John pleadingly asked. "Prove an alibi, man," Mr. Tirell said, curtly. "An Alley Boy, sur?" "Yes, show that you were at some other place when the assault took place." After racking his brains, which (he not being overburdened in that respect) did not take very long. John thought he could manage it. He had a mate in a distant settlement who, he said, would stand by him. The lawyer told him that formality was one of the essentials to success; and having imparted to him instructions as to how he was to proceed, so as

to appear most impressive at the hearing of the case, John took his departure with a much lighter heart. The eventful day arrived. The evidence for the prosecution, which seemed absolutely conclusive, had terminated, and all eyes were fixed on John. Slowly and solemnly he rose, striving to combine an air of injured innocence with that of dignified unconcern, and in an impressive voice said—"Call Ted Lane!" A rough, uncouth figure, who was dreamily looking at the bald head of the dispenser of justice, rose from a seat next to John himself, and took the oath. John having managed to get proper hold of his voice, commenced :- "Your name is-" "Ted Lane, sor." "You live a good distance from here?" "About fifty miles, sor." "You understand the nature of the oath you've taken?" "I do, sor." "You have heard the ividence given of an assault on Pete Haynes outside the White Hart?" "I've heard it, sor." "You have known me for a long time, and you can swear to me identity?" "Oh, that I can, sor." "You remember the day of the alliged occurrence?" "Yes, sor." "Now, remember you are on your oath, an' state the whole truth and nothin' but the truth." "Yes, sor." "Where was I whin I struck Pete Havnes outside the White Hart?"

It was a negligence case, and a good humoured Irishman was a witness. The judge, lawyers, and all the rest were trying their best to extract from the Irishman something about the speed of a train. "Was it going fast?" asked the judge. "Aw, yis, it were," answered the witness. "How fast?" "Oh, purty fasht, your honour." "Well, how fast?" "Aw, purty fasht." "Was it as fast as a man can run?" "Aw, yis," glad that the basis for an analogy was supplied; "as fasht as two min kin run."

In the days when Irish Home Rulers needed to be cautious in their utterances, a Galway gentleman named Martin made a political speech in which some strong passages occurred, and the reporter underlined them. Upon the plea of privilege, the printer of the paper was called to the bar, but offered to prove that the report was an exact transcript of the member's words. "That may be so," said Martin; "but did I spake them in italics?"

Serjeant Thomas Gould, whose name was pronounced as if written "Gold," was a contemporary at the Irish Bar of Daniel O'Connell. He and Dan, although diametrically opposed in politics, were fast friends. He was frequently rallied upon his "unhoused free condition," and it was only when approaching his eightieth year that he decided to put himself "in circumscription and confine" by marrying a very young girl. This resolve he communicated to Dan in a letter, concluding with a couplet—

"So you see, my dear Dan, that, though eighty years old,

A girl of eighteen fell in love with old Gould."

To this O'Connell immediately replied,

"That a girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true, But, believe me, dear Tom, it is gold without 'u.'"

An Irishman, who had had the misfortune to get hit with a brick while following his employment. engaged a lawyer to put in a claim for £25. The claim was granted, and in a short time the lawyer sent for Pat. Pat went to the lawyer's office, and got £10, but stood looking at it in his hand. "What's the matter?" said the lawyer. "Begorra," said Pat, "I was just wondering who got hit with the brick—you or I."

A young and newly-fledged member of the Bar visited a successful K.C. and requested his advice as to the best general course to pursue in building up a practice. The other gave him some good hints, and added, "Above all, keep up your fees. Don't work cheap. If you do, people will think you're good for nothing." "But, sir, nobody will pay my fees, and I shall die of starvation." "Oh, welk, you must expect to die for a while; but after that you'll be all right!"

Many readers will remember the action which Mr. William O'Brien brought against the late Lord Salisbury. The first question put to the plaintiff by Sir Edward Clarke in cross-examination was: "You have called Mr. Balfour a murderer, I believe?" Mr. O'Brien explained, "I referred to his myrmidons, not

to himself." "What do you mean?" asked the learned counsel. Said Mr. O'Brien, in reply, "I will tell you. In accordance with his telegram, 'Don't hesitate to shoot,' a poor young man was run through the back with a bayonet."

"It wasn't me husband at all that hit me, yer honour, an' Oi hope ye'll let him go," said Mrs. M'Grath. "Do you mean to say you lied when you testified that he did hit you?" queried the judge. "Shure, Oi had no cause to lie then, but Oi hov now, that's the truth," was the answer.

J. Philpot Curran has himself told the story of his rise out of poverty and squalor into wealth and fame. That rise took place in Dublin, where he found himself without brief or prospects, but with a wife and family to support. He tells the story with rare humour and succinctness: "I then lived," said he, "upon Hog Hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what was wanted in wealth, she well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which from

my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence; I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked upon the back of it; I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it; and that dinner was the date of my prosperity!"

Once-only once-in Curran's early days a judge had the temerity to taunt him with his poverty. Curran replied with spirit, and after he had proceeded some length the judge said: "Sir, you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Curran. "My Lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which, perhaps, you are not acquainted." He then briefly related the story of Strap in "Roderick Random," who, having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Curran thus drove home the tale: "So, my Lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest,

it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word, I'll commit you," replied the angry judge. To which Mr. C. retorted: "If your Lordship shall do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing that your Lordship has committed."

Curran on occasions made some most curious defences. A correspondent of the "Standard" writes: Curran was once defending a Sir Valentine Blake for bigamy before Lord Fitzgerald at Dublin, and his assertions were so peculiar that at last his lordship said impatiently, "Mr. Curran, I fancy you take me for a fool." "That, my lord," answered Curran sweetly, "is an obter dictum which, however creditable to your lordship's discrimination, has no bearing on the case before the court. As I was saying, the first wife was dead before my client married again." "Don't talk nonsense," interrupted his lordship. "It has been conclusively proved by your own witnesses that the first wife was living when he married the second wife, as you call her. The first wife died at noon, and the second marriage took place at eleven o'clock forenoon on the same day." "Precisely," asserted Curran blandly. "I'm glad you've come to your senses at last," snarled the judge. "A man cannot legally have two wives at the same time. You admit that the first was living, when he purported to marry the second, and I therefore direct -- " "Not quite," broke in Curran again. "Your lordship," he continued, as the Lord Chief Justice lay back in his chair, speechless at his audacity, "forgets to take judicial cognisance of the fact that the earth goes round, and this trifling circumstance has, as I will prove to you. a curious bearing on this case. It is now a quarter to six by the correct Dublin time, but the correct time in New York, where the second marriage took place, is exactly thirty-five minutes past one. The solar system, as your lordship may possibly know, has not altered since the date of Sir Valentine Blake's second marriage. When it was twelve o'clock in Dublin it was only twenty minutes past seven in New York, so that on the admitted evidence in this case, the first wife had been dead at least three hours and forty minutes before my client married the second lady, and I therefore demand an acquittal for him." There was no help for it. The jury, without leaving the box, gave their verdict as not guilty, and Curran received the heartiest congratulations.

The great barrister was a brilliant mimic. Lord Byron relates of him: I was much struck with the simplicity of Gratton's manners in private life: they were odd, but they were natural. Curran used to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and "thanking God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance," in a way irresistibly ludicrous. And Rogers used to call him "a Sentimental Harlequin;" but Rogers back-bites everybody; and Curran, who used to quiz his great friend, Godwin, to his very face, would hardly respect a fair mark of mimicry in another. To be sure, Curran was admirable! To hear his description of the examination of an Irish witness was next to hearing his own speeches: the latter I never heard, but I have the former.

Curran was himself an object of amiable mimicry to his friend Mathews, the actor; and in this connection Sir Walter Scott tells a pathetic story: When Mathews first began to imitate Curran in Dublin-in society, I mean-Curran sent for him and said, the moment he entered the room, "Mr. Mathews, you are a first-rate artist, and, since you are to do my picture, pray allow me to give you a sitting." Everyone knows how admirably Mathews succeeded in furnishing at last the portraiture begun under these circumstances. No one was more aware of the truth than Curran himself. In his latter and feeble days, he was riding in Hyde Park one morning, bowed down over the saddle and bitterly dejected in his air. Mathews happened to observe, and saluted him. Curran stopped his horse for a moment, squeezed Charles by the hand, and said, in that deep whisper which the comedian so exquisitely mimics, "Don't speak to me, my dear Mathews; you are the only Curran now!" And, indeed, the end

was not far off. Curran had retired from the noise of London to a quiet house in Brompton, and there he died in October 13, 1817. His patriotism had been disappointed, his career as a barrister had been blighted, and even his wit had become but a fitful flame. Perhaps the tragedy of his life is sufficiently indicated in his own sad words: "Depend upon it, my dear friend, it is a serious misfortune in life to have a mind more sensitive or more cultivated than common—it naturally elevates its possessor into a region which he must be doomed to find nearly uninhabited."

Of late years the Irish magistracy has been largely recruited from persons of a lower social standing than formerly, and the performances of some of these Solons are often a source of merriment. A story is told of a newly-appointed justice of the peace for a southern county, who, on the first day of his attendance at court, was earlier than any of his brother magistrates, and was requested by the clerk to begin with the "drunks." "Well, but I would rather wait, not being used to the run of the thing," he remonstrated. "Oh, don't let that stop the way, sir; just fine them as they come—one, half-a-crown; another, five shillings, and so on." Thus overpersuaded, the worthy man carried out literally the clerk's recommendation, fining the first delinquent two-and-six, the next a crown, and thus alternating between each of the numerous cases arising out of a fair which had been held in the locality a few days before, till a terrible rumpus arose as one man was dragged forward, kicking, struggling, and protesting energetically. "Now, Pat," said his worship, "is it you that's afraid to hear me sintence ye loike the rest?" "No, yer honour, but this polis chap is bringing me up for the foive shillin' turn, and I wasn't twice as bad as Mike Connellan that ye've just let off at half-price, seein' we wus takin' it even the whole toime." "Sorry I may be for ye, Pat, but it's turn and turn about, crown and half-crown, in this court, and I'll not be the first man to lower the power of the Binch. It's five shillin's this toime, and I'm hopin' ye'll have better luck when ye're next afore me."

Judicial eccentricity, racy of the soil, was also shown in a case heard before the Galway justices. William Egan, who lived a short distance from his brother Edward, summoned the latter for stealing two ducks. After much contradictory evidence, one of the magistrates suggested that the police-sergeant should put the ducks in a bag, so that they could not see where they were going, and liberate them on the road midway between the houses of the two brothers. On this order being carried out, the ducks dissolved partnership, one going towards William's house and the other towards Edward's, and the case was settled accordingly.

These Galway J.P.'s fared better than another

Irish magistrate, who was perplexed by the conflicting claims of two women for a baby, each contending that she was the mother of it. The justice remembered Solomon's procedure in a similar case, and, sending an officer of the court for a carving knife, declared he would give half to each. The women were shocked, but had no doubt the authority and purpose of his worship to make the proposed compromise. "Don't do that," they both screamed in unison, "you can keep it yourself!"

Of the judges, past and present, many good stories are told. Some of the anecdotes may be apocryphal, but they are, at least, well invented. It is told of a certain learned judge, now long deceased, that amongst other peculiarities, he was excessively polite, and had a habit of continually "begging pardon." On circuit his favourite expression was once employed in a singular manner. At the close of the Assizes, as he was about to leave the bench, he was reminded that he had not passed sentence on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me," said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon. Bring him in," and he proceeded to give him five years.

An Irish advocate was representing a plaintiff who was trying to recover the price of a pig which a neighbour had killed. The pig had broken loose and trespassed on the defendant's property. The lawyer's argument was in these terms: "Gintlemen,

is there no protection fur a man and his property in this country? Do you twilve intilligent min think the defindant was justified in killing the pig? It was nothing more than robbery. If yez find fur the defindant, the toime is fast approaching when none of you will be safe in leaving your own dooryard."

One of the cleverest men on the Irish Bench at the present time takes such a keen delight in the abstruse subtleties of legal lore as often proves a source of considerable embarrassment to nervous stuff-gownsmen. A well-known "Junior" of long standing, challenged by his Lordship to say what his view would be on a particularly obscure legal problem presented to him on the spur of the moment, set the court in a roar by his grandiloquent rejoinder—"My Lord, were I a younger 'Junior,' I would say that I feel dazzled by the brilliancy of your Lordship's conundrum!"

A rather amusing scene occurred in the Rolls Court quite recently. A well-known K.C. was cross-examining a witness, and happened to raise his voice as he queried regarding some statement—"Do you believe that?" No reply. "Do you believe that, sir?" vociferated counsel, turning his back on the witness, and facing round towards the crier of the Court. That functionary, awakened from a comfortable nap, thrust his head out of his box and irritably inquired—"Do I believe what?" Notwithstanding the irrepressible roars of laughter with

which the sally was greeted, the Master of the Rolls failed to see the joke, and summarily discharged the somnolent official who had so grossly outraged the dignity of the Court.

One of the wittiest members of the Irish Bar died some years ago. Wm. M'Laughlin, O.C., believed in enlivening the dry routine of Court work with jest and repartee. One can hardly fancy that he could have been serious if he had tried, and it is not on record that he ever made the attempt. If, on entering one of the Courts, judge, jury, counsel, and witnesses were found convulsed with laughter, the chances were in favour of encountering Mr. M'Laughlin's typical Irish face, with its merry twinkling eyes and broad humorous smile. In a will case, a witness deposed that the testator used to go round the boundaries of his farm singing psalms, and that "at the rise of the psalm he would 'roar' like an ass!" "Now," said Mr. M'Laughlin, "just give us the donkey's 'roar' in your most natural manner."

The inferior Courts are prolific of humorous incidents. Sometimes the peculiarities of litigants cause no little amusement. Not long ago, at Skibbereen Petty Sessions, Police-Sergeant Baker charged Honora Hurley, a fish dealer, with being drunk on the public street, and read out a long list of previous convictions. The newspapers reported the scene that ensued as follows:—Defendant—That's right, Ser-

geant, that's fair, that's conscientiously correct. indeed, gentlemen; and nobly and honourably have I discharged the penalties of the law both within and without the plenipotentiary walls. (Laughter.) But I now promise you, Mr. Beecher and gentlemen. including the chief police, Head Constable Clarke, and, though last not least, you, my good friend, Sergeant Baker, and all the smaller fry-(great laughter)—that it will be Tib's eve before the next pot of XX is engulphed by me. Chairman-Was she disorderly? Defendant (abruptly)—No, indeed. your worship; disorder is foreign to my well-bred composition. I had influenza in my eye, and I was recommended by the faculty to try some "Old Tom," which I mixed with some Jamaica rum, which sent me topsy-turvey when the Sergeant accosted me. "What's up with you, Nora?" said he. "Begor," said I, "it's nearly all down I am." (Laughter.) I then felt, as the Maltese say, a miscawn maree coming on me; so your lordships, between doctors' pills and tailors' bills my equilibrium became upset. (Laughter.) The Chairman—That will do. We will adjourn the case for three months, and if you come up again you will be doubly punished. Defendant-Exactly, sir, these are my views; we coincide. The Chairman-Sergeant, send her down. Exit Honora.

The Royal Irish Constabulary are prominent figures in Courts of Petty Sessions, and a case which

shows rather amusingly their Sherlock Holmes-like acuteness was reported some time ago. "A respectable young man" (so ran the report) "was charged with having stolen a quantity of potatoes. A constable deposed to seeing the theft committed, and added that defendant resided convenient to the police barrack, and, 'being always able to wear good clothes, the police had an eye on him.' Thus doth "the apparel oft proclaim the man." This "respectable young man" was given a month's imprisonment, with hard labour, to mediate on the folly of wearing good clothes when living near a police station.

A witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" asked the magistrate. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive answer. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly, "stand down!" The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, yer honour?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, with a twinkle in his eye. This time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

The special jury panel in connection with the great Gavan Duffy trial, says a writer in a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine," contained 170 names. Of these only oo attended, despite heavy fines. The prisoner was entitled to challenge 20 peremptorily, which he did. This reduced the number to 70. Three were away through illness-"sick," a witty barrister said, "of the Queen against Gavan Duffy." Sixty-seven names then remained from which to select a jury. The empanelling of the jury gave rise to great merriment. A juror was called. He stepped into the box and took the book. Butt rose, and with a genial smile said, "May I ask, sir, if you served on any of the grand juries which found a true bill against the prisoner?" The juror answered "Yes." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have your services in this case, but I must ask you to stand aside," and he waved the juror out of the box. Another and another and another came forward, to be asked the same question, and to disappear the same way. At length a juror came forward who had not been on any of the grand juries. Butt said, "May I ask, sir, where you reside?" The juror said, "In Blackrock." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have you in the case, but you live out of the district." Another came who lived in Rathfarnham, another who lived in Kingstown, until a score was disposed of. Then some one was called who had not served on any of the grand juries, and who did not live out of the district. "May I ask, sir," said Butt, "if you are over sixty years of age?" And the juror answered, "Yes." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have the benefit of your experience in this trial, but I must ask you to stand aside." Finally the list was so attenuated by this process that the Crown was forced to put on the jury Catholics who were not "tame" and Protestants who were Liberal.

In Donegal there is a custom of engaging both farm hands and servants for six months at hiring fairs, the girls receiving board and only a low wage because their ignorance hitherto has made them only fit for the roughest work. It is, however, more astonishing that girls from these poor homes should know anything at all about service than that they should be, as some of course are, bad servants. Their own homes having mud floors, windows that do not open, no stairs, hardly any kitchen utensils, no range, the cooking scarcely extending beyond boiling potatoes and cooking griddle cake, how can they know even the names, still less the uses, of the thousand and one things in our houses? How learn to scrub, or sweep, or dust? Yet, given a short training (not too late in life) and a good example, there is not a servant the world over to compare with a good Irish servant. She has a heart which is wholly given to her mistress, she never degenerates into a mere machine, and she may be trusted to cling even closer in times of trouble, sickness, or poverty than when all goes smoothly. Many of the stories in this book bear witness to these traits of character.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Hiram sternly, "I met that policeman to-day who sat in the kitchen with you so long last night. I took advantage of the opportunity to speak to him." "Oh, ye needn't think thot'll make me jealous, mum," replied the cook. "Oi have got him safe enough."

A lady employed a very ignorant servant who would not rise in the morning at a sufficiently early hour. An alarm clock was therefore bought and presented to the girl, with the words—"You know, Mary, that I require the fire alight every morning by seven o'clock; but I cannot get you to do it, so I have bought you this alarm clock." Mary examined it, and said—"Thank you, mum; it's very nice. But fancy a thing loike this bein' able to loight a fire; sure it's a wonderful invention, mum!"

"Kate, I found the gas escaping in the kitchen last night. You must never blow it out." "I didn't, mum; I turned it out, then turned it on again to have it ready to light in the morning."

"I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?" asked a mistress of her cook. "Please, mum," replied the cook, "I think he's suspicious of me neglectin' me work or somethin'."

"Bridget," said a mistress, angrily, "I find that you wore one of my evening gowns at the 'bus-

drivers' ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "Oi wus, mum," said Bridget, meekly; "Oi wus, and me young man said as if Oi ivir wore sich a frock in public agin he'd break our engagemint."

"Bridget, that pitcher you broke this morning belonged to my great-grandmother," exclaimed a mistress. "Well, Oi'm glad ov thot!" replied the servant in a tone of relief. "Sure, Oi was afroid it was somethin' yez had just bought lately."

"Now, Jane, there is no use of further argument as to how this dish should be prepared," said the lady of the house, "but our ideas on the subject are so different that it is evident one or the other of us is crazy." "True for you, ma'am," replied Jane; "an' it's not the likes of me as would be after sayin' the likes o' you would have no more sinse than to keep a crazy cook."

"I think I'm not hard to get along with," said a lady engaging a servant. "Faith, nayther am I, mum!" replied the applicant. "Whin a misthress is doin' her best, 'tis mesilf that overlooks lots av things."

"This is a very good reference you have from your last place," said a mistress. "It was the best they could do, ma'am," answered the domestic. "That was all I got when I asked for my wages."

Mary gave her mistress thorough satisfaction

during the short time she had been in her service, and the mistress was greatly surprised when Mary gave notice. "Don't you like your place?" the former inquired. "Well, yes, mum, I likes it in a way," said Mary slowly, "but I 'as my own soshul statis amongst my own class to consider, mum, and I finds that it's bein' lowered by remainin' with you, mum." "How?" was all her astonished mistress could gasp. "You don't keep yer moti-car, mum," said Mary stiffly.

"Here, Bridget, see how dusty it is under the couch," said the mistress in a tone of expostulation. "Yes'm," said Bridget. "Haven't I impressed upon you that you must sweep under the couch?" queried the mistress. "Av coorse, ma'am," replied the servant; "an' how could the dust get there if I hadn't swept it under?"

"Well, Bridget," said a lady visitor to an old family servant, "did Master Arthur shoot any tigers in India?" "Of coorse he did," replied Bridget proudly. "Shure we have the horns of the craytures hung in the hall!"

Bridget had a kitchen full of her company, and her mistress, looking from the head of the stair, said—"Bridget!" "Yes, ma'am," replied the servant. "It's ten o'clock," observed the mistress. "Thank ye, ma'am," said Bridget. "And will ye be so koind as to tell me whin it's twelve?"

On one occasion the Duke of Connaught alighted

from a train in Queen's County, and while awaiting another train an irate Irishwoman roundly accused him of stealing her bonnet box, for which she proceeded to search by turning over His Royal Highness's traps. Being unsuccessful, she attacked the laughing prince with her choicest vituperation, and was only prevailed upon to desist when the errant box was discovered elsewhere. The Duke was too considerate to reveal his identity, but he told the story with great gusto for many a day.

Perhaps his most diverting experience occurred when a dance was being given by the Duchess at the Royal Hospital in Dublin. A majestic dowager approached her hostess, and asked for the privilege of dancing with Prince Arthur. "But wouldn't you prefer a dance with my husband?" asked her Royal Highness. "No, no," was the disconcerting response, "it is with your handsome son I want to dance." Prince Arthur has to endure to this day the chaff with which his brother officers sometimes remind him of his portly partner in that memorable waltz.

The Castle Guard in Dublin was on one occasion furnished by an Irish regiment stationed there. The orderly officer of the day inspected the guard, and told the sentry to read over his orders, which he did as follows:—Ist.—Take charge of all prisoners confined to the Guardroom. 2nd.—Take charge of all Government property in view of your post. 3rd.—In case of fire or any unusual occurrence alarm the

Guard. The officer interrupted him here, and said: "Now, before you go any further with the orders, tell me what you would call an unusual occurrence?" The sentry thought for a moment, and exclaimed, "Sor, 'phat Oi wud call an unusual occurrence wud be to see the sintry box markin' toime."

A sergeant of a regiment, stationed in Dublin, was recently married, and as the bridal pair emerged from the church they were subjected to the regulation fusillade of rice and old footgear, which, in this instance, included one of the regimental "Wellingtons," thrown with such unerring aim that it caught the "non-com." just above the eye, inflicting a cut sufficiently serious to warrant an immediate visit to the local hospital. The surgeon on duty, after examining the injury, inquired how it came to be inflicted. "Well, sir, replied the soldier, "it was this way. I got married this morning, and—"
"Oh, ho!" laughed the doctor, "I see. That explains it, me bhoy; but, be the powers! she's bin after sthartin' early!"

While the — Hussars were stationed in Dublin they frequently lost a wheelbarrow from the stables, and were quite unable to catch the thief. One night the matter was being discussed in the officers' mess, when Lieutenant S— undertook to solve the mystery. Several young brother officers laid him wagers that he would fail. A certain foggy night being selected for the experiment, Lieut. S—,

wrapped in his overcoat, crept stealthily towards where the sentry was posted. As he came nearer he heard an unmistakable snore, and peering closely. he saw Tommy seated in the barrow enjoying a profound sleep. Without disturbing the sleeper, the officer began to trundle Tommy to the guard-room, when suddenly he was seized by the collar and pushed into the sentry-box with the remark: "So you're the bounder who has been 'nicking' our barrows, are yer." When the corporal of the guard came with a file of men, the prisoner was marched to the guard-room, and, being identified, was at once released, to be greeted with shouts of laughter from his brother officers who had secretly given the sentry instructions how to act.

A staff-sergeant at Aldershot was instructing a squad of recruits in the use of the rifle. He had been explaining to them the course taken by a bullet when fired at an object some distance away. "Now, Private Murphy," he said, turning to one of the rear rank men, "you seem to be doing everything except looking to your front and paying attention. Perhaps you'll answer me a few questions. Suppose I was standing a thousand yards away by yonder farmhouse, and a body of men were firing at me from here, and you were half-way between us, what would happen to you?" Private Murphy: "The bullets would pass over my head, sergeant." "Quite right; and what would happen to me?" Private Murphy:

"I hardly know, sergeant. I'm afraid ye'd get dodging behind the house."

The subject of the fare has given rise to much of the humour associated with the Irish jarveys. A military officer who passed through the Tirah campaign was early last year on a visit to the Irish metropolis. He engaged a car to drive him from the Richmond Barracks to Kildare Street, and on arriving at his destination presented the driver with a shilling. Pat fixed his eye attentively on the coin, and ejaculated viciously, "Wisha, bad luck to the Afradays!" "Why?" asked the officer. "Because, thin, they've killed all the gintlemen that fought agin 'em." The officer was so tickled by the witty remark of the Irishman that he promptly doubled the fare.

A sentry, an Irishman, was on post-duty for the first time at night, when the officer of the day approached. He called, "Who comes there?" "Officer of the day," was the reply. "Then what are yez doin' out at night?" asked the sentry.

When Morris Quill was asked why he had bought his commission in the 31st Regiment, he replied, "To be near my brother, of course, who is in the 32nd."

"Why were you late in barracks last night, Private Atkins?" demanded an officer. "Train from London was very late, sir," was the reply. "Very good,"



"I hardy know, sergeam. I'm alraid ye'd act dating behind the house."

The subject of the fare has given rise to much of the numbur associated with the Irish jarveys. A relitary other who passed through the Tirch campaign was early last year on a visit to the Irish metropolis. He encaced a car to drive him from the Richment Harcks to Kildare Street, and on arriving at the control presented the driver with a chilling at the control presented the driver with a chilling at the control presented the officer with a chilling at the control of the Richment that begin that the control of the Irish and the gintlemen that bound agin can. The officer was so tickled by the with remark of the Irishnam that by having more doubled the fare.

A centry, an Irishman, was on position for the first time at rights ALOCAL BANKARA the day approached. He called "Who counts that a "Oncor of the day," has the reply. There what are yes doin' out a minute "see I the sentry.

When Morris Quill was asked why he had bought his commission in the 31st Regiment, he replied. "To be near my brother, of course, who is in the 3md."

"Whe were you late in barracks last night. Private Atkins?" demanded an officer. "Train from London was very late, sir. was the reply. "Very good."





said the officer. "Next toime the thrain's late take care you come by an earlier one."

A young Irishman, who had volunteered for the war, was parting with his sweetheart, who clung to him tenderly, whispering passionate words of love. When the youth was about to go the girl sobbed out—"Pat, dear, say one sweet word to me before you go." Pat reflected for a moment, and then said—"Treacle, my darling, treacle."

One fine day two soldiers, Mike and Pat, went for a walk by the banks of the Suir. When they came to where the Amur flows into it, Mike saw a dead salmon, and, taking it out of the water, examined it. "Pat," he said, "I don't know what can have happened to it. There is no mark on it." "Where are your eyes?" said Pat. "Don't you see it was the meeting of the waters crushed it to death?"

"I'll lead the van. You bring up the rear," said Captain Braveman with a show of bravado. "Say, Captain," said Private Hooligan, "pliwat's the matter wid me bringin' up the rear an' gittin' in the van wid it?"

He was a raw recruit, but he marched along the street the more proudly for that. Presently his colonel came into view, dressed in mufti; but Pat passed him without any attempt at giving the usual salute. That, however, did not suit the colonel, and he called him back. "Why didn't you salute me?" he inquired sharply. "Faith," was the answer,

"sure, colonel, when I saw you in plain clothes I thought you'd bought your discharge."

Apropos of Lord Roberts' complaint respecting the bad spelling of officers of the Army, the following may be of interest. "Spud" Murphy held the responsible post of Lance-Corporal—after 18 years' service, too—in the 1st Battalion — Regiment. One day he was directed to take a squad of men to perform some fatigue duty, in the course of which one of the men deliberately refused to obey Murphy. Murphy, with his cap in one hand, and scratching his head with the other, indicated that he was evidently on the horns of a dilemma, for at length he observed:—"Look 'ere, Smith, it's a foine thing for ye that I can't spell 'insubordination,' or else, bejabers, I'd run yer in."

I have just heard, says "M.A.P.," a well-told story of Lord Roberts at Bisley. I fear that it is only a variant of a well-known legend of Lord Charles Beresford, but it is a clever variant in any case. The Commander-in-Chief was watching the firing, and noticed two or three mistakes on the part of the markers. So he went to the telephone on the firing line and rang up the officer in charge of the butts. "The marking is very bad," said Lord Roberts. "It's the best you'll get," retorted the officer. "Do you know who I am?" sternly demanded Lord Roberts. "No, I don't." "I am Lord Roberts." "Well, I'm Lord Wolseley." The butt officer after-

wards explained that he thought some one was playing a joke on him, but history does not relate what value Lord Roberts attached to the excuse.

The drill-sergeant was getting hoarse. The squad of recruits he had to train were as dunderheaded a set as ever drove a man to distraction. Order after order he bawled, but his commands were either obeyed wrongly or ignored altogether. "Rightturn!" he yelled. There was a swaying, hesitating movement among the squad, but beyond that no one attempted to obey. One man in particular had, he noticed, stood as a rock. He strode up to this man with rage in his eye. "Why don't you pay attention?" he shouted. "Do you know what your ears are for?" "O' course!" said the startled embryo field-marshal. "They're to keep me hat on, sorr!"

"Now, remember your salutes," said the corporal when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a Lieutenant—he wears one star—slope arms. If you see two stars—slope arms. If you see a Major—a crown—present arms; if the Colonel—stars and crown—present and turn out the guard." Pat pondered his orders carefully; but presently he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the General. The worthy son of Mars surveyed the crossed swords on the gallant officer's shoulders, and as he was not included in the corporal's category, simply nodded cheerfully. "Well, my man," said the genial General, "and who are you supposed to

be?" "I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick; "and who are you supposed to be?" "Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a General," said the latter. "A Gineral, is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then ye'll want something big. The corp'ral tould me about the others, but nothing about yourself at all, at all! But hould hard a minute, and I'll give ye the bayonet exercise."

A son of Erin, who had volunteered to go to South Africa, was, during the war, discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service. "Come out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly. "Get out of it this minute!" The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature. "You may be my superior officer," he said, boldly, "but all the same O'm the one that found this hole first!"

The colour-sergeant was calling the roll of the company on commanding officer's parade, when it was noticed that Private Fitzgerald did not answer to his name. "Fitzgerald," shouted the noncommissioned officer three times, without receiving a reply. "Why do you not answer to your name, Fitzgerald?" inquired the captain. "Shure, sor, me and the sergeant's not on spakin' terms," was the unexpected rely.

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville, in her recent

volume of Irish sketches, "Father Tom of Connemara," puts into the mouth of an Irishwoman a vivid description of the "hedge schools" which so long afforded their only chance of an education to the peasant folk of the "distressful counthry," before the better days began. "A hedge school," says Molly Mullaney, "was a cabin protected by a mountain and a hedge, and kept warm by the sods of peat carried by the childher every morning undher their arms. The hedge schools turned out some good scholars, too. I niver larned anything, but that was just me luck. I was always last, and there was only one book to each class, and that was passed round from hand to hand when we stood up to read; and before it reached me it was always time to ate the dinners; and whin we started again in the afthernoon it was the same thing. Before me turn came round it was time to go home, for on account of the t'ree miles of a lonely mountain road before me, I had to lave airly. I t'ough," she added reflectively, "that the master might have started sometimes at the foot, to give me a chance; but I suppose he nive: t'ought of it." "But you must have learned something?" "I did. I larnt to make ten different kinds of cat's cradles wid the aid of me knuckles and a sthring. I larnt how many laves there was on a daisy, and how many seeds in the heart of a wild strawberry, as well as how many times I could skip to the beat of a rope widout stopping, and how long

I could hould me breath undher water. I could swim like a duck and climb like a goat. I knew where the blackest sloes and the reddest bottle-berries grew: and how to tickle a boy or girl in front of me wid a bunch of nettles that would raise a blisther half-aninch high, just before their turn came to read. And I knew how to run away from the rache of the master's cane when a complaint went in." "Did your mother never find out?" "She did, in time; but what cud she do to a cripple?" "Oh, the master was a cripple?" "An' d'ye think any one but a cripple would sit all day long and tache childher, wid fish in the say widin a rod of him waiting to be caught, and kelp on the beach waiting to be gathered? But he was a great tacher entirely. He had the longest rache I iver knew, wid a cane at the end of it."

Dean Swift was annoyed, after preaching a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, to find that his sermon had wearied the people, and that they had shown their resentment by giving a very small collection. "They won't have that complaint next time," said the Dean. Accordingly, when the next charity sermon was to be preached, he took for his text, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "Now," said he, "look at the text. If you give to the poor to-day, you are lending to the Lord. Do you consider that a good security? If so, down

with the dust. The collection will now be taken." That collection "broke the record."

A priest, meeting an Irishman who had lately got married, said to him—"Well, Pat, I hear you have got married." "Yes, sir," replied Pat. "Whose daughter did you marry?" asked the priest. "Shure, sir, I married nobody's daughter; it was the servant lass," was the response.

Some forty-five years ago the sexton of Lisburn Cathedral, incapacitated by illness from performing his duties, and pending his recovery an illiterate old man, who kept what are known as the Castle Gardens in order, was engaged as a substitute to do duty as best he might. Three or four Sundays after his advent the Dean was robing himself in the vestry when he complained to the old man that the fire was none of the best. "I'll put some more paper in it, your reverence," said he. Before the Dean had the slightest idea of what he was about he had torn a wisp of leaves out of one of the marriage registers and thrust them into the fire. The Dean was dumfounded, and to his horror and consternation found that this old sinner had used nothing else for fire lighting since he had come there, evidently regarding the registers as of no more value than used copy books. The registrar of marriages for the district having been made acquainted with the facts, put the matter before the Registrar-General in Dublin. He at once replied that the gravity of the situation could

hardly be over-estimated, and at once despatched an inspector to investigate the matter. On inquiring into the case the inspector said it would be useless to prosecute the old man who, being unable either to read or write, had merely acted through ignorance. Fortunately copies of all the marriages were lodged with the local registrar as well as at Dublin Castle. and the registrar was instructed to make fresh entries in a new book in lieu of those destroyed, and then go before a magistrate for the county of Antrim and make a separate statutory declaration in each case that it was a true copy of the original, and even then the Registrar-General stated that the case was to the last degree unsatisfactory as the original signatures were gone for ever. Not many years ago the wife of an American millionaire requested a gentleman to obtain for her a copy of the certificate of her marriage solemnised in the Parish Church at Belfast fifty years before, when a young girl of eighteen, and this he obtained for her without the slightest difficulty.

Whateley and Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, often sat side by side in the board room of the Commissioners of National Education, and knew one another well. At some vice-regal dinner, Whateley gravely asked Dr. Murray, "What's the difference, doctor, between you and me?" The doctor began to enumerate a number of momentous differences. "No, that's not it," said

Whateley; "the difference is that you are a Roman, and I am a Rum-un."

When we remember that since Shakespeare the sweetest, jolliest, best-humoured comedies in English have been written by four Irishmen-Farguhar, Steele, Sheridan, and Goldsmith-we are surprised to find a critic saving that most of the popular Irish wit is sardonic. Perhaps hardships have stiffened the Irishman's humour. However that may be, there is still no lack of the quick analogy, genial animation, and generous farce in the jokes of the Irishman. Here are two bits that never grew east of the Irish Sea: - A boy on a Dublin corner was asked why he stared so intently after an old gentleman who was tripping up the street with all the jaunty elasticity of youth. "What is the matter with the gentleman?" "What's the matter wid him? Look at the walk of him! He only touches the ground in an odd place." The late Father Rvan overheard a similar comment on senile spryness, made by an old beggar woman. The priest was talking with a dean of his church, a man of seventy, who suddenly broke off the conversation to catch a passing street car. "Yerrah, look at the ould dean," said the beggar woman to Father Ryan, "skippin' about like a new-married flea!"

On one occasion an attorney, dining at the same table with Swift, and thinking to make a joke at his expense, asked the Dean, "Suppose, doctor, the parsons and the devil went to law, which, in your opinion, would gain the case?" "The devil would," replied the Dean promptly, "for all the lawyers and attorneys would be on his side."

Terence, a powerful, good-natured Irishman, was one of a number of workmen employed in erecting a new building. The owner of the building, who knew him, said to him one day:—"Terry, didn't you tell me once that a brother of yours is a clergyman?"
"Yis, sor." "And you are a hod-carrier! The good things of this life are not equally divided, are they, Terry?" "No, sorr," rejoined Terence, shouldering his hod and starting up the ladder with it. "Poor felly! He couldn't do this to save his life!"

An Irishman, having the good fortune to have £100 left to him from an uncle, went to tell the priest the good news, and ask his advice. "Shure, Michael," said the priest, "the best advice I can give you is to prepare for a rainy day." Meeting Michael a few days after, he asked him how he was going on with his legacy. "Begorra," said Mike, "I've followed your riverence's advoice. Shure, I've sent to Dublin for a hundred pounds' worth of umbrellas."

"He must take the medicine in a recumbent position," said the physician who had been called to attend an injured Irishman. The man's wife was puzzled, but would not admit it. She confided her dilemma first to her husband. "Tim, dear," she

said, "here's your midicine all roight, but the docther do be saving ve must take it in a recoombant position, and niver a wan have we in the house!" "Ye moight borry wan," suggested Tim. "There's Mrs. O'Mara, now—she do always be having things comf-table and handy-loike." So the wife made per appeal to the more provident neighbour. "Mrs. O'Mara, me Tim has been hurted." "The poor soul!" "Yes, and he's that bad the docther says. 'Give him his medicine in a recoombant position,' and, Mrs. O'Mara, we haven't wan in the house. Would yez moind giving me the loan av yours?" Mrs. O'Mara was puzzled in her turn, but she too refused to admit it. "Faith, and yez can have it and wilcome," she said heartily, "but me friend, Mrs. Flaherty, has it; she borried it Tuesday week -jist round the third corner beyant, forninst the poomp!" So the quest was continued. "Mrs. Flaherty, excuse me fer troubling yez, me being a sthranger entirely to yez, but me man is hurted, and the docther says, 'No hope of saving him onless vez give him his medicine in a recoombant position.' Meself didn't happen to have wan, so I stepped over to borry Mrs. O'Mara's. Would ye moind me taking it the while, me Tim being so bad?" "Moind? Av coorse not!" returned Mrs. Flaherty, with the polite readiness of her nationality. "But sorra the day! Flaherty—he do be moighty onstiddy betoimes —he dropped it on the flure last noight and bruk it!"

"I'll have to pour it into him the best way I can, poor man!" said Tim's wife, as she hurried home.

"Mrs. M'Lubberty," said the physician, addressing the mother of the youthful patient, "something must be done to cheer up the little fellow-to raise his spirits and arouse his interest." Turning to the bedside, he asked, kindly: - "My lad, would you not like to be out this pleasant afternoon, spinning your top, or watching the other boys at their merry games?" The sick boy closed his eyes wearily, as one who is not long for this world and has lost all interest in the frivolities of a mundane existence. "Wouldn't you enjoy trundling your hoop or playing 'touch' with your little school-fellows?" persisted the physician, sympathetically. The invalid's only reply was to sigh like one who is almost gone. "Sure, now, dochtor," exclaimed the lad's mother, "thot's not the way to be afther livening the bye up at all, at all! Ar-r-r, Mickey, my dar-r-r-rlin', wudden't yez loike to be runnin' about, t'rowing stones through M'Rafferty's winde, or tying the Widdy Mulvaney's pet cat to the railway lines an' watching the trains squanch the loife out uv ut?" The sick boy promptly sat up, and demanded his trousers in a voice of authority.

Pat met the village doctor, who was a sportsman, and who was carrying his gun. "Shure, doctor," he said, "ye're a careful man, for if yer physic misses 'em, ye always carry yer gun."

"Well, nurse," said the doctor, "did my prescription prove effective?" "Shure an' it did, sorr," was the reply. "He died this morning as quiet as a lamb."

A man in workman's garb called one day at a local dentist's. The door was opened by a maid. "Is the gent. in as draws the teeth?" he asked. "No, sor," was the reply, "but I expect he will be in shortly." "Does he give gas?" queried the workman, as he paused on the doorstep. "Yes," was the reply. "What does he charge?" was the next question. "Seven and sixpence," said the servant. "What, seven and sixpence!" exclaimed the workman. "Do you mean to say, Miss, a fellow's got to swallow over two thousand feet of gas to have a tooth hauled out. I reckon I knows a bit about it, Miss. I'm down working at the Gas Company's."

An old woman had occasion to call in the doctor to see her husband, who had been ailing for some time. After seeing the patient the doctor told the old lady there was nothing serious the matter, but to give the patient a "black draught," saying he would call again. When he again called, he asked if she had done as he told her. "Well, doctor," she said, "I looked high and low for a black draught and could not find one, but I gave him the double six domino, and it nearly choked him."

A lady who had been ill and under medical treatment for some time, without getting any better,

became very distrustful of her doctor's skill, and therefore wished to dispense with his services and to try another man in his stead. She had not, however, the temerity to inform him of this, so she communicated her state of mind to her maid, a gem from the Emerald Isle. "Lave 'im to me, mum; lave 'im to me," said Bridget. By and by the doctor knocked at the door, and Bridget opened it about an inch. "Very sorry, sor," said she, "but ye can't come in to-day, docthor!" "Can't come in? Why not?" "The misthress is too ill fer to see ye to-day, sor!"

A well-known medical man was attending an old Irishwoman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been very ill, but was convalescent, when one day she said to the doctor—"Will ye tell me, doctor, dear, for certain, whether I'll be gattin' well again or no'?" "Oh, yes; I feel sure you will be all right very soon now," was the answer. "I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman, an' I subscribe to a buryin' society, an' I just wanted to know if I was likely to be gettin' any benefit out av it or no'."

"Well, Mr. Finnigan, did the porous plaster which I sent you help your back?" inquired the doctor. "Well, doctor," replied the patient, "Oi can't say that it has helped me much yet, but maybe it will. You know Oi only took it last night." "Took it? What do you mean?" "Mane? Why, sure Oi

mane that Oi chewed and chewed for half-an-hour on the ould thing, and then Oi had to send it down whole. Seems to me if they'd bile 'em a little more, and not put so much pepper in, they'd be easier to chew up, and wouldn't scorch a body's insoide so."

"Are ye much hurt, Pat?" enquired Mick of his companion who had met with an accident. "Do ye want a docthor?" "A docthor, ye fule!" exclaimed Pat, "afther bein' runned over be a throlley car? Phat Oi want is a lawyer."

"Have ye made yer will?" asked one friend of another. "Yes," was the reply, "Oi've lift ivirything to the dochtor that saves me loife."

An Irish bricklayer was one day brought to a hospital severely injured by a fall from a housetop. The medical man in attendance asked at what time the accident occurred. "Two o'clock, yer honour," was the reply. On being asked why he came to fix the hour so accurately, he answered, "Because I saw the people at dinner through a window as I was coming down."

"Oi'm takin' this medicine accordin' to the docthor's orders—wan tablet ivery hour, an' it is doin' me no good at all," said M'Lubberty. "Thin, begorra!" exclaimed O'Haggarty, "double the dose. Take wan ivery two hours."

A friend of mine, writes a correspondent, was having a drink in a public-house, when a navvy walked in. It being St. Patrick's Day, he wore a bunch of shamrocks in his coat, which would have put the overhanging gardens of Babylon in the shade. As soon as he got his drink he engaged my friend in a hot argument on religion. My friend, who is a peppery Orangeman, was deeply insulted with his talk. Without more ado he stretched his hand over the offending bunch of Shamrocks, the cause of all the trouble, plucked it out of the navvy's coat, dipped it in salt which was on the counter, put it in his mouth, and ate it, remarking at the same time, "It's as good as watercress."

An Irishman entered a country inn and called for a glass of the best Irish whisky. After being supplied he drank it, and was about to walk out when the following conversation took place:—Landlord: "Here, sir, you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered." Irishman: "What's that you say?" Landlord: "I said you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered." Irishman: "Did you pay for it?" Landlord: "Of course I did." Irishman: "Well, thin, what's the good of both of us paying for it?"

The need of a temperance movement at Limerick may be imagined from the following cutting from a newspaper of recent date:—"At Limerick Quarter Sessions a jury was being empanelled for the purpose of trying a case under the Inebriates' Act, when it was noticed that several of the jurors in court were under the influence of drink. Mr. Leahy, Crown solicitor, said he feared they would be unable to get

a sufficient number of sober jurors that evening, and suggested that the case be adjourned until Monday. His honour, Judge Adams, in granting the application, said that any juror absent on Monday at 11 o'clock would be fined £5, which under no circumstances would be remitted."

The late Lord Russell, while Sir Charles Russell, was starting for the courts one afternoon when he was stopped on the stairs by a broken-down looking individual of the cadging persuasion, who said-"I beg your pardon, sir; I-I-I-" "Well, what is it? I'm in a hurry," enquired Sir Charles. "Well, sir, I'm from Ireland, and I want to get back I came from your house. I knew your father and—" "Where?" "At Bally—" "You're lying. My father was never near the place in his life." "Yes, sir, he was, and I know your brother; he cured my old mother when-" "You're lying again; my brother's a clergyman. Go away." The man saw that it was no good staying and started off, when Sir Charles turned to his clerk, and said-"Give the man a couple of shillings. He tried hard."

"And is the young man you are going to marry well connected, Eliza?" asked the mistress. "Oh, yes, mum: he belongs to one o' the best 'rist'cratic families, mum." "Indeed! Does he really?" "Oh, yes, mum. He's been with 'em for over four years now, as coachman, mum."

"Sure, Murphy was wrong, an' he knowed he was wrong, an' he owned up loike a little mon." "Did he, now?" "Yis; but he licked the other mon fir-rst!"

A recent storm did considerable damage to the roof of a certain board school, and a local builder was given instructions to attend to the matter. Taking one of his men, a typical Irishman, to the spot, the builder pointed to the dome, where certain slates had been displaced. "There, Pat," he remarked. "That's your job. Just pop up and put those slates right." Pat, however, did not seem to care for the job, and begged to be excused. "What?" shouted the builder. "Are you afraid?" "Sorra a bit av it," declared Pat, "but it's no scholar Oi am!" "What's that got to do with it?" demanded his master. "A moighty lot," retorted the son of Erin. "Sure av an ignoramus loike mesilf attimpted to cloimb to such dizzy heights o' larnin' it's a fall he'd be afther getting! Be the powers, it's a scholar ve wants for that job!"

A smart bit of repartee was overhead at Killarney. A guide with a tourist scowled at a peasant, who stared well at him. "You'll know me again if you meet me," said the guide. "Not if ye wash yer face," said the peasant.

The pecuniary difficulties in which aspirants for fame become involved have inspired many an anecdote. "Here's a poem on the 'Ould Counthry,' sorr," said a frayed-looking individual to the editor of a weekly newspaper in a large town; "an' it's hopin' you'll take it Oi am." "What is your address?" inquired the editor. "That depends entoirely on you, sorr," responded the poet, with a cheerful smile. "Depends on me?" echoed the editor. "What do you mean?" "If yez take that poem, sorr, me addthress will still be sivinty-wan Dixther Sthrate," replied the sanguine poet; "but if yez don't take it," he added darkly, "it's mesilf that'll be lift widout any addthress to me name if my landlady keeps her wurrd, sorr!"

An Irishman had recourse with a case to a lawyer, but the latter wanted a retainer. The Irishman, being a poor man, was unable to comply with the demand, and, finally, the lawyer agreed to take up the case on a contingent fee. It was settled so; but the "contingent fee" part of the arrangement very much perplexed the client, and he confided his ignorance to a friend and fellow-countryman, and asked him if he could explain the meaning of the term. "Sure now," said Dennis, "an' is ut the manin' of a contingent fee ye're afther knowin'? Faith, I'll tell ye! A contingent fee manes that if ye lose the case, the lawyer gits nothin'; an' if ye win, you git nothin'."

It was an Irish girl of whom the story is told that she refused to marry a most devoted lover until he had amassed a fortune of £1,000. After some ex-

postulation he accepted the decree and went to work. About three months after this the avaricious young lady, meeting her lover, asked—"Well, Charley, how are you getting along?" "Oh, very well indeed," Charley returned cheerfully. "I've saved thirty-five shillings." The young lady blushed and looked down at the toes of her boots, and stabbed the inoffensive earth with the point of her parasol. "I think," she said faintly, "I think, Charley, that's about near enough."

A certain gentleman of a rather pretentious character one day pressed into the service of the diningroom the men from the stables. Hence a good deal of clumsiness and confusion in the waiting was the consequence. Before very long a tremendous crash was heard just outside the door. The hostess half jumped out of her chair; the host looked savage, and angrily demanded of one of the waiters, an Irishman, the cause. He replied—"Shure, sor, it's the coachman going out wid the break!"

An Irishman went to a watchmaker's shop to purchase a clock, and, having been shown several, he selected one. "An' what sort av clock is this, sor?" "That's a spring lever, and goes thirty-six hours without winding," replied the watchmaker. "Sure, that's a long time," says Paddy; "an' how long would she go wid windin'?"

Two young men from the West of Ireland went to Dublin to seek their fortune as builders' labourers, and managed to get a job near St. Patrick's Church. To be near their work, they took lodgings in Golden Lane, a place much frequented by organ-grinders and the inevitable monkeys. Late in the evening they heard that the place was infested with bugs, and, not knowing what like these were, they became rather nervous. However, they retired for the night very weary after the first day's work. The next room was occupied by an organ-grinder, whose monkey during the night got into their room and up on the bed. Pat, feeling something creeping over the bed, wakened Mick, who struck a match, and then reassured him with—"Bedad, that's a bug, but don't mind it; there's only one!"

An old Irish miser had buried a hundred sovereigns under an apple tree in his garden, and his neighbour, a prying and dishonest man, discovered the hiding-place and took the gold. The miser, when he discovered the theft, was heart-broken, but being a resourceful man, he cast about him and finally hit upon a plan to make good his loss. He called on the neighbour, whom he had suspected from the first, and said—"Mike, lad, I have two hundred pounds saved. I have buried one hundred, and the other hundred I think of putting with their brothers. But I'm wondering if burial's a safe way to keep money. What, Mike, is your opinion?" Mike thought a bit, then answered: "Burial's fine. Sure, burial's fine." "I agree with you," said the

miser, "and to-night I'll put the other hundred pounds where the first are." He departed, and that evening had the satisfaction of seeing, from a hidingplace, his dishonest neighbour replace the stolen sovereigns in the hole from which they had been filched.

It was the busiest part of the day at the railway station, and Michael Flynn, the newest porter, rushed up to the incoming train. "Change here!" he cried. "Chanjeer for Limerickgalwayanmayo!" But the lynx-eyed stationmaster was at hand, and he descended upon Micky. "Haven't I told you before," he cried, "to sing out the names of stations clearly and distinctly? Bear it in mind. Sing 'em out! Do you hear?" "I will, sir," replied the broth of a bhoy. But when the next train came in, the passengers were considerably astonished to hear Micky sing:

"Sweet Dreamland Faces
Passing to and fro,
Change here for Limerick,
Galway, and Mayo."

An English landowner, out unusually early one morning for a walk on his estate, in turning a corner came suddenly upon an Irishman, whom he knew as an inveterate poacher. This is the conversation that took place between them—"Good morning, Pat!" "Good marnin', yer haner! An' phwat brings yer

haner out so airly this marnin'?" "I'm just walking around, Pat, to see if I can get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?" "Och, bejabbers, Oi'm jest a-walkin' around to see if Oi can't git a breakfasht fer me appetite!"

"Hi, there!" shouted the driver of a locomotive. "Get off the line, you idiot! What do you mean by getting in front of a locomotive?" "Oi jest had me loif insured," replied M'Googan, "an' Oi'm afther foindin' out if the coompany do be reloiable. Coom on wid yer ould taykittle."

A humorous unskilled sportsman on bagging a brace of grouse after being out on the moor for a period of four hours, said to his ghillie—"No one, Pat, I feel certain, could justly consider me guilty of wholesale 'slaughter of the innocents.' "Bedad, sorr," was the answer, "Oi hould yiss wholly innocent ov any slaughter, as Oi consider the death ov thim two birds was entoirely due to pure accident."

An Irish navvy once changed his lodgings. The following morning, when he got up, his new landlady asked him how he had slept. "Not a wink," said Pat, as he began scratching himself. "Why! what's the matter? There's not a single flea in the house!" snapped the landlady indignantly. "No, bejabers," replied Pat, "they are all married an' got children."

A remarkable pretty woman, living in the suburbs,

went for a day's shopping to Belfast. Arriving at the first car stand, she said to the driver: "I want to engage you for the day." Pat, never backward in paying homage to beauty, replied: "Oh, ma'am, I only wish it was for loife."

"You must have lived a good many years, my friend?" queried a tourist. "Yes, yew're roight there, sir," was the reply, "ever since Oi were a little lad."

"Shtop kickin' about yer hard luck, man!" said Cassidy. "Some mornin' ye'll wake up an' find yersel' famous." "Faith, Oi'll bet ye whin that mornin' comes 'twill be me luck to overslape mesel'," was the reply.

The same Irishman was asked if he had ever been to Cork. "No," answered Pat, "but I've seen many drawings of it."

Three boastful tailors once, in their cups, disputed as to which was the cleverest tradesman. "As for me," one of them said at length, "all I ask is to be given the height and the breadth of a man, and I'll make him a skin-fit suit of clothes!" "Baithershin!" said the second, "only show me the brogues he wears, and I'll make him a suit!" "You'se are only a pair of apprentices," the third said disdainfully, "all I want, to suit a man, is just to fetch him into the next room from me, and let me hear him cough!"

In his early days Sir Thomas Lipton denied him-

self every pleasure except that of amassing a fortune. Calling one day on a Consul on business matters, he was offered a cigar by the official. "No, thank you," said Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Lipton. "Although I am the biggest smoker in England, I never smoke cigars." "What do you smoke?" was the surprised query. "Bacon," was the prompt reply.

It was Sir Boyle Roche, of whom some stories have already been told, who declared that he "stood prostrate at the feet of royalty." It was he also who in one of his letters said, referring to a party of insurgents who had been put to the sword, "Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time there was nothing to be heard but silence." It was he who, in one of his famous Union speeches, assured the House that "the Union would convert the barren hills into fruitful valleys." It was he also who said that "single misfortunes never come alone, and that the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a greater."

Pat was new to Yorkshire, and also to the idioms of the largest county. He had obtained work in an engineering establishment, and the foreman, seeing him staring round with apparently nothing to do, yelled out: "Nah, lad, thee get agate" (Anglice—going), meaning, of course, that he must lend a hand with the machinery. But it did not strike Pat in this way. He took the command literally, and, lift-

ing an adjacent gate from its hinges, he carried it to the foreman. "What be this vor?" queried the official. "Sure, ye tould me to bring ut," said Pat, "unless ye want that nobby one at the front, with the brass handles, and it'll take half-a-dozen men to bring ye that. It's no Samson that I am, at all, at all!" But then the foreman's volubility got agate, and Pat was soon looking for another situation.

Colonel Saunderson said, "I was born Irish, Mr. Speaker, and have remained so ever since." Which reminds one of the bull perpetrated by a rustic. "Are you Irish?" was asked. "Yis," was the reply, "but Oi wasn't born in me native counthry." "Mr. Speaker," said an Irish Member, "I cannot sit still and keep silence without rising and saying a few words."

The correspondent of a London paper declared that he had not been two hours in Ireland when he found, to his delight, that that droll mental characteristic of the Irish people, which has contributed so much to the gaiety of nations, still flourishes in undiminished vigour and freshness. The following notice was posted in a pleasure-boat belonging to a steamship company on the Suir:—"The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated." The opposite order would have been pleasanter to some! He says he clipped the following advertisement from a Kingstown paper:—

"James O'Mahony, Wine and Spirit Merchant, Kingstown, has still on hands a small quantity of the whisky which was drunk by the Duke of York while in Dublin." The announcement might naturally excite curiosity as to how he managed to recover whisky that had been drunk.

A good instance of mixing the metaphor is reported of Sir Thomas Myles, when he delivered an address on "Cecil Rhodes." Sir Thomas paid a high tribute to the force of character, the spirit of personal independence, and the indomitable courage of Englishmen. He pictured the British Empire as having been in danger at the time of the late war, and asked with emphasis: "Was England to stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?" When the speaker realised from the appearance of his audience what he had done, he remarked that his only apology was that he was an Irishman.

At a favourite watering-place two Irishmen went out in a small boat, and one of them jumped into the water to have a swim. After indulging to his heart's content he was making for the boat when his companion picked up the towel, and threw it overboard to him, saying:—"Shure, if ye come in jist now, yez will wet the boat, so yez had better dry yourself where yez are before coming aboard."

An Irishman got off a train at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang, and before he had finished his glass and got out of the refreshment room the train was moving off. He rushed along the platform after it, shouting, "Hould on, there! hould on! You've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!"

An Irish auctioneer said of a set of mourning jewellery which he was trying to dispose of that it was just the sort of article he would purchase for his wife if she were a widow!

A kind-hearted gentleman gave a sixpence to a poor old woman who was begging in the street. "Long life to your honour," was her grateful acknowledgment, "and may you never see your wife a widow!"

"Pat, why didn't you wipe the cobwebs off this champagne bottle before you brought it to the table?" said the host. "Well, sor," replied Pat, "I thought I'd better not, as I saw you putting them on only last night, sor."

An Irishman was going up a street in Manchester with a new hat on, when a pall of his said—"I see you've a new hat on, Pat." "Yes, Oi have." "How much did it cost?" said the other. "Oi don't know," replied Pat. "There was no one in the shop when Oi bought it."

A member of Parliament, in a communication to one of the London papers, gave the following amusing case from his own experience:—"Some time ago," he said, "I was in the lobby of the House of Commons, standing near several Irish Nationalist members engaged in earnest conversation. Every

now and then one of the group, well known as the holder of an office in the Dillonite party, looked towards me intently, as if he thought he had met me before, but did not quite remember where. At length he advanced towards me with outstretched hand; but finding that he had made a mistake, he suddenly stopped, with the inconsequential remark, 'Oh, I beg pardon! I thought it was you.' Of course I smilingly accepted the apology."

At a Dublin dinner party a very shy young lady was recently sent into table with an elderly cavalier whose hearing was no longer very acute. During the courses the gentleman's attention was sufficiently engaged, but when the dessert came round the lady thought it incumbent on her to try and make some conversation. "Do you like bananas?" she murmured at last in an agony of shyness. "No, not at all," was the unexpected answer, in a voice of thunder which caused all heads to be turned on the unhappy lady and her companion; and in the silence that followed he added, in tones of outraged feeling, "I much prefer the old-fashioned night-shirt."

There was good sense, though very oddly expressed, in what the Irishwoman said to her son, "Now, my boy, don't be always doing something else." It was intended as a wise advice to keep his mind on the work he might have in hand.

A lady of great beauty and attraction, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, crowned her praises of it

at a party by saying, "I think I was meant for an Irishwoman." "Cross the Channel, madam," a wit replied, "and hundreds will say you were meant for an Irishman!"

During a discussion at a meeting of the Trinity College Historical Society upon the small value placed on human life in uncivilised nations, a speaker mentioned the extraordinary circumstance that in China if a man were condemned to death he could easily hire a substitute to die for him; "and I believe," continued the debater, "that many poor fellows get their living by acting as substitutes in that way."

An Englishman was showing an Irish friend of his the Manchester Canal, and as they wandered along they came to an empty lock. Pat stood staring at the huge gates in silent bewilderment for a moment, and the Englishman asked him what it was that perplexed him. "Bejabers," exclaimed Pat, with a puzzled air, "Oi was just wonderin' how they managed to push all that wather out and shut the door on it before it could come in again!"

"This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies," said Mr. Ireland. "Is it?" queried his wife. "I should say so," was the reply. "If you are drowning turn to Page 103, and there you'll see how to save yourself."

"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on

foot one sultry day, "that a man never meets a cart going the same way as he is!"

"How far is it to Cork?" asked a stranger. "Six miles," was the reply; "but, shure, if you walk quick you'll do it in four."

A great crowd was gathered at the pit entrance of a theatre waiting till the door should be opened. One of the first arrivals had been an Irishman, who was now in danger of being flattened into a pancake against the door owing to the increasing pressure of the crowd, and more immediately by the pressure of a big, fat woman, who innocently was being crushed against him. When the crowd surged back for a moment, and the Irishman recovered his breath, he looked at her, and exclaimed, "Aw, but it's proud I am to be squazed to death by so swate a darlint as yoursilf!"

When going down Channel a tramp steamer encountered very rough weather. A sailor was unfortunately washed overboard, and the captain called to Patrick Casey (a new hand) to throw a buoy over. A few moments later he asked Pat if he had thrown the buoy over. "No, sir," said Pat. "I couldn't find a boy, so I chucked an old man over!"

An Irishman came running on to the platform of a railway station, breathless. "Pat," said the porter, "you didn't run hard enough this morning." "Sure," said Pat, "I ran hard enough, but I didn't start soon enough." An Irish officer, who had been in India many years and enjoyed the best of health, could not bear to hear the Indian climate run down as it usually is. "A lot of young fellows," he said, "come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they eat and they drink, and they die. And then they go home and say it was the climate that did it!"

"Didn't you hear me yell 'Fore!'" asked the golfer. "Foor?" queried the Irishman. "Praise God only wan ov thim hit me."

Pat is as conspicuous for his gallantry and politeness as for his wit. The car was crowded, and two young ladies on getting in immediately put their hands into the straps and prepared to stand, but Pat jumped up and offered his seat. "But I don't want to take your seat," said one, smiling but hesitating. "Never mind that," said the gallant Hibernian; "I'd ride on a cow-catcher to New York for a smile from such gintlemanly ladies,"—and the girl considered this one of the pleasantest compliments she ever received.

An Irishman thus describes his cold reception by an old friend:—"I saw Pat Ryan t'other side of the way. I thought it was Pat and Pat thought it was me, and when I came up it was neither of us."

It was this same Pat who complained, when the shoemaker brought home the boots made for his gouty feet, "You have bungled these boots. I told you to make one larger than the other, and instead of

that you have made one smaller than the other—the very opposite."

A Hibernian editor ended his week's work by writing the words which follow:—"Owing to an extraordinary pressure of matter we are obliged to leave several columns blank."

"Did you ever see a horse jump five feet over a fence?" asked a visitor. "Oi've seen 'em jump four feet over," replied Pat. "I didn't know that a horse ever had foive."

An Irishman was declaiming against the injustice done to his country, and instanced absentee landlordism as one of the worst. "But," said one of his listeners, "that evil has been considerably remedied in recent years. There are not so many absentee landlords now." "Sorr," was the reply, "the country swarms wid 'em."

An Irishman, born on the last day of the year, felicitates himself on his narrow escape from not being born at all. "Bejabers," says he, "and if it had not been till the next day, what would have become of me?"

Pat Harkin and his brother Barney went out shooting one day with a gun between them. Pat had the gun, but it was not loaded, and they started a rabbit rather suddenly. Pat put his gun to his shoulder, when Barney cried— "Hold on, Pat, the gun is not loaded." "Och," said Pat, "hould yer whist now; shure, the rabbit doesn't know."

"Well, Mike, and have ye heard what they're going to do with Barney Hannegan?" "Indade and I have," replied Mike. "They're going to transport him for life, but I don't believe the poor soul will live all the time."

Two Irishmen were walking one day from Derby to Burton. When they had got half-way, Pat said to Mike, "Sure, and I am tired." Mike said, "So am I. Come on, we will turn back and do the other half to-morrow."

An Irish traveller, who loved tenderly his wife and children, once declared with enthusiasm that the best thing about going away from home was getting back again!

"Well, yer wurship, the prisoner was causing a disturbance outside O'Ryan's public-house, and I told him to desist." "And did he?" asked the J.P. "No, yer wurship, he did not; but immediately turned round, and "—lifting the bandage—"he gave me a black oi, which Oi now produce."

This is a true account of one person's idea of "breaking the news gently." The cook, whose home was off in the country, appeared before the "powers above" with a letter in her hand. "I'll have to go home for a couple of days, mum," she said. "My cousin's just written to me," and she handed over the crumpled bit of paper with an audible sniff. "Dear Mary," it ran, "you had better come home at once; your father is very sick," and it continued with many

particulars of the illness. At the end was a postscript, which, like the old joke of a woman's P.S, had the pith of the matter. "So long as you'll be driving up from the village, you may as well bring the undertaker along with you in the waggon."

"Where is your son to-day, Mrs. Murphy?" asked a lady visitor. "I hope he isn't ill." "Sure," was the reply, "Mike's to be married to-morry, ma'am, an' he's gone to bed to-day whoile Oi washes his troosow for him."

"Mrs. Dolan loikes her second husband betther than her first," said Mrs. Grady. "An' phwy?" asked Mrs. Doolay. "Shure, he's in gaol so much she has nearly all she earns fer hersilf," was the answer.

"Were yez iver shtruck be loightning, Pat?"
"Oi don't remimber." "Don't remimber?" "No.
A mon thot's bin married tin years don't remimber sich troifles as thot."

"Phoy did yez hit Mulligan?" "He insoolted me th' writch." "Phwat did he say?" "He sid th' only husband Oi cud git wud be wan thot wurked in a powder mill awn was used to bein' blown up."

"Did yez ivor troy maissage treatment, me bye?"
"Oi hod face steaming once." "Who gave ut to yez?" "Me ould woman wid a kittle av hot wather."

"Oi congratulate yez, Moik; it's a father Oi hear yez do be." "Sure an' it's two fathers Oi'm afther bein'. It's twins, b'gorry."

A young mother, catching her husband in mute contemplation before the cradle of their first-born, was thinking what a beautiful sight it was, when he suddenly turned round and exclaimed in a gruff voice—"My dear, the more I look at it the more I am at a loss to understand how that furniture dealer could have had the impudence to charge you a pound for this horrible cradle!"

Terence O'Grady had only been married a week, but his bride was already making things lively in the little house in Ballybunion. He had been working for three hours in his garden when Bridget came to the back door and called out in strident tones, "Terence, me bhoy, come in to tay, toast, and foive eggs." Terence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen. "Shure, Bridget, allanah, ye're only coddin' me," he said. "Nay, Terence," replied Bridget, "it's not ye, it's the nayboors Oi'm coddin'!"

Pat Molloy's roof was very much ventilated, so that after being "jawed" by his better half for "a lazy, good-for-nothing blackguard," he decided to repair it. Procuring a ladder, he got on to the roof, and commenced to mend a large hole. Suddenly he lost his footing and tumbled through, striking a rafter in his fall and finally alighting on his bed, where he lay unconscious. His wife not seeing him at work began to look for him. When she found him lying apparently asleep in bed, she shouted out:

"Get up, ye lazy warmuit, or I'll break every bone in yer body," pommelling him with her fist. When poor Pat returned to consciousness he wondered what made him so stiff and sore.

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how d'ye till thim twins apart?" "Aw, 'tis aisy—I sticks me finger in Dinnis's mouth, an' if he bites I know it's Moike."

A factory porter, during his Saturday evening rambles, became acquainted with a rustic maiden, to whom he eventually made love. In response to the young lady's curiosity as to "what he was workin' at," the bearer of messages and parcels informed her, "Oi hev a foine genteel job, and am a planner an' drawer." Subsequently, while visiting the market, she encountered her lover, who was seated on the edge of a hand-cart apparently resting himself. "Oh, Pheter," said she in surprised tones, "is this what yer at? Oi thought yez wor a planner and drawer?" "Faith," said Peter, "and that's roight, for it's plannin' how Oi'll draw this oul' han'cart to the top av the hill Oi'm doin' this minit, me jewel."

"You just let me have that photograph for two weeks and I'll send you a life-size portrait of Mrs. Herlihy that'll be a really speaking likeness," said the agent for a new "crayon process" in his most persuasive tone. An expression strongly akin to apprehension appeared in Mr. Herlihy's dim blue eyes, and he passed his hand twice across his mouth with a nervous gesture. "Well, now, Oi don't know

as that'd be annyways nicessary," he whispered. "She was wid me in this loife thirrty-foive years, and that gives toime for a good dale of talkin'. Oi'll jist have a picture that shows her looks, widout anny mechanical controivance to reproduce her v'ice."

An Irishman who, much to his wife's sorrow, took a good deal of pleasure in cock-fighting determined to rear some game-fowls for himself. So he got some prize eggs and put them under the old hen in the backyard. In order to teach him a lesson and discourage his growing vice his wife removed the prize eggs from under the unsuspecting hen and put some ducks' eggs in their place. Some weeks later the wife heard a commotion in the wood-shed. She rushed out, and there stood Pat, watching with delight the first efforts of a newly-hatched duck to waddle. "Bridget, Bridget, will ye luk at the fut on him? Sure, a birrd twice his size couldn't thrip him!"

A new excuse for chronic domestic hostilities was offered by an Irishwoman, arrested for striking her husband with a poker: "Sure, yer honour, 'tis me and me Tim that can't help a little friendly tiff wanst in a whoile. 'Tis just combatibility of timper."

"I am glad to hear that you are married, O'Brien, and hope that you and Bridget haven't many differences of opinion." "Faith, ma'am, we have a good many, but Oi don't let her know about them."

"It is strange that I can't get my wife to mend my

clothes," remarked O'Flynn, in a tone of disgust. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest this morning, and she hasn't touched it." "You asked her?" said his friend Murphy, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Yes; what else should I do?" "You haven't been married very long, so perhaps you'll take a tip from me," answered Mr. Murphy, with a fatherly air. "Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal." "Why, what do you mean?" "Do as I do. When I want a shirt mended I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. 'Where's that rag-bag, Mrs. Murphy?' I demand in a stern voice. 'What do you want the rag-bag for?' she asks. 'I want to throw this shirt away because it is quite worn out,' I reply. 'Let me see it,' she demands. 'Now. James, give me that shirt,' she says in her most business-like manner. I hand over the garment. 'Why, James Murphy,' she cries with womanly triumph, 'this is a perfectly good shirt. needs is—' And then she mends it."

"Will you give me yer promise, Dinnis, that ye'll love me for iver?" "Shure, an' Oi'd like to do thot same, Judy, but Oi'm hardly of the opinion that Oi'll last as long as that."

A clergyman says that during his early life in Ireland he had occasion one day to ride in a full stage coach up a steep hill. The driver, where the ascent was steepest, got out and walked, and as he walked he would frequently open the door of the coach and

then shut it again with a slam. This the passengers found annoying. "Look here, driver," one of them said, "why do you kick up such a noise with that door?" "To cheer up my horses," the driver answered. "Every time they hear this door close, they think that one of you, taking pity on them, has got out, and that makes them imagine that their load is lighter."

"When Mr. Casey died he left all he had to the orphan asylum." "Indeed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?" "His twelve children."

When a ship that had just returned from a journey to New Zealand was safely berthed in the docks, Larry O'Brien was told off by his shipmates to call upon Mrs. M'Carthy and break the news to her of the death of her husband, which had occurred on board ship in the preceding summer. This is how he did it. "Good morning, Mrs. M'Carthy!" said he. "Is Denny in?" "Denny?" said the surprised woman. "My Denny? No, he's not in. Is the ship here?" "Sure it is! And Denny's not got home yet? That's quare—unless something has happened to him." "What would happen to him?" Mrs. M'Carthy asked anxiously. "There's plenty of things can happen to a man," said Larry delicately. "He might have got hurted, or he might have took sick with the fever. But there's one comfort, as Father M'Ginnis said once, and that is that time heals iv'ry grief." "What do you mane, Mr.

THE ONCONVANIENCE OF SINGLE LIFE.

BY

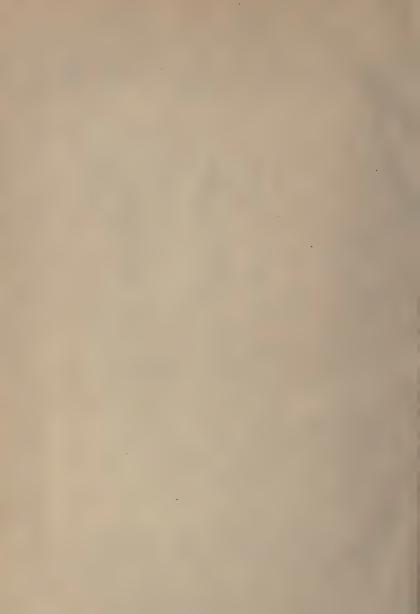
ERSKINE NICOL R.S.A.

the rebut it can't with a slam. This the passeng is found our age. "Look here, driver," one of there is id, why do you kick up such a noise with that have? "To cheer up my horses," the driver reswered. "Every time they hear this door close, that think that one of you, taking pity on them, has not out, and that makes them imagine that their lead is lighter."

"When Mr. Caser died he left all he had to the explian asymm." "Indeed! That was nice of him. What did be leave? "M's twelve children."

to bee Zeiller and sitely besited in the docks, Larry O'ltrien was told off by his shipmates to call upon Mrs. M Carthy and break the news to her or the death of her happard, advising watcomerate for board ship in the preceding symmer. This is how he did it. "Good morning, Mrs. MC and a to a c he. "Is Dean to ASA NGOS NESS to proposed moran. "My Demay? No, hy one in. In the this ham?" "Som it is! And Denny's not get bome yet? That's quare unless something has happened to him. "What would happen to him?" Mrs. M'Carthy asked anxiously. "There's plenty of things can happen to a man," said Larry delicately. "He might have got hurfed of he might have took link with the fever. But there's one com-I rt, as F ther M'Cinnis said once, and that is that time heals le'ry grief." "What do you mane, Mr





O'Brien?" "I mane that, if anything happened to Denny you wouldn't feel as bad about it a few months after it happened as you would right at the time, would you?" "I suppose not," said Mrs. M'Carthy. "I mind whin I lost me first husband I thought I'd never get over it. But, as you say, in a few months it was aisier to bear." "Then, Mrs. M'Carthy, you'll be glad to know that it's now four months—nearly five—since Denny died. Sure it can't grieve you now as much as it would if you'd known it at the time!"

The shaving of corpses is not an occupation in which one would naturally expect keen competition, but it appears to be otherwise in Vienna, where it once formed the subject of an extraordinary Trades Union dispute. According to the Austrian law, all tradesmen are compelled to act in accordance with the directions of their Guilds, and to confine their work to their own particular trade. The Vienna Guild of Hairdressers' claims that by its charter its members alone are entitled to shave corpses before they are put into the coffins, and has fallen foul of the Guild of Undertakers, which has in this connection been encroaching on the hairdressers' jurisdiction. It is not stated why there should be such a strong desire to secure a monopoly of this gruesome work, but it is probably for the same reason which decided the dying Irishman to be shaved before he expired. "How much is it."

he asked the attendant barber, "to shave an onweil man?" He was told the fee was sixpence. "And how much to shave a corpse?" "Eighteenpence." "In that case shave me at wance, and be as quick as ye can."

"Don't look so sad," said Malone. "Th' deceased sid he wanted ivry wan to be cheerful at th' wake." "How kin Oi whin he owed me four shillin's?" was Hogan's reply.

The Irish peasant, it is said, will, with his inherent propensity for fighting go anywhere—to fairs. dances, weddings, or funerals—if there is a likelihood of getting or giving a broken head. An Irishman gave as his advice to an English friend on introducing him to a Tipperary row, "Wherever you see a head, hit it." Even, however, where fighting is concerned Pat shows himself capable now and then of second thoughts. A peasant, undersized but wrathful, and with his shillelagh grasped threateningly in his hand, was going about the fair asking, "Who struck Buckley? Show me the man who struck Buckley?" But when a stalwart and dangerous-looking man stepped forward, saying, "'Twas I." the little peasant looked at him and said more quietly, "Well, after all, perhaps Buckley desarved it."

"I see no reason why I should give you money," said the philanthropist. "You are an able-bodied man who ought to be making a living." "Mister,"

said Meandering Mike, "you may as well face the facts. Somebody's got to see that me board is paid. The only question is whether it'll be done by you, who'll never miss it, or whether you're going to let somebody else that can't afford it so well be imposed on."

"It's meself that thinks it's about toime we had a new posh-masther," said Dennis to the assistant at a country post office. "Why, Dennis?" queried the assistant. "Shure, an' I ain't had a letter for sivin months," was the reply.

An Irish student went abroad, and after many years, having made his fortune, returned to Dublin. There he hunted up an old fellow-student who had been his "chum" at college, but whose fortune in life had proved very different from his own. He had come down from affluence to poverty, and was found by his more fortunate friend living in a single room in an attic. There was a great revival between them of old memories, and many a hearty laugh they had; but the one who had come home rich could not refrain from expressing his regret at his old friend's ill-fortune. "I'm afraid," he said, looking round the small and ill-furnished apartment, "I'm afraid you'll find it very inconvenient living in a single room like this." "Inconvanient!" exclaimed the other cheerfully. "Why, my dear fellow, it's the most convanient place I ever was in my life. When I want now to go to my dining-room, or my drawingroom, or my smoking-room, or my bedroom, why, I have nothing to do but just sit still where I am!"

Before the new station at Ferryhill was built, an Irish platelayer named Barney, who had been engaged as porter, was told by the foreman to imitate him as much as possible, and he would soon learn how to perform his duties. The first train arrived from the south shortly after eight o'clock, and the foreman, in a strong Newcastle accent, shouted out "Ferryhill, change for Hartlepool, Stockton, and Middlesborough. Keep your seats going north." Our friend Barney followed the porter with a martial appearance, and shouted, "Fareyhill, change for Dahore, Larcell, Toorabooral. Kape your seats where you are." The stationmaster, overhearing Barney, took him to the time-table hanging in the station, and told him the names of the stations he should have mentioned. Barney removed his cap, and politely said, "Shure, Mr. Stationmaster, I got hould of the music, but I hadn't the words."

An Irishman going home from market one night lost his way, and got stuck in the bog, where he had to remain all night. Next morning his landlord happened to be passing that way on horseback, and seeing Pat stuck up to the middle in the bog, he called out, "Hallo, Pat, you'll be all right now. I see you've got fixity of tenure at last." Although in a serious position, Pat's wit did not desert him, so he shouted back to his landlord, "Yes, bejabers, I got

fixity of tenure all right, but I don't care how soon your Honour evicts me again."

When Edison first established his laboratory and electrical works over in New Jersey he had in his employ an Irishman named Barney Gilhooly. Now. like the rest of mankind, Barney liked to sleep in the morning as long as possible, and he conjured his brain as to how to feed his horse in the morning without a personal visit to the stable. Finally, he enlisted the services of his illustrious employer, explaining that it would be a great convenience if by some button-and-wire arrangement the morning ration of oats could be doled out to the horse. In that way he claimed that when he had prepared and eaten his own breakfast Dobbin would also be ready for the road. Mr. Edison readily grasped the idea, and that very day, accompanied by an assistant, he repaired to Barney's place and installed an electrical appliance which he anticipated would fill the bill. It was so arranged that if the oats were placed in a receptacle at the top of a chute, the pressure of a button at the house would put machinery in motion to do the rest. But Dobbin had not been initiated into the mysteries of the new-fangled arrangement, and in the morning, when he was dreaming of grass pastures, a tremendous cracking of wires, followed by an avalanche of oats, convinced the good steed that something was wrong. He was so frightened that he reared back with violence, and crashed

through the side of the barn; and when inquiring Barney arrived on the scene Dobbin was complacently picking up apples under a tree in the garden. Since that memorable morning Mr. Edison's automatic feeder has never been operated, and Barney is still feeding his horse in the good old-fashioned way.

Some time ago two stalwart men of the Emerald Isle were sent to do some repairs to a pair of church bells. It was found necessary that they should cut the ropes near to where they fastened on to the bell cranks. Both men had to swarm up the ropes to do this, and with admirable forethought the first man cut his rope above his head, and in a remarkable short time was on the floor. He dropped like a stone. Slowly recovering from the shock, and with a look of blank astonishment on his face, he shouted up: "Murphey, Oi've made a mistake. Oi cut the rope above me 'ed instid of unther me feet." "Ye should think a bit before ye do such things," answered Murphey. "This is how it should be done." With this he cut the rope under his feet, and for all that is known to the contrary he is at the top of that bellrope yet.

Pat was one cold day lately going along a street when on came a heavy shower of rain. To keep his coat dry he entered the doorway of a stationer's shop, but was immediately pulled up by the shopkeeper saying:—"What's your business there, my man?" "Och, thin," answered Pat, "I wasn't wishin' to

disturb yiz, but now that I've got yer attention I was wanting a song called 'The Ould Arm-Chair.' "Oh, yes; here it is," said the shopkeeper. "Thin I would like 'Annie Laurie,' "went on Pat. "Just at hand here, sir," was the reply. "Thin 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and that will do," said the Irishman. The shower having abated, Pat was making for the door when he was reminded that he had left his songs and that the charge was three shillings. "Och, thin," said Pat, "just put 'The Ould Arm-Chair' in the corner, clap 'Annie Laurie' in it, and stick 'The Last Rose of Summer' in her breast, and if the creathur should weary give her that good old song, 'Jilted by a Paddy,' just to amuse her."

It was the duty of Mr. O'Gree, the Irish usher at St. Smartin's School, to call the boys at half-past six each morning. But, alas! like so many more weak mortals, Mr. O'Gree was not infallible, and on many occasions the duty was not punctually performed. And one morning as the boys were filing out of the breakfast hall the doctor called Mr. O'Gree on one side. "The boys were called late this morning, I hear, Mr. O'Gree," he said sternly. "No such thing, sir," answered O'Gree. Half-past six to the minute by my watch." "Oh, your watch, Mr. O'Gree; I'm afraid your watch is not to be depended on." "Sure, you're right, sir," was the reply; "it's been losing a little lately, and so, only last night, I stopped it at half-past six to make sure it would show

me the right calling-time this morning. Sure, I couldn't do more than that, could I?"

There is a funny story going the rounds of "Poverty Point" which must not be left to the sole enjoyment of the talented company of comedians who haunt that spot. There was a performance of "Faust" once, and the Mephistopheles of the play was generously built. Through some forgetfulness he had omitted to try the size of the trap-door by which he was supposed to descend into the infernal regions. His figure, which he had "not lost," but which had "gone before," was too large for the opening, and at the supreme moment he discovered that he could not get down above the waist. To heighten the awkwardness of the situation, one of the gods in the galleries exclaimed, in a rich Irish brogue "Begorra! hell's too full to take in the boss!"

"Phwat koind av a wreck wor it, Pat?" queried Larry after a railway accident. "Th' conductor sid ut wor a tilliscope," replied Pat. "A tilliscope?" said Larry. "Bedad, Oi guess thot's phoy Oi seen so miny stars."

When faction-fighting was rife in Ireland, and when the "bhoys" were accustomed to "hould discussions" with the shillelagh at every fair, it was important for a man to have as many brought into the family connection as possible—"to incrase his followin'," as the expression was, by extending in every way the number of his relations. Perhaps this

may account for relationships that suggest the Highlander with his forty-second cousin, and can better even that. "Do you know Pat Meehan?" asked a stranger in an Irish village. "Pat Meehan! Of course I do," replied the other. "Why, he's a near relation of mine. He wance proposed for my sister Kate."

"No," said the lion-tamer to Patsy Flannigan, "you can't have a job to look after the animals; but our pet lion died lost week, and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you two pounds a week to dress up as the lion." "Two pounds?" echoed Flannigan. "Good gracious is there so much gold in the world? Right. sorr!" So Patsy dressed up as the lion and lay down in the cage. The menagerie doors were opened, and the performance commenced. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "to show the wonderful docility of these animals, we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger." "Man, are ye mad?" said Patsy. "Think of me wife and children!" "Get in," replied the keeper, "or I'll run this pitch. fork through you!" Patsy thought he might as well die one way as another, so he crawled into the tiger's cage, and when he saw the animal's big, ferocious eves fixed on him he uttered a doleful wail, and commenced praying in Irish. The tiger walked over to him. "What's the matter wid ve?" said he. "Shure, man, ve needn't be afraid. I'm Oirish meself!"

An Irishman was in the company of a widow, to whom he was paying his addresses, when, on giving a shudder, she made use of the common expression. that "Someone was walking over her grave." Pat, anxious for every opportunity of showing his affection for the lady of his choice, exclaimed—"By the powers, madam, but I wish I was the happy man."

During a visit of the home squadron to Bangor Bay a near-sighted old gentleman stood on the shore looking at the different warships. Alongside him was a country rustic gazing abstractedly at the same, of whom the old gent. inquired, pointing to one of the vessels, "Would you kindly inform me the name inscribed on that boat?" "Well, sorr," replied the countryman, "to tell yez the thruth, shure, Oi'm in the same boat, for it was moighty little schullin' Oi had whin Oi was a bhoy meself, sorr."

"There's a mon in th' dinin'-room, sor, makin' trouble because he can't have his regular sate," said a waiter addressing the hotel proprietor. "Go back. Mike, and propitiate him," said the proprietor. "Look here, misther," said the waiter to the guest a little later, "if yez don't like the way things is run in this house get out, or I'll propitiate yez purty lively."

Sheridan, on one occasion, being on a Parliamentary committee, entered the room to find that all the other members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, Sheridan bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman move that I take the chair?"

"C-yar, sorr!" cried an eager Limerick carman to a gentleman who was passing. "No, thank you. Quite able to walk." "And long may yer honour be able, but seldom willin'," was the cheerful response.

When Sir Walter Scott was travelling in Ireland. and had crossed a ferry, he put his hand into his pocket to find the sixpence for the ferryman. Finding nothing less than a shilling, he gave that, but said, "That's a shilling, Pat; but you'll give me the sixpence back another time." "And may your honour live till you get it," replied the boatman, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

It is an odd illusion to believe that a sword so long suspended will be suspended indefinitely, and recalls that of the Irish driver who, with Sir Walter Scott for his fare, had to pull up near Clondalkin to allow a blast, whose fuse had just been fired, to explode. After a delay of two minutes he drove on securely, and landed Sir Walter in the very thick of the explosion. To Sir Walter's angry remonstrance he replied, "Sure, yer honour, it was so long comin', I thought it wasn't comin' at all."

The typical Irish carman is a person of much sagacity. One night the Rev. John Williams, a

newly-returned missionary, took a car in a dubious frame of mind. He had been invited to dine with some friends at the house of an acquaintance whose name he had forgotten. He only knew that his host lived in Harcourt Street. "What am I to do?" he asked of his driver. "Never mind, sor," was the reply. "I'll find him for you." "But you can't; vou don't know his name." "Lave it to me, sorlave it to me entoirely." They drove to Harcourt Street, and the man, beginning at the top, knocked at every door and made one inquiry. Half-way down the street he gaily rejoined his employer and said, "It's all right, sor; it's here." "How do you know?" "I asked, sor, 'Does the Riverend Misther Williams live here?' And the maid said, 'No: but he's dining here.' "

"Shure, Oi'm no partisan, Jerry. Oi vote fer the best man." "An' how c'n yez tell which wus th' best man till afther th' votes are counted, Dinny?"

The following story was told by an Irish jehu while driving along a quiet road on the brow of the Divis Mountains, overlooking Belfast Lough. Pointing out an adjoining field, the driver said that once when on this road his attention was attracted by an argument between two men in that particular field and with native inquisitiveness he stopped to listen to the wrangle, which he overheard through the hedge, and which ran thus:—"Now, look here, Mike, did you find that nest in the hedge or in the

field?" "In the hedge, av coorse." "Then what are ye sarchin' all over the field for?" "I'm lookin' for the donkey." "The donkey! An' what in the name av all the saints has a donkey got to do wid a bird's nest?" "Well, ye see, it was this way. Whin I diskivered that nest three days ago, there was a donkey grazin' in this field right opposite the spot in the hedge where the nest was; an' if I find the donkey I'm sure to find the nest." The questioner replied calmly—"Micky, dear, I think we'll follow the donkey's example, and go home."

An Irish merchant, who had more money in his pocket than his appearance denoted, took a seat in a first-class carriage. A dandy fellow-passenger was much annoyed at Pat's presence, and, missing his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket. After recovering the handkerchief, which he had put in his hat, he made a lame apology, but Pat stopped him with the remark:—"Make yourself easy, darlint; don't bother about the matter. You took me for a thafe, I took you for a gentleman. We are both of us mistaken, that's all, me honey."

The traveller in Ireland will do well, when he engages a jaunting-car, to make sure of the step to which, in mounting, he must trust his weight. The driver does not help him to mount. A gentleman once said to the jarvey he had engaged—"I'm afraid that step is loose." The man took hold of it and shook it. "Ah, sure," said he, "it's too sthrong, it

is! What are ye afraid of?" At that instant it came off in his hand. But he turned to his fare with the sunniest of smiles. "Well, sure," said he, "didn't I save yer honour from a broken leg?"

Archbishop Whateley was driving one day with a friend on an outside car. "Paddy," he said to the carman, "if the Black Fellow were allowed his choice between you and me, which of us do you think he would take?" "Me, to be sure, my lord," replied the carman, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Why so?" "Because," said the carman, "it would be his chance with me, whereas he can be sure of getting your Grace at any time."

When the agrarian agitation in Ireland was at its height, great inducements were offered to Scottish farmers to settle on the land from which other tenants had been evicted. Against these all manner of cunning on the part of the natives was resorted to with the object of preventing the Caledonian invasion. One canny denizen of the "Land o' Cakes," who had crossed the Channel with the intention of prospecting, was most hospitably received by the caretaker, in the absence of the landlord. A first-class repast was provided and duly enjoyed by all, down to the very dog attached to the premises. The latter soon began to feel satisfied, and so at last he seized a large bone and scampered off with it. "Where's the dug off to?" said the Scot. "Och," was the reply, "he's swallied all he can, an' now's

he's off to bury the bone." "To bury the bane?" rejoined the other. "But, man, he's mair than a mile awa' noo, and still he's gaun as hard as ever." "Ye-es," replied the wily Hibernian, "but thin the fact is the sile hereabouts is rather rocky, and the intilligent baste knows well that he has at laste tin or elivin miles to go afore he finds earth enough to cover the bone, and sure he'll be wantin' to git back afore dark." The would-be settler girded up his loins and sought his native shore without more ado.

A most imperturbable man was beset the whole way from O'Connell Bridge to the Post Office, Dublin, by two little street arabs, who importuned him for the end of his cigar. "Throw us the butt, sir! Ah, sir, throw us the butt! The saints bless ye, sir, throw us the butt!" etc. As he did not betray the slightest consciousness of their existence, they gave him up at last in despair and disgust at the Post Office. "Och, let him alone, Mick!" cried one, with the most scorching scorn. "Sure, it's wan he's picked up himself!"

A number of years ago, when the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was in London for the purpose of inaugurating the Irish Literary Society, writes a correspondent, I was frequently a guest of his at South Audley Street. One afternoon Sir Charles, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, and I sat down to the tea table. "Rolleston," said Sir Charles, "would you mind doing the honours? Pour out the tea." When Mr.

Rolleston handed the cup to his host, Sir Charles turned to me and said: "Just think of the revenges time brings! Here am I, in the capital of England, being offered a cup of tea by the grandson of the last judge (Baron Richards) who tried me for treason."

A Government official, who passed the day in a certain Kerry village, was compelled to put up for the night at the local public-house. Being very hungry when he entered—it was about six o'clock in the evening—he called for some dinner. A dish of bacon and eggs was provided for him, and later he hammered on the table for the girl of the house, and asked her if he might have some sweets now. The girl took a wondering look at him, and, telling him that she would see, hurried off to speak to the landlord. "Swates!" my friend heard him roar, in a voice that reached him through shut doors and walls. "An' phwat in the name av hivin will the gintleman be wantin' swates for? Divil the loike av this I iver hear-rd in all my days!" "Here"—he evidently flung a coin to the girl-"r-run over to Biddy Maloney's, quick wid ve, an' fetch the madhaun a pennywort av peppermint dhrops." The "omadhaun" was, therefore, partially prepared when the girl came back a few minutes later, and solemnly set down before him some score of snowy peppermints on a plate!

## INDEX.

Abroad, the Irishman, 253-275. Absentee landlord, the devil an, 203. Address, a full, 96. Advertisments, amusing, 222. Advertisements on watering-cart, Advice, a letter of, 223. Africa, a bad place for ragmen, 210. Agrarian disturbances, 359. Air, was made of fresh, 187. Aldershot, Volunteers at, 116. Alibi defined, 10. Alibi, proving one in America, 400. Alibi, stories of an, 9, 10. All change here, 258. Ancestors, what are? 312. Angels all day, spirits all night, 179 Animal food prescribed, 171. Answer, an evasive, 153. Apostles and fishing, 151. Appendicitis, new cure for, 338. Apples, mistaking gooseberries for, 343. Architect drawing large houses, 45. Arm, loss of tattooed, 121. Ass, getting out of the road of an, 188. Ate all she got, 172.

Bag, the same little one, 201.
Bagpipe, Irishman and the, 293.
Balfour, Mr. A. J, and Father
Healy, 372.
Banker, why he called himself a,
324.
Barnum, 191.

Authority, to show his, 303.

Barrows, didn't want three, 238. Barrett, Wilson, 368. Barry, Michael Joseph, story of, 15. Beaten at his own game, 174. Beauty only skin-deep, 196. Belfast, 68, 70. Belfast Assizes, stories of, 27. Bell, he unswitched it, 256. Bench and bar, 9. Beresford, Sir Charles, 426. Best man proved, 247. Bigamy, penalty of, 48. Birthday in four years, 44. Birthday in gaol, 362. deaths, Births, marriages, and 241-252. Bisley, Lord Roberts at, 426. "Blessing it wasn't me neck," 185. Blunders, Bulls and other, 213-240. "Bobs," stories of, 137-139. Boots, soled and sold, 118. Boots, the property of the Queen, Borrow, George, in Ireland, 331. Bowl, the flowing, 175-183. Brandy, paraffin instead of, 81. Brick, who was hit with it, 403. Brogue, Lord Morris and Irish, 50. Broken English and broken china, Broom—and the handle, 152. Broth of a boy, 275. "Browney on frauds," 33. Bucket slipped, the, 29. Buller, 112. Bulls, 11, 18, 19, 93, 94, 161, 167, 176, 177, 213-240, 450.

Bumps, what they meant, 186. Burglary, 12. Burke, Edmund, 204, 375. Burns, have ye read? 237. Butcher, Professor, and Irish character, 276. Byron, Lord, and Curran, 407.

Called the wrong man, 257. Calling cards, Bridget and, 88. Candid entries in fee-book, 163. Cannon, on guard over, 124. Cap, haven't that one either, 188. Car-driver and policeman, 75. Castle guard at Dublin, 421. Cat, a cherry-coloured, 191. Cat, keep your eye on the, 178. Chairs, should get easy, 193. Chamois, leather and tripe, 170. Chaperon, policeman as, 78. Character, an excellent, 28. Character, frequently sober, 282. Character, lost on board, 190. Charades, Willie hadn't had them,

Cheese, soft as, 393.
Chemists, stories about, 172.
Chicken soup, 160.
Children, lack of hereditary, 162.
China, would be like the, 187.
Church,—coal not required, 150.
Cigar, Mary, have a, 399.
Civil action, a, 26.
Clare, Lord Chancellor, 37.
Claret, the best, 49.
Clarke, Sir Edward, 403.
Clergy, stories of the, 142-158.
Clock? how long without winding,

Clock, "oos" before it "cucks," 397. Clock, when it strikes five times,

321. Coalpit, Irishman at a, 257, 273. Coal-saving stove, Pat would take

two, 205. Cobwebs, Irish drapery, 328. Colles, Dr., 163. Comedian, a light, 312. Connaught, Duke of, 420. Constabulary, Royal Irish, 414. Conundrums, "to make it harder," 380. Cooking, 82-85. Cooper, Dr. L. Orman, 163. Coppers, both cousins, 80. Cork, 60, 151, 153, 255. Cork assizes, 13, 17. "Cornhill Magazine," 416. Corpse, a lively, 32. Corpse, never washed a live one, 164. Corpses, shaving of, 465. Counterfeit half-crown, 187. Court, stories of the law, 9-59. Courtin' jarvey and, 74. Courtship, stories of, 78, 79, 243-246. Cousins, two of them, 80. Cow wouldn't stand still, 290. Cradle, that horrible, 460. Crewe, Lord, 382. Cromwell easier where he is, 308. Crops, two in the year, 312. Cuckoo clock, 397. Cup, Gordon-Bennett, 397. Cup, running over but not full, 218. Curran, J. Philpot, stories of, 36, 43, 404-409. Custom, a curious marriage, 247. Dance, servant who could not, 93. Dane's in the hall, 153. Darcy, Father, 155. Darkness, when it begins, 312. Davis, Richard Harding, 138.

Collection, half-a-crown to the, 158.

Dane's in the hall, 153.
Darcy, Father, 155.
Darkness, when it begins, 312.
Davis, Richard Harding, 138.
Deaths, marriages, and births, 241-252.
Deluge—in Ireland, 189.
Denman, Justice, 47.
Denovan, Judge, 31.
Devil, an absentee landlord, 203.
Devil taking on nobody but Scotsmen, 198.

Dickenson, Dean, 152. Dickens' works all this week, 231. Dietary, hospital, 171. Dillon, John, 148. Dinner, his to a hair, 307. Dirt, getting rid of, 84. Divvles can shwim, 158. Dock, jurymen in the, 26. Dock-labourer, he was a, 399. Doctors, stories about, 159-174, 436. Domestic servant, stories of the, 77-98. Donegal, hiring custom at, 417. Doneraile conspiracy, 39. Donkey, braying outside court, 14. Doubling and Dublin, 105. Dowse, Baron, stories of, 25, 27. Doyle, stories of, 15. Drams, jarveys and, 69, 70, 72, 75. Dreams that come contrary, 189. Dreaming when not asleep, 192. Drink, stories concerning, 11, 23. 117, 118, 125, 146, 157, 261, 313, 440. Dublin, 54, 59, 63, 64, 67, 73, 74,

75, 111, 217, 377, 421, 422, 453. Dublin, Archbishop of, 148. Dublin, Castle guard at, 421. Dublin, royal visit to, 53. Dublin, trial in, 39. Dublin Theatre, 368. Ducks, he bought them with the money, 359. Duel, conditions of a, 326.

Dufferin and Ava, Marquis of, 65, 354, 370.

Duffy, Gavin, trial of, 415. Dying by inches, 168.

Ears, long and short, 187. Earth standing on sticks, 273. Editor's debts, an, 337. Eggs boiled by the clock, 83. Eggs not boiled soft enough, 235. Elections and canvassing, 210.

Evidence, would wait till we heard it, 398. Exodus, safety in, 158. Fair, "an illigant smack" at a fair, Fair, battle at a, 22. Fall of man, the, 302. Fares, jarveys and, 68, 69, 75, 353. Farquhar, 433. "Father O'Flynn," the author of, Feathers in his cap, 386. Fight, at a cinematograph, 334. Fight, not a fair stand-up, 236. Fish, catching them with bellows, Fish, the kind he caught, 340. Fleas, were married and had children, 447. Flogging, an Irishman's desire, 197.

Enemies, love but not swallow them,

Flowing bowl, the, 175-183. Fontenoy, 114. French kid, not a, 242. Friday, pushing it back, 318. Friends, never cut, 156. Funeral would cost more, 164.

Galway jury, want of a, 34. Galway justices, stories of, 410. Gaol, Irishmen in, 308. Gaols, who fill them all? 351. Garrick in Dublin, 205. Gas, for Dentistry, 437. Gas, he knew the cost, 437. Genesis xxx, 179. Germinating house, 304. Ghost story, a creepy, 354. "Gimme the bottle," 161. Gineral Jubilation, 338. Ginger-beer with whisky, 179. Giraffe, Doolan and the, 341. "Give him a cheque," 295. Glass, smoked, for an eclipse, 283. Goldsmith, Oliver, 433.

Goodall, Mr. Frederick, 135.
Gooseberries mistaken for apples, 343.
Gould, Sergeant Thomas, 402.
"Graphic," the, 99.
Grove, Lady, 353.
Grumbling, not much room for, 194.
Guesser, a good, 189.
Guinness's XXX, 179.
Gully, Mr., 46.
Gun, if physic missed them, 436.

Hair falling off, 187.
Hair restorer for whitewash brush, 304.
Harrow went easier without the pegs, 292.
Hat, a Republican, 15.
Hat, pawned the priest's, 249.
Hat, the one he gave, 350.
Hay chopped mighty hard, 171.
Healy, Father, and Mr. A. J.
Balfour, 372.
Healy, Mr. Tim, 366.
Heart under a Highlander's Kilt,

Held his tongue, 173.
Hen wanted with the egg, 162.
Home rule, 165, 217, 402.
Home rule, Lord Morris and, 51.
Honeycomb for honeymoon, 280.
Hoof, an ordinary, 45.
Hospital dietary, 171.
House didn't belong to him, 186.
House, looking for the wrong, 238.
House, the rule of, 237.
Humour, wit and, 184-212.
Hundred judges, a, 15.
Hyphen, what it was for, 211.

Ice-cutting, tossing for the under side, 204.
Ice, wouldn't need any, 396.
Identification, Pat's means of, 305.
Ilish welly good! 154.
Intimidation of voters, 31.
Ireland, lecturers' ignorance of, 322.

Ireland, Lord Morris and, 56-58. Irish bulls, treatise on, 213 Irish character, Professor Butcher and, 276. Irish Extraction, probably of, 299. "Irish Jeffreys," 36. Irishman abroad, the, 253-275. Irishman as Pawnee chief, 267. Irishman, proved he was an, 306. Iron Duke, 135.

Jackass, a laughing, 185.
Jarvey, stories of the, 60-76.
Judge's mistake, a, 17.
Jury, want of a Galway, 34.
Juryman, a contrary brute of a, 13.
Jurymen in the dock, 26.
Just a little drop, 17.
Justice, afraid of, 146.

Kelly, Sergeant, stories of, 29. Killarney, 73, 442. King, soldiers of the, 99-141. Kitchener, Lord, stories of, 139-141. Knight and night, 192.

Labouchere, Mr., 271.
Laughing-jackass, a, 185.
Law, stories of the, 9-59, 218.
Law-suit, a century old, 59.
Lawyers' fees, 12.
"Leisure Hour," 108.
Leprechauns, 159.
Letters, amusing, 223-225.
Letter to Transvaal, waiting for the answer, 335.
Letter, wrong stamp on, 233.

Lever, Wrong stamp on, 233.
Lever, Charles, 280.
Lion, I'm Irish myself, 473.
Lipton, Sir Thomas, 448.
Liquor Law, Sunday, 14.
Little people, the, 159.
Liver, knew where it was, 162.
Liverpool, Irishman in, 73.
Loan of five shillings, 201.
Loaves and fishes, miracle of, 157.
Lobsters in Ireland, 355.
Lockwood, Sir Frank, 45.

M'Carthy, Mr. Justin and Wellington, 133.
MacDonagh, Michael, 39.
M'Ginnis, M'Ginnis, M'Ginnis, 298.
M'Laughlin, William, Q.C., 413.
MacManus, Seumas, 142, 270.
Malta, 114.
Marriage, 78.
Marriages, deaths, and births, 241-

Marry, Lord Morris's advice to, 54. Mathews, Charles, and the cabdriver, 70.

Matrimony defined by little girl, 246.

Mattress was fine and hard, 347. Meal, leave the meal too, 161. Meagher, the patriot, 271. Medical man, stories of the, 159-174. Michael, his first name was, 254. Milk by the yard, 188. Millionaire, no easy job, 343. Mind-reader, a great, 296.

Miracle, a, 297.
Miracle, illustrated, a, 155.
Mirrors, "the kind to see your face
in," 346.

Mississippi, frozen, 195. Money order and letter of advice,

"Monks of the Screw," 36.
Moon versus sun, 234.
Morris, Lord, stories of, 49-58.
Mosquitoes, Irish servant and, 91.
Murder, acquittal of charge, 34.
Murder, on trial for, 34, 38.
Murphys—Joe and Francis, 261.
Murray, Dr., and Whateley, 432.
Music, servant and, 91.
Mustard for dinner, Pat's thoughts, 205.

Myles, Sir Thomas, 451.

Name—Pat's was O'Flaherty, not oblitherated, 210. Name, put it down without spelling, 239. Nansen, Dr., 190. Napoleon, Prince, in Cork, 327. Navvy, a steam, 364. Nemo me impune lacessit in Irish,

Newsboy and "hextry speshul," 301. Newsboy in Belfast, 70. Niagara Falls, nothing wonderful.

Niagara Falls, nothing wonderful, 268.

Night and knight, 192. Nightshirt, had gone home for it,

Nom-de-plume, Bridget's, 96. No money, no marriage, 248. Norbury, Judge, 36, 44. "Notes and Queries," 135. Nothing, a search for, 176. Numbers, safety in, 158.

Oath-taking in Court, 17, 30.
O'Brien, Justice, 13.
O'Brien, not opaque, 237.
O'Brien, Smith, 311.
O'Brien, William, 403.
O'Connell, Daniel, stories of, 38-42, 402.
O'Farrel, Sir John, 205.
O'Grady, Chief Baron, 30.
O'Leary, Father, 37.
O'Rell, Max, 154.
Onions and potato eyes, 202.
Orange Billy himself, 348.

Pains, "as full of pains as a windy,"
166.
Pain in his head without putty, 210.
Paint, how would he get it off, 335.
Paraffin instead of brandy, 81.
Parlour, keeping the mistress out of,

Orders from hindquarters, 106. Orphan Asylum, legacy to, 464.

Outward application, for, 166.

92.
Parnell, Mr., 356.
Party, how many were at it, 339.
P-a-t-e-n-t-e-d, 255.
Patients, only ten recovered, 165.

Pauper's hide, 173. Pawned the priest's hat, 249. Pawnee chief, Irishman as, 267. Pay, a fortnight's every week, 239. People, all honest, 290. People, priest and, 142-158. People, the little, 159. People themselves, the, 319. Perseverance, the priest's, 151. Pianos, paralysed, 202. Pickpockets' club, the, 349. Pills, swallowed box and all, 168. Planks, testing the, 238. "Plural pneumonia," 169. Poacher to Lord Clare, 212. Policeman and the car-driver, 75. Policemen and the wedding, 22. Policemen, stories of, 11, 14, 22, 68, 78, 80, 281, 305, 319, 336, 399, 418.

Polish, all on his boots, 204. Porpoise hide, 173. Porter, railway, and names of stations, 446.

Pray for Casey, 384.
Preacher, Irish, and bulls, 235.
Priest and people, 142-158.
Prima-facie case, a, 27.
Prisoner wouldn't let him come,

Prison, willing to go to, 107.
"Private" over the general's tent,

Procession, like a torchlight, 180.

Quarrel between Doyle and Yelverton, 15.

Queen of the May, 181.

Queensberry, Earl of, 326.

Railway porter and label licking, 207.
Raindrops, size of, 233.
Rat, would be turned into a, 178.
Receipt, maybe he'd get one now, 355.
Recommendation, a good, 189.

Reference, the best they could do, Refrigerator, wouldn't need ice, 396. Regiment, the dirtiest ever inspected, 113. Relatives in Ulster-not near, 93. Republican hat, a, 15. Resurrection, late for the, 176. Roberts, Lord, stories of, 137-139, Roche, Sir Boyle, stories of, 226-228, 449. Rocks, "That's wan now," 349. Roman and "Rum-un," 433. Rule of the house, 237. Russell, Hon. Charles, 43. Russell, Lord, stories of, 42-49, 441. Ryan, Father, and the beggar, 433.

Sack, did not take it, 201.
Salisbury, Lord, and William O'Brien, 403.
Sanitary law, Lord Morris and, 51.
Sate, the, that isn't there, 177.
Saunderson, Colonel, 450.
Sax and sacks, 321.
Saxe versus bags, 114.
Scotth votes and drink, 47.
Scott, Sir Walter, and Curran, 408.
Scott, Sir Walter, in Ireland, 475.
Servant, the domestic, stories of, 77-98.
Shaved the barber, 108.

Servant, the domestic, stories of, 77-98.
Shaved, the barber, 108.
Shaving five times a day, 152.
Shaving of corpses, 465.
Sheridan, Thomas, 144, 433.
Shirt, how long worn, 122.
Shoeblack and the polish, 204.
Silver tray for callers, 87.
Skull, "Was that a skull for a fair?" 22.

"Slape on me back," 167. Smith, William Hawley, 144. Smoking, wasn't, 190. Soap as cheese, 393. Soliman that haythen, 156. Somnambulist, he was a, 279. Spoon and fork, 204. Stationmaster's reports, long and short, 289.

Steele, 433.
Stomach, a chronic, 170.
St. Patrick's day, 390.
Sugar, no need for, 200.
Suicide, attempted, 399.
Suicide, charge of, 12.
Sullivan, Barry, and the interrupter,

Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 45. Sunday liquor law, 14. Sun versus moon, 234. Swallowed, box and all, 168. Swift, Dean, 430, 433.

Table, laid for the left hand, 85. Talked to himself, Pat's reasons for doing so, 196.

Tamai, Buller's square at, 112.
Tattooed arm, loss of, 121.
Tax-collector, mistaken for a, 299.
Tea carried without being spilt, 207.

Tea for the mosquitoes, 91.
Teetotaler, an occasional, 28.
Telegram, a startling, 235.
Telegraph, "don't send so fast,"

Telescope, an excellent, 321. Temperance lecturer and jarvey, 67. "Temple Bar," 39.

Tennyson and his Irish gardener, 206.

Testing the planks, 238.
The last thing he did, 186.
Thermometer did her good, 166,
160.

Thermometers, alive with them, 329.
Ticket, wouldn't give it up, 258.
Tip wanted in advance, 294.
Todd, Dr., 153.
Toole, J. L., 181.

Torchlight procession, like a, 180. Train, the speed of a, 402.

Transvaal, situation in the, 300. Travelling bag, no need for a, 240. Trinity College Historical Society,

Tripe as chamois leather, 170.
"Truth," editor of, 271.
Truth, jarvey and the, 61.
Truthfulness and obedience, which?

Turkey, compliment to a, 202. Twelve Apostles in Dublin Post Office, 64.

Twins, and much alike, 242.

"Umbrella or cane must be left," 232.
Uniform, servant and, 89.

V.C. regiments, 103. Venetian blind, how to make a, 234.

Veteran, not a, 125. Victoria, Queen, and Lord Kitchener, 139.

Victoria, Queen, in Ireland, 67, 297, 311, 334.

Vigilance, eternal, the price of liberty, 176.

Voter, a doubtful, 320. Voters, intimidation of, 31.

Waiter, an honest, 35.
War in South Africa, 126-130, 206.
Watch versus golf club, 16.
Watch was a good one, 259.
Waterford Assizes, story of, 24.
Waterloo, 103, 131.
Water was hot and wouldn't put out a fire, 236.
Water—"we must have water."

Water—"we must have water,"

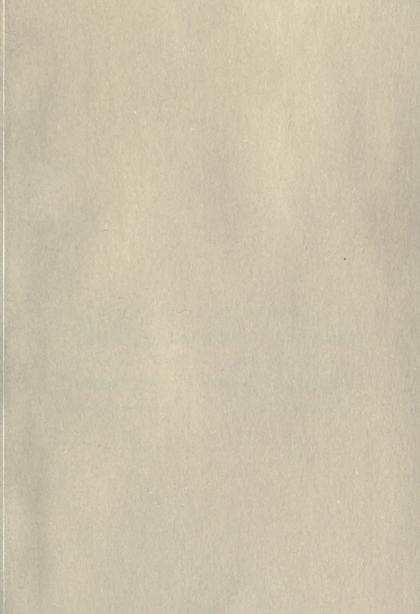
Wedding present, travelling bag as a, 240.

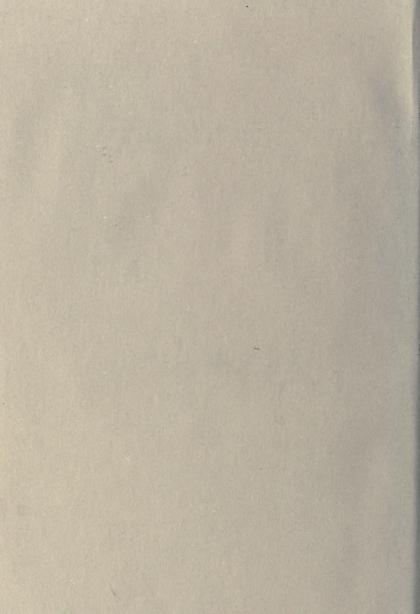
Wellington, stories of, 130-136. Whately, Archibishop, and the jarvey, 478. Whately and Dr. Murray, 432.
Whisky, 69, 70, 72, 75, 175-183.
Why he hurried, 237.
Widow—no widow as long as he lived, 252.
Will, an Irishman's, 59.
Williams, Captain, 389.
Window-cleaner, whisky as a, 177.
Wished he had been killed, 19.

Wit and humour, 184-212. Witness, a left-handed, 17. Wolseley, Lord, stories of, 136-137. Women and donkeys, 162.

Yarmouth Regatta, 381. Yelverton, counsel, stories of, 15. York, Duke and Duchess of, 217.







PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

